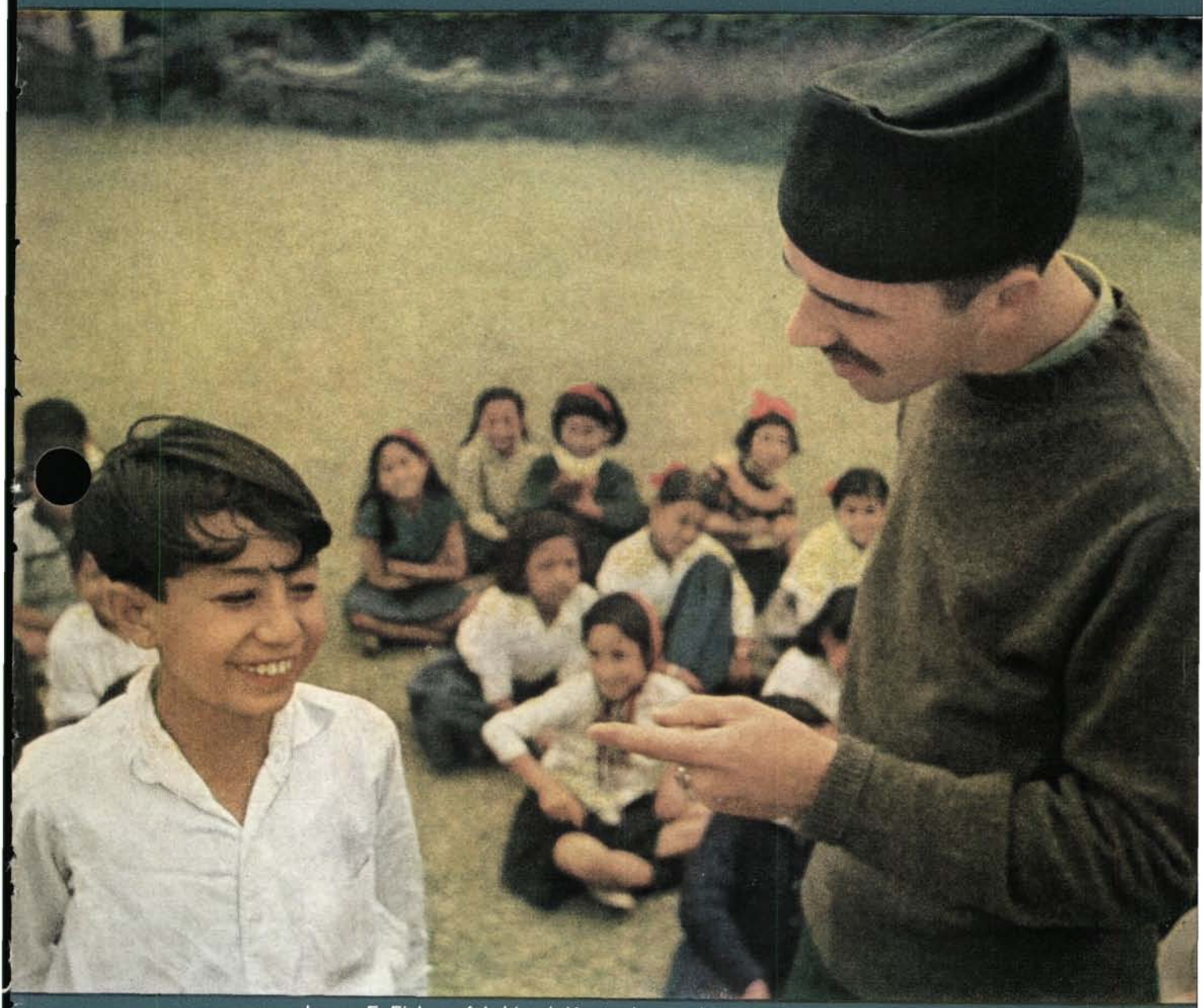
Saturday Review

July 20, 1963 25¢



James F. Fisher of Ashland, Kentucky teaching English in Nepal

TEACHERS IN THE PEACE CORPS

By Mike Edwards

WEST GERMAN EDUCATI

Articles by Richard Plant and Grace Ri

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WILL CHILDHOOD BE THE ONLY FREEDOM THEY WILL KNOW?

Personal freedom can slip away a little at a time, as quietly as children grow. It can be destroyed by forces from *within* our borders. Subtle forces—like the steady expansion of federal government in business, and the effect it has upon our daily lives.

Already our federal government owns many thousand businesses, from bakeries to sawmills. In the field of electricity alone the output of federally owned plants has risen from less than 1% of the industry's total in 1935 to more than 15% today. And advocates of government-in-business press constantly for more.

They advocate a dangerous course. When any government owns business, it can control both goods and jobs. It adds economic powers to its vast political powers. When it does that, it can tell you where to work, where to live, even what to do or say. Then freedom has slipped quietly away.

More government-in-busine could rob our children of the se reliance they have just begun to learn. And it could rob them of the freedom which they still enjoy.

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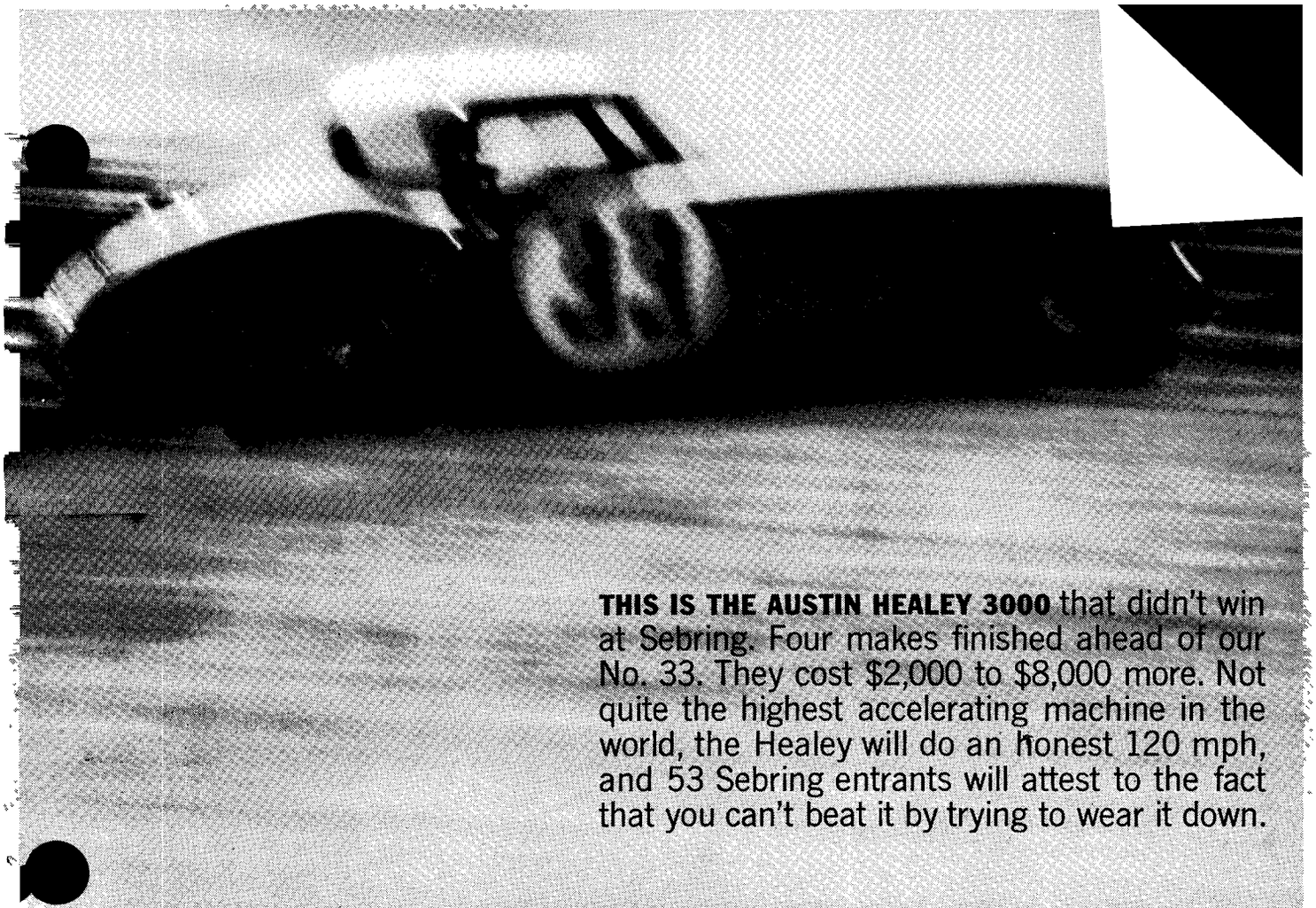

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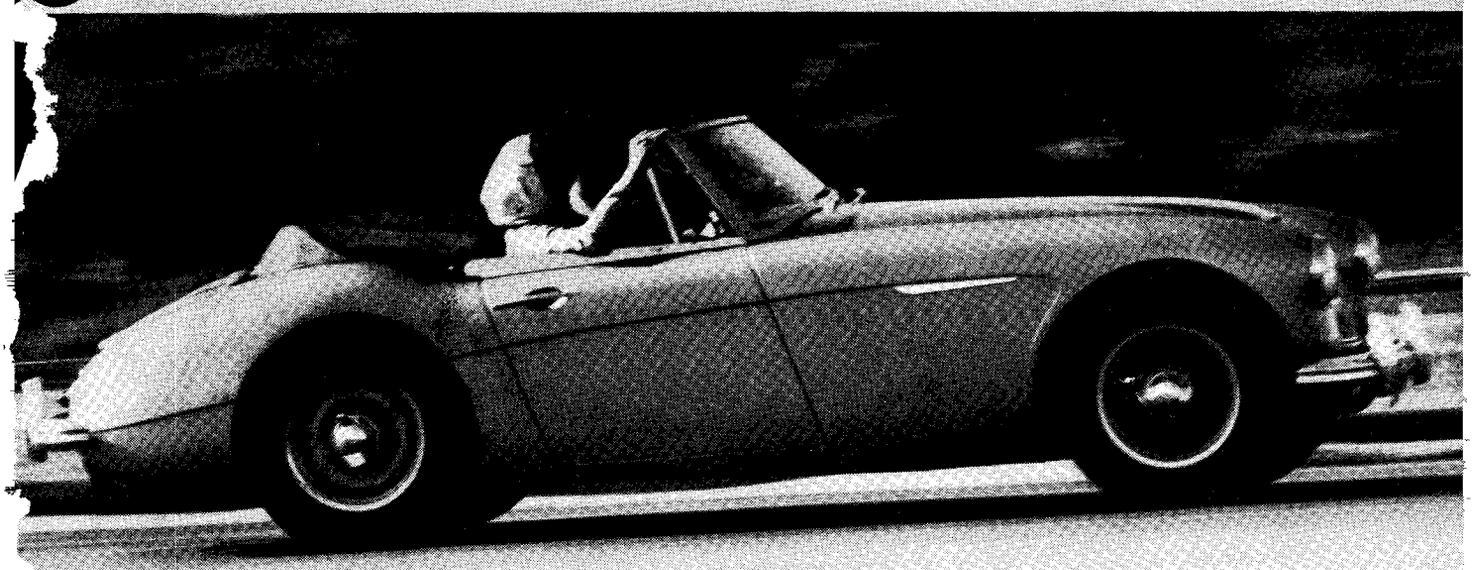

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(Advertisement)

A number of my acquaintances seem to regard sailing as a sport somewhat akin to hawking – submerged in snobbish tradition, with no concessions to this century at all.

But by and large sailing is a pretty progressive sport, considering it's been around for four centuries. In just the last few years, this country has seen a revolution in sailing craft, sailing techniques and (logically enough) sailing instruction: fiberglass boats, dacron sails, community sailing programs – all these have combined to make old books of instruction out of date.

This was brought home to me only recently when I had occasion to compare a brace of paperback books on how to sail. On the surface, they were very similar, but one (it will remain nameless) was ten years old and showed it; the other was "The ABC's of Small Boat Sailing," a brand-new book I recommend most highly.

Quite aside from being up on all the latest developments, "The ABC's of Small Boat Sailing" has two other important aspects to recommend it. First is its format: like the ever-useful primer, this little book takes every conceivable heading alphabetically, from *Abaft* to *Zigzagging*, with a concise explanation of each term, maneuver or concept.

Second, and most important, "The ABC's of Small Boat Sailing" is written by two authors—Alice and Lincoln Clark—whose extensive sailing background is only equaled by their skill at communicating their subject. If you enjoy sailing, or think you might, "The ABC's of Small Boat Sailing" is the year's best bargain.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The ABC's of Small Boat Sailing" (95¢), by Alice and Lincoln Clark, is a Dolphin Book, published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Copies are available from your local bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 724 Fifth Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.

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The Existential Background of Human Dignity

The man who has been called "one of the great minds of the Existentialist movement" offers a fascinating account of the development of his thought. M. Marcel remembers the dreams and difficulties of his youth, reveals how and why human problems replaced speculative questions, and emphasizes the important role his dramas have played in expressing his philosophy. $4.50

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Why so many ambitious people find it profitable to study Law today

—*in their spare time at home*

Richard C. Samsel, A.B., J.D.—Dean Emeritus, LaSalle's Law School. Mr. Samsel is a graduate of Maryville College, Tennessee, A.B. degree, and of the University of Chicago Law School with the degree of Juris Doctor. He is the author of the four-volume set on Legal Problems and one of the lecture writers of the LaSalle Law course.

BY RICHARD C. SAMSEL, A.B., J.D.

WE AT LA SALLE are teaching Law to thousands of men and women in Accounting, Insurance, Real Estate, Credit, Sales, Government and many other fields. Thousands more, without any specialized background at all, are also taking LaSalle Law training with every expectation of profiting by it. If your goals are greater earnings, increased prestige, new opportunities for leadership, this message can be of the utmost importance to your future.

The new key to business leadership

Look at the backgrounds of today's most highly-paid corporation executives. In an extraordinary number of cases, you will find the man at the top has had training in Law somewhere along the way. Coincidence? In one way: these men all discovered early in their careers that Law training is one of the most valuable personal assets an ambitious person can possess.

Have you ever considered acquiring that training for yourself? Have you ever considered what it might do for you—lift you out of a humdrum job, move you to higher income levels, win privileged status for you in business, social and community life? Do you know that you can acquire this training comfortably, enjoyably, in your own home—and that you are eligible for it regardless of your background or previous schooling?

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LaSalle Extension University, a correspondence institution for more than half a century, has developed a recognized and effective method of teaching Law through home study. Thousands have benefited from this training. Although LaSalle numbers among its alumni many distinguished judges, United States senators, and state governors, by far the great majority of its graduates are successful men and women in business with no intention of practicing in courts. They range from professional people and department executives all the way to presidents of America's top corporations—railroads, banks, life insurance, retail chains, manufacturers, hotels. Most of them owe their present positions to their Law background.

Today's opportunities for the Law-trained man are greater than ever before. There are obvious reasons why this has come about. For, as you surely know, just about every current activity of business is heavily dependent on legal considerations. The expanding role that Government is playing in business is one reason behind the increase in legal problems. Tax complexities are another. And there are inescapable legal involvements in such everyday matters as purchase contracts, employment, insurance, liability, installment selling, financing, shipping, real estate transactions—and much, much more.

Indeed, current business problems are so interwoven with legal problems that the average company often finds it impossible to tell where one ends and the other begins.

Just imagine what a Law-trained man can mean to such a company. He can spot legal dangers *before* they develop. He is able to make important on-the-spot decisions with confidence, and without fear of legal traps. Often, his judgment can protect his company against the possibility of great loss. On the other hand, he could easily recognize special opportunities for gain that would not be apparent to the untrained person.

No wonder the man with a Law background has the edge on his colleagues when there is a position to be filled at the decision-making level. No wonder the Law-trained business man can conduct his affairs with greater competence and greater profit.

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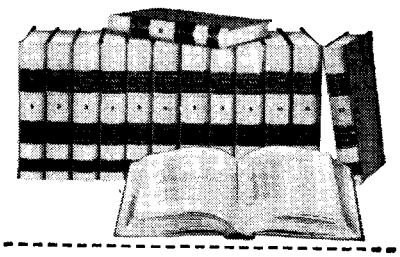

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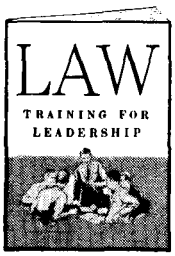

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The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico now has one of the highest rates of industrial growth in the world —outpacing the entire European Common Market

New plants are opening at the remarkable rate of 3 a week. Here are 27 facts you should know about this flourishing Commonwealth before choosing your next plant site.

1. The Commonwealth of Puerto Rico's industrial development is moving along at an extraordinary pace. In 1962, the Commonwealth's net income from manufacturing rose from $320 million to $384 million—an increase of 20 percent.

Even the thriving European Common Market (West Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Luxemburg and Holland) cannot match this rate of growth.

2. Altogether, there are more than 900 plants humming away in this sunny Commonwealth. Seven hundred and twenty-five of these plants are owned by U.S. firms. Last year, *their return on investment averaged 25 percent.*

Blue chips in Puerto Rico

3. In 1962 alone, 139 manufacturers chose Puerto Rico as a long-term, permanent manufacturing site. Many of them were blue-chip firms. A few of these are: Glidden, National Biscuit, Warner-Lambert and U. S. Rubber.

4. Fifty blue-chip firms now operate eighty-six plants in Puerto Rico. Seventeen blue-chip firms have two or more plants there. Five have four or more plants. Altogether, some 100 U.S. firms operate two or more plants.

5. Blue-chip firms now manufacturing a variety of products in Puerto Rico include: Parke-Davis, Union Carbide, Sperry Rand, International Paper and Reichhold Chemicals.

Incentives for manufacturers

6. Puerto Rico is a self-governing Commonwealth within the American Union. U. S. Federal taxes do not apply because Puerto Rico does not have a vote in Congress. "No taxation without representation."

7. The Puerto Rican Government is free to assess its own taxes and to grant tax exemption to genuinely new or expanding operations. Runaway plants are *not* wanted and do *not* qualify for tax exemption in Puerto Rico.

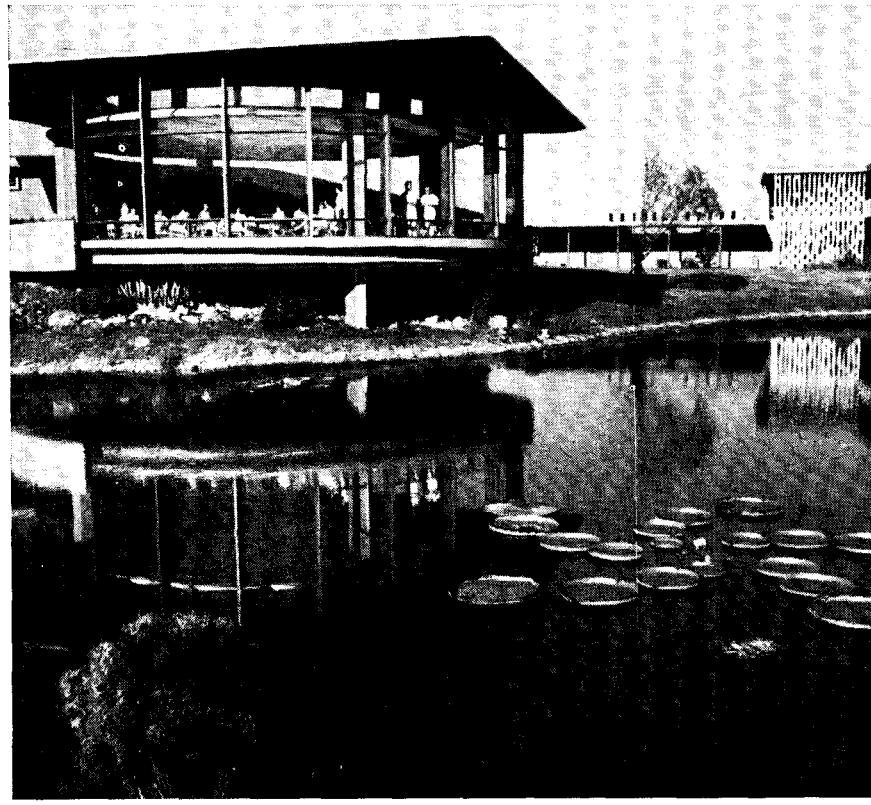
8. Under its remarkable self-help program "Operation Bootstrap," Puerto Rico grants liberal tax exemption to qualified U.S. manufacturers who locate plants on the island. You pay no U.S. corporate tax and, for ten to thirteen years, no Puerto Rican tax.

9. Special incentives are offered to firms that service local industry, process local raw material, or employ 500 or more.

New Foreign Trade Zone

10. The latest attraction for U.S. Industry is Puerto Rico's new Foreign Trade Zone. It is the only Foreign Trade Zone authorized by the U.S. Government outside the continental U.S. It is at Mayagüez, Puerto Rico's third largest port. And it is the first U.S. Zone to offer incentives for *manufacturing.*

11. U.S. firms establishing factories in the Zone are eligible for all the "Operation Bootstrap" incentives.



This new Parke-Davis plant in Puerto Rico employs 200 people. It makes capsuled and injectable drugs for markets in the western hemisphere.

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12. You may import unlimited amounts of foreign components and raw materials to your factory in the Zone and *manufacture* without paying U.S. customs duties.

Compete in all world markets

13. Puerto Rico's location (see map) makes it an ideal spot to manufacture for markets in both North and South America as well as Europe and Africa.

14. Since 1954, the island's sales to world markets other than the U.S. have almost doubled.

15. In 1962, the island's 900 "Operation Bootstrap" plants increased shipments to the U.S. by 20 percent to a record $497,000,000 or $83,000,000 more than in 1961.

16. In 1962, Puerto Rico *purchased* almost a billion dollars' worth of goods from the U.S. mainland. The Commonwealth now ranks fifth among the world's nations as a market for U.S. products.

Plants available, labor abundant

17. The Puerto Rican Government leaves no stone unturned to help manufacturers prosper. It is constantly building new plants. You can buy them or lease them. Rents are as low as 50 cents per square foot per year.

18. The government will screen job applicants for you—and then train them. The Commonwealth maintains twelve vocational schools offering instruction in over 55 trades—from accounting to zincography.

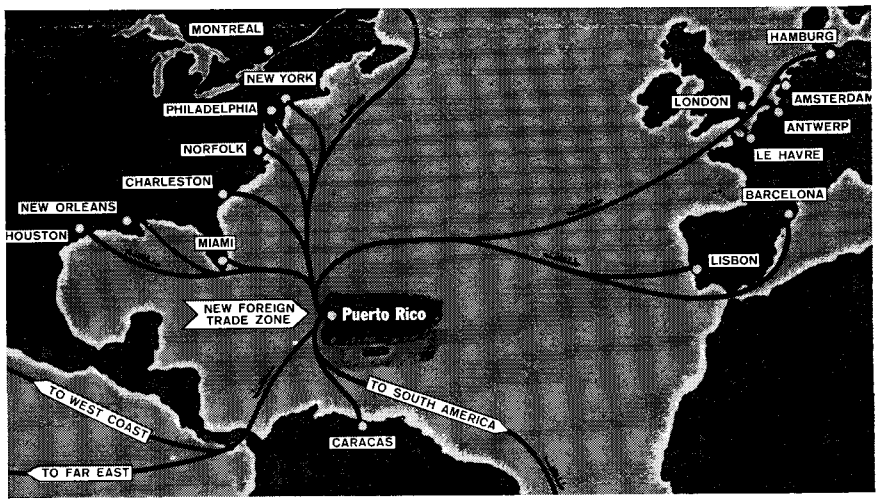
19. Puerto Rico's labor force now numbers 670,000—includes tens of thousands of skilled workers. Puerto Ricans are remarkably able with their hands, and eager to learn new trades.

20. Water and power are abundant in Puerto Rico. Electric power is 20 percent hydroelectric and 80 percent steam-generated. To handle future needs, the government has just built a new million-kilowatt thermoelectric power station.

21. A new $11 million atomic reactor has been added to Puerto Rico's fast-growing power system. It was built jointly with the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission.

Excellent transportation

22. San Juan's $20 million International Airport is the busiest air center in the Caribbean. This beautiful, modern airport handles scheduled and non-scheduled flights from the U.S., Europe, and South America. Scheduled flights alone total almost 400 per week.



Highly accessible location: Puerto Rico is served by 37 ocean lines and 12 airlines. You can fly by jet to Puerto Rico from New York in under 3¼ hours, from Miami in under 2¼ hours, from Los Angeles in 8½ hours.

23. Puerto Rico has 3 major seaports. They are at San Juan, on the north coast, Ponce, on the south coast, and Mayagüez on the west coast. Thirty-seven ocean lines carry cargo between these and major world ports.

24. New "trailerships" carry cargo in sealed truck bodies between these ports and U.S. Atlantic and Pacific ports. A sealed truck body is lifted off the trailer and onto the ship. At the port of debarkation, the body is lifted off the ship onto a waiting trailer. This saves time, prevents pilferage.

Strong ties to U.S.

25. The island's judicial system is similar to and *linked* with the U.S. courts, with ultimate appeal available to the Supreme Court of the United States. Property and investments are not only protected by the Puerto Rican Constitution, they are also guarded by all the guarantees of the U.S. Constitution.

26. Puerto Rico is economically a part of the United States. The island's currency is the U.S. dollar. Money, people and goods move freely between the U.S. and Puerto Rico. The island's postal system is a part of the U.S. postal system. The people are U.S. citizens and serve in the U.S. Armed Forces.

Good place to live

27. Over 5,000 U.S. executives live and work in Puerto Rico. One U.S. executive reports: *"The climate is probably as close to paradise as man will ever see."* The temperature usually stays in the balmy 70's. You golf, fish, swim and sail, 52 weeks a year. And you have more time for your family.

This is one in a series of national reports to U. S. industry on Puerto Rico's economic and cultural development during its first 10 years as an American Commonwealth. For extra copies, write: Progress Report #11 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y.

Blue-chip firms in Puerto Rico

Company	No. of plants	Company	No. of plants
American Can	2	International Tel. & Tel.	1
American Hardware	1	Johnson & Johnson	1
American Motors	1	Kayser-Roth	8
Beatrice Foods	1	Kimberly-Clark	1
Beaunit Mills	1	Libby, McNeill & Libby	1
Borden	1	Midland-Ross	2
Brunswick	3	Mohasco Industries	1
Burlington Industries	1	National Biscuit	1
California Packing	1	Parke-Davis	2
Carborundum	1	Phelps Dodge	2
Central Soya	1	Philadelphia & Reading	1
Colgate-Palmolive	1	Ralston Purina	1
Commonwealth Oil Refining	1	Reichhold Chemicals	1
Consolidated Cigar	8	Shell Oil	2
Continenal Can	1	Sherwin-Williams	1
Daystrom	1	Sperry Rand	2
Ford Motor	1	Sprague Electric	2
General Electric	4	Sterling Drug	1
Glidden	1	Stokely-Van Camp	1
Goodrich (B.F.)	2	Sunbeam	2
Grace (W.R.)	1	Union Carbide	1
Gulf Oil	1	U.S. Rubber	1
Heinz (H.J.)	1	Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical	2
Hunt Foods	1	Wilson	1
International Paper	4		
International Shoe	5		

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The Last Weekend

Edited by Martin Levin

THE PERMANENT TRAFFIC SOLUTION

THERE were many contributing factors. Historians say that the Permanent Metropolitan Traffic Solution received its initial impetus from the electronic coffeemaker offered by Detroit as optional equipment in several 1972 automobiles. The devices appealed to New Jersey and Long Island commuters, who by that date were forced to rise at 5 A.M. to reach their Manhattan offices at 9, and often left home without breakfast.

Soon most cars had coffee machines, and it was a pleasant sight to see the accountants and media salesmen sipping the beverage during the long waits at the bridge and tunnel approaches, often forming jolly little groups, chatting and playing cards without a care in the world. Every half-hour or so a social-security number was called out over the public address system, and its owner waved a gay goodbye and drove on to the next stoppage point.

"Bottleneck clubs" were formed where lasting friendships ripened. Some groups played chess, others brought record players, and more serious motorists applied themselves to philosophy, science, or economics. The Neo-Anti-Keynesian School traces its origin to a club that met each morning for a spirited discussion hour on the Pulaski Skyway, as a brass plaque riveted to a steel girder now testifies.

Quick as always to anticipate drivers' needs, Detroit added toasters to 1973 models. Grills followed, and soon the haunting aroma of bacon gently mingled with the unburned hydrocarbon gasses.

There were a few protests and letters to editors, but cultural anthropologists recalled that when our nation's founders were long absent from their hearths on stagecoach journeys, little blame attended their lapses.

Suburban mates, envious of the smart new highway life from which they were excluded, went to town with their husbands to shop for thread, one spool at a time. A thousand bridge clubs were formed on the Long Island Expressway alone, and teas and cocktail parties enlivened the long journey home. By this time the trek from Upper Montclair to Wall Street normally took several days, and one couple left Madison Avenue on the eve of Columbus Day and arrived home at Riverhead, Long Island, on New Year's Day.

Because of the new six-hour work week and the portal-to-portal wage law, the extended travel time did not disrupt the business structure, or lessen the purchasing power of the delayed drivers. New industries arose. A fleet of spotless obstetrical trucks, operated by private industry under government subsidy, found business brisk, especially on the long concrete ribbon to Bucks County.

The Permanent Traffic Solution, foreseen only by a few ignored visionaries, came almost by accident. Consolidated Edison's overloaded cables broke down once more, and streets were dug up on strategic tunnel approaches. It was on a Friday before Labor Day. At 3:30 P.M., 150 police helicopters were patrolling the city's exits, shouting soothing advice to drivers. One, hovering low over the Queensborough Bridge, crashed into an ambulance and exploded. A commercial artist from Short Hills named Joe Bloch hit a hydrant on Varick Street and the area was flooded. By 5:45 P.M. all vehicles were motionless. Mayor Wagner declared an emergency and fired Traffic Commissioner Barnes. The Salvation Army sent out soup kitchens on saddle horses.

From the Battery to the Bronx, from the North River to the East River, Manhattan streets were jammed with immovable traffic. The cars stayed there, for IBM computers quickly reported that the time needed to disentangle them would exceed the average obsolescence index of the vehicles. The Planners had finally achieved their goal.

Long trained in sedan living, the indomitable commuters were not seriously discommoded. Like the pioneer heroes of *Wagon Train*, and the ea[r]ly dog-cart victualers who bricked [in] their roving cafes, the home-workshop-conditioned citizens adjusted to their environment. And life was good. The morning sun glistened on dewy, cobwebbed clover-leaf crossings. Boys shot out traffic lights with air rifles. Roses rambled over Pontiacs. Seasons rolled by. People lived and died in their cars, and were happy. Swallows nested in the Lincoln Tunnel.

—HARLAND MANCHESTER.

• • •

THE FISH'S EYE

BACK in China, when traditions were still in force, you could, for a bowl of water and a piece of rice paper, have your soul saved, your spirit recalled, your cold cured—provided you were a small child with much faith.

My aunt Chao possessed a good soul. I don't remember her ever losing it. She spent much of her time in helping people, especially ill children. Her diagnosis was quick and her cure simple. Whenever I looked a bit under the weather, she would say, "Wh[at] the matter, little man? It's time to h[ave] your spirit called." Aunt Chao believed that a child's attack of illness or melancholy was due to the wandering away of his spirit; it could always be easily recalled.

Her way of doing it was simple. First, she prepared two bowls, each half-filled with water. She covered one bowl with a thin piece of yellow rice paper. Then she would dip her fingers in the other bowl and let the drops of water drip on the rice paper, calling after each drop: "*Paopao,* come back!"

I was supposed to answer "Coming!" at each calling. After ten or twenty drops, enough water would accumulate on the paper to create sufficient weight so that a spot like a fish's eye would appear where the wet paper and water underneath had made contact. It wavered, quivered, floated; it was full of life. This little live thing was my spirit found. It was sure to chase my melancholy away. The next step, which required me to return my soul to my body by drinking the water on which my spirit floated, was the difficult part of the ritual. I found this hard to do not because I distrusted my aun[t's] faith, but because I rebelled at [the] dirty fingers.

My young soul was thus saved many times, and as far as I'm concerned no advances in science will ever replace for me the magical cure of my toothless aunt Chao. —TIMOTHY TUNG.

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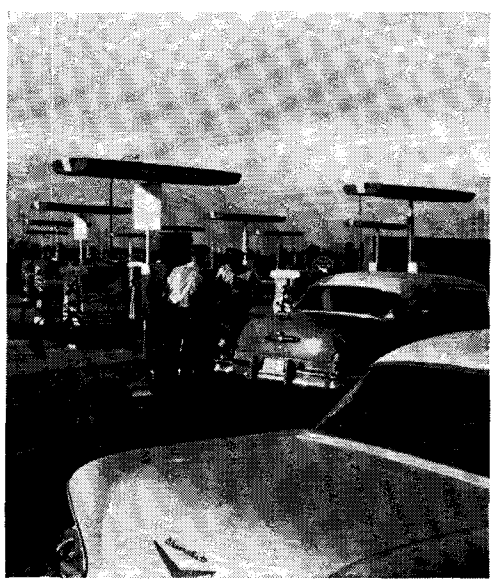

TO SERVE A GROWING NATION...

OURS IS A NATION on the move . . . more than 90 million licensed drivers, more than 75 million motor vehicles, and more than 400 billion miles of motor traveling each year. Providing these travelers with motor fuels, lubricants, anti-freeze, and other automotive products . . . as well as asphalt for the highways they travel on . . . is a primary job of the petroleum industry. These needs will grow in the years to come.

TO HELP MEET THESE NEEDS . . . and the growing needs of other segments of our national economy . . . Cities Service has broadened its services and multiplied its products. Today it is a supplier not only of hydrocarbon energy and basic petroleum products such as gasolenes, motor oils, asphalts, and industrial greases, but of an ever widening flow of petrochemical and allied products ranging from butyl rubber and plant foods to printing inks and carbon black.

THE RESULTS are reflected in benefits broadly shared by employees, investors, and customers. Of even greater importance, these achievements . . . united with those of all forward-looking industry . . . will help assure the continued leadership and security of this nation in the challenging years to come.

CITIES SERVICE

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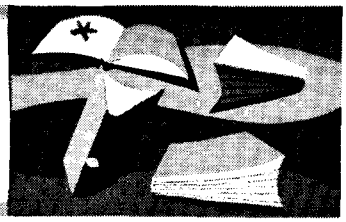
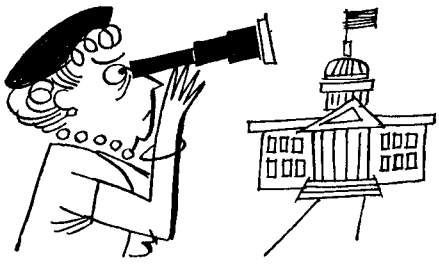
Trade Winds



THE CHAIRMAN of the Americanism Committee of a Northern California American Legion Auxiliary visited the state capitol and was appalled at the condition of the Stars and Stripes on display there.



"A sad sight to behold," she wrote to the Sacramento *Bee* in exposing the dreadful situation. "Our beautiful flag was so dirty that it made my heart sink. Let's have a flag cleanup to show that we love and respect our flag."

Her call for action produced results. It was in the form of a reply printed six days later in the same newspaper. Bob Merritt, Legislative Guide, pointed out that the tattered ensign "happens to be the flag that flew over the battleship USS *California*, which saw extensive action during World War II. It is placed in the rotunda of the State Capitol for its historical significance."

THE OFFICIAL publication of the Reader's Club of Canada, *The Canadian Reader*, reports as follows:

"Prentice-Hall wished to place an advertisement for their new book, *Disciplining Your Child: The Practical Way*, in a well-known American magazine. The headline was to read, 'Are you afraid spanking your child will injure him emotionally?' The ad was turned down by the magazine because 'spanking is against our editorial policy.'"

TITLE SEARCHING: At Krock's and Brentano's in Chicago, Jim Clark found Ralph Ellison's *The Invisible Man* on the science fiction shelf.

And Ronald C. Newton tells me that when he was stationed in Heidelberg he made use of the Army Reference Library. He was surprised to find how José Ortega y Gasset's *The Dehumanization of Art* was classified. It was in the how-to-do-it section.

The clerk at Chandler's in Evanston, Illinois, told Molly Daugherty that Erich Fromm's *The Art of Loving* was not in stock. He had looked through the entire sex hygiene shelf for it.

Browsing pays off, Tim Nicholson reports. He found Aristophanes's *The Birds* and *The Frogs* in the natural history department in a Boston bookstore.

Jean Banks had a painful experience looking for Van Wyck Brooks's *The Flowering of New England*. She asked a clerk at Doubleday's New York store on Fifth Avenue near 56th Street. "If we have it," he replied, "it's right behind you." Right behind her was the gardening section.

IF YOU WANT to know what a young fellow can do to keep himself busy while he's lecturing at Newcastle University, New South Wales, Australia, hear this about thirty-one-year-old Clive Hart. The University of Minnesota Press has just published his *A Concordance to Finnegans Wake*, in which all of the 63,924 different words that appear in Joyce's work are listed in alphabetical order, with page and line references to their occurrence. Except for punctuation marks, every typographical unit is accounted for.

In addition, there are two indexes. One lists in alphabetical order the inner parts of all the compound words in *Finnegans Wake*. Another provides a list of some 10,000 English words that are suggested by Joyce's puns and distortions.

How a person could do this in a mere thirty-one years is not fully explained.

NOW THAT SCHOOL'S OUT I can reveal the hoax perpetrated by Judy Chollman of Knoxville's Holston High. She used to disrupt schedules when a contact lens would fall from her eye. Down on their knees she and sympathetic observers would go, noses to the floor of the corridor, seeking out the stray little focal. By now everyone has caught on: Judy's eyes are okay. She doesn't wear contact lenses.

That practical joke isn't quite as subtle as the one Ben Hayes of Columbus, Ohio, recalls for me. In the day of the brewers' big horses, there was an emergency delivery service for some sections of the city. A little man nicknamed Spider would drive a one-horse express wagon out through the brewery's iron gates, hauling kegs to saloons that were in danger of running out of beer.

One hot day Spider had a beer or two along his route. He fell asleep in the driver's seat, but the horse knew the way back to the brewery and took it. The iron gates were closed, so the horse stopped and stood there. Spider slept. Brewery workers quietly unhitched the horse, let it through the gates, reclosed them, then rehitched the horse to the wagon shafts, which they had run through the gates—putting the horse on one side, the wagon on the other.

SHARPS AND FLATS: I finally discovered what's behind the National Society for the Elevation and Propagation of the Leek, that mysterious information service I described in the June 1 TRADE WINDS. It's got nothing to do with *Cleopatra*. Rather, it is somehow a plug for a soup made with leeks. However, the publicity is at such a low key that I am not even asked to mention the name of the company that manufactures the soup. All I have to say is that it's a Swiss recipe. You are now expected to be thoroughly brainwashed.

►Joseph Yee Quil was amused by the sign describing the art exhibit at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Museum: "101 masterpieces of American Primitive Painting from the Garbisch Collection."

►The son of a neighbor of ours is having trouble with his Latin. He brings home his lessons, and his mother, who took four years of the dead language at college, pesters and tutors him and he doesn't like it much. At one frustrating point he cried, "Don't forget, Mother, Latin has changed a lot since *you* studied it!"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1527)

EILEEN BASSING:
WHERE'S ANNIE?

He feebly wiped his mouth with his napkin. His hands shook.

"If I had the strength," he said, "I could hate you for making me eat."

"You'll have the strength to hate me one day," she said. "How could you avoid hating me? Look how much I've helped you!"

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ENTERPRISER

He's an independent merchant . . . a General Motors dealer. He heads a local business team which supplies the person-to-person contacts, the service and good will which earn and build public respect. He is one of 15,000 General Motors dealers located all across the country, who employ about 300,000 local people.

Service in the broad sense is his business.

He's a reputable businessman with a vital interest in his community. He sells more than mere transportation and is proud of the personal association he maintains with his customers. Of course, his reputation and that of General Motors are mutually dependent. His success and that of General Motors go hand in hand.

More than six hundred thousand General Motors employes plan and produce the fine cars and trucks which he sells. More than a million shareholders and some 31,000 suppliers complete the GM team. Collectively, they represent GM's proudest asset—its people!

GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

Making Better Things For You

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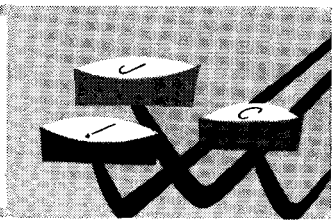
Manner of Speaking



NOTES ON PROGRESS: An American, I have sometimes been tempted to think, is a man who tends to be surprised by his own death, as if it were some sort of unprecedented news sprung on him as a surprise and in rather poor taste. A Latin, on the other hand, may be reasonably defined as a man who has been reporting that news from birth, and who seems always to be surprised that he has lived quite as long as he has. He is a confirmed but dramatic pessimist, your Latin. Whatever else may assuage time for a time, he is almost certain to believe things will get worse before they get better, or, even more simply, that they will get worse without ever getting better.

About seven years ago I was sitting at a café table in Rome with an Italian friend. I have no recollection of how we got onto the subject. The chances are we were assuaging time by admiring some of the more undulant scenery as it strolled by; that would have been a normal day's mood and occupation. Suddenly, from whatever point of departure, he was holding forth on the American's blind faith in progress.

"You Americans," he announced, wagging a marvelously fluent finger at me but as if he were charging a full jury, "you Americans believe you can cure anything."

He held his finger up vertically for emphasis. "For example," he said, and now the finger began to tick off the parts of this world, "you do not like infant mortality. So you organize a committee. You hire an agency. You declare an infant mortality week. You put it in newspapers and on the television. You mail out fifty million letters. You ring all the doorbells. You raise a mountain of money. It is a success! With you it is always a success! So!—all at once!—no more infant mortality!"

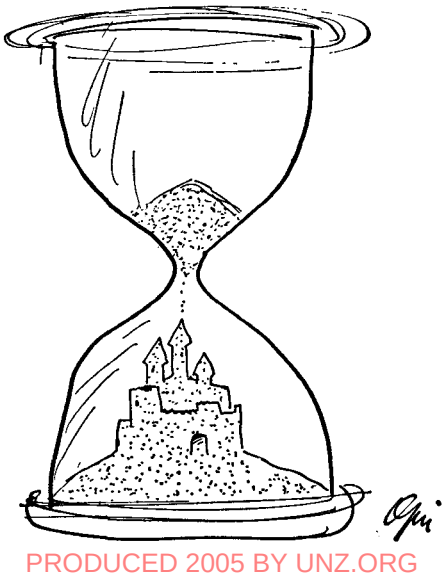
By that point he was no longer a lawyer but an artist. He was conducting the full orchestra of his passion and with both arms. By the time he pronounced the last phrase his arms were spread wide and high in air with a grand sense of having brought a first movement to its conclusion. And with hardly a pause he raised and lowered them in a gesture to the orchestra to plunge on.

"So now you do not like mortality in adolescence. Another committee. Another agency. Or maybe the same one. But more newspapers. More television. Another fifty million letters. Once again you ring all the doorbells. In comes the money. Success! Always success! No more adolescent mortality!"

Once more his arms pause in air, and once more they pump on, the pace increasing as he goes, *con brio e sempre accelerando*. "What next? Middle-age mortality. Away with it. A committee. An agency. A Week. Newspapers, television, letters, doorbells, money. Success!—no more middle-age mortality!"

And on without even a pause. "So onward to old-age mortality. Committees, a Week, newspapers, television, letters—millions of letters. Ring all the doorbells. You would ring God's doorbell if you knew where to find it. In comes the money. Success! Over the top! No more infant mortality, no more adolescent mortality, no more middle-age mortality, no more old-age mortality. All gone in a week. In four weeks, no more mortality. Always a success!"

It was a tremendous full-orchestral race to climax and he snapped it off at peak, letting his arms subside to the table in a dramatic silence for a long, superbly timed pause. And then, gesturing with his right arm only, palm up, an Olympian side motion, *adagio*, of granting me the floor for anything I might have to say (his gesture at the same time implying that there could be no possible rejoinder but that the gods of Olympus would grant every man his due, if meaningless, hearing) —so detached and magnificent, he concluded almost in a whisper, "How is it you still manage to die?" It was exactly that voice in which Italian tragedians have learned to mute the national curtain line: *"La commedia è finita."*



And so the floor was mine, whether by civil right, or merely by his largesse in allowing me my rhetorical chance to rebut the incontrovertible. But I wouldn't have dreamed of walking in over such a performance. I was pure audience. "Bravo!" I said. "Bravo!" and I ordered two more brandies, drinking mine in a toast to Euterpe and Calliope. Never had hyperbole better conducted its invisible orchestra.

An so out of those spacious theatres and back to sad reality, with the blessing that, in Rome, sad reality can be its own sort of happy sentience. The scenery, moreover, was still strolling by and the sun was shining. What could there be on earth to rebut when all was to admire?

But I wish he could have been with me some months later to conduct his full orchestral scorn of the answer a Vermont friend gave me when I repeated the story.

To be sure I could only repeat it: I certainly could not give it his performance. I am not sure even he could have performed it there. Vermont is the theatre of another tradition. As best I could, however, I repeated the gist of it.

My friend heard me out and scratched his chin. "I don't see what's wrong," he said, "with sweeping out the hospital while you're dying."

It was a good Vermont answer and I was happy to settle for it in its own theatre. Somehow, in Vermont, it seems possible to sweep with a nearly mortal broom. Maybe the fact of Rome is that it is the unsweepable city. I don't mean on the surface: the Roman street sweepers are everywhere. But mortally, the dust lies on dust there. Sweep down through the stones themselves; you only come to another layer of mortal dust with stones under it, and another layer of dust under those stones, back to the buried cornerstone of time itself.

It was a good Vermont answer, as my friend's was a good Roman expostulation. Ideas exist not only in their fact but in their ambience: other places, other thoughts.

I was, in fact, lucky to get a good Vermont answer. An American from one of our utterly wrong places might have said, "What's wrong with bigger and better hospitals for those who happen to be opposed to dying?"

I could be wrong, but I have a feeling we have elected Presidents (no recent reference intended) on less substantial platforms than that.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Remarkable New Teaching Machine May Actually Double Your Child's Chances of Getting Into College

Acclaimed by Educators! Helps Your Child Do Better in Mathematics, English, Speed Reading and Comprehension — at Home and Without Supervision

A college degree today is a "must!" College graduates hold the best jobs, have the brightest future, enjoy more prestige, earn thousands of dollars more in their lifetime than do high school graduates.

But today's colleges are crowded and hard to get into. Only those who show academic aptitude are accepted. Here is a way you can give your child a head-start in the race for success by helping him do well in high school, score well on his College Board examinations, and get into the college of his choice.

Yours to try for only 99¢

Incredible New Teaching Machine Helps Your Child Learn Faster — Remember Longer — *Develop Invaluable Study Habits*

This revolutionary teaching machine program — the Automated College Prep-Course — lets your child learn effortlessly, and at his own pace. Through the machine, your child is "fed" information in tiny, "easy-to-digest" morsels. *This information is logically arranged — and builds, step upon step* — each step becoming more difficult *so gradually* that your child is scarcely aware of it.

This amazing technique succeeds with the slow learner, with the average child, and with the gifted child . . . each advancing at his own pace. The learning process actually becomes a pleasure for your child, instead of a threat or a chore. You will find that as your youngster progresses with this unique Course he quickly absorbs knowledge that he must have to pass the college entrance exams, retains this knowledge indefinitely, and develops study habits and skills that help him breeze through his school-work!

DEVELOPED BY NOTED EDUCATORS

The Automated College Prep-Course has been produced under the personal direction of leading educators — all recognized authorities in the field of scientific teaching and automated teaching devices. Editors and consultants include eminent members of the faculty of Columbia University, Cornell University, N. Y. University, Ohio State University, the University of Vienna, St. John's University, Colorado University, N. Y. Institute of Technology, and St. Lawrence University.

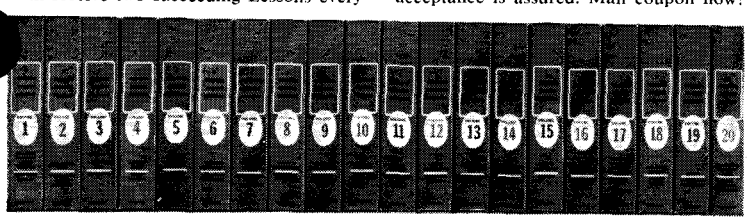
Emphasizes Subjects Heavily Weighted *On College Entrance Examinations*

Each of the Course's 20 integrated Lessons is contained in its own machine. The Course concentrates on those subjects that are heavily weighted on college entrance examinations: Mathematics, from arithmetic to algebra. English, including grammar, punctuation and spelling. Speed reading techniques that will be of tremendous use to your child in school, college, and throughout life. And the Course will teach your child *how to study* with the proven-successful "studier" system!

You Can Now Test the Enormous Benefits of This Spectacular Teaching Machine For Only 99¢

Simply mail the coupon at right to receive the first teaching machine of the Automated College Prep-Course for only 99¢! But send no money – we'll bill you later. Let your child test and evaluate this machine at his leisure. See for yourself how *effectively this single Lesson will help* prepare him for the tough, competitive college entrance exams. Only if you are completely satisfied need your child continue the Course.

If you wish your child to continue, you will receive two succeeding Lessons every month until you have received the complete Course of 20 Lessons. Each of these Lessons will become slightly more advanced – each will reinforce previous learning and introduce new material – each will steadily prepare him to pass different sections of the college entrance exams. After your youngster completes this remarkable Course his chances of getting in the college of his choice may actually DOUBLE! Make sure your child does so well in school that his college acceptance is assured. Mail coupon now!



HOW THE TEACHING MACHINE WORKS

Unlike other teaching machines (many costing up to $100 or more) this one has no costly mechanism to break or fail, no batteries or bulbs to replace. Printed on a scroll, inside the machine, are the scientifically-programmed Lessons. These pass by the window of the machine as the upper knobs are turned. Each *frame contains a small, easy-to-grasp segment of information*, followed by a question. After reading the material, your youngster writes the answer to the question directly on the scroll. He then turns the knob until the correct answer comes into view.

Immediately he sees if his own answer is right or wrong. The program is so designed that most students get about 95% of the answers correct. This builds up your child's confidence and promotes a *valuable "correct response" habit. Your child reasons out* his answers instead of merely trying to absorb facts by rote. He feels a sense of accomplishment and *wants* to continue from one question to the next — from one Lesson to the next — until he completes the Course.

SEND NO MONEY – MAIL COUPON TODAY

National Institute of Education, Dept. 5800-JI
24 Rope Ferry Rd.
Waterford, Conn.

Yes! *Send me the first Lesson of the Automated College Prep-Course* at the special introductory price of only 99¢, and bill me later. If I am completely delighted with it you may continue to send me the other Lessons in the Course at the rate of two a month, priced at $2.25 each, until my child has the complete 20-Lesson set. I understand I may discontinue the Course at any time.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *Zone* ____ *State* _____

(Please Print)

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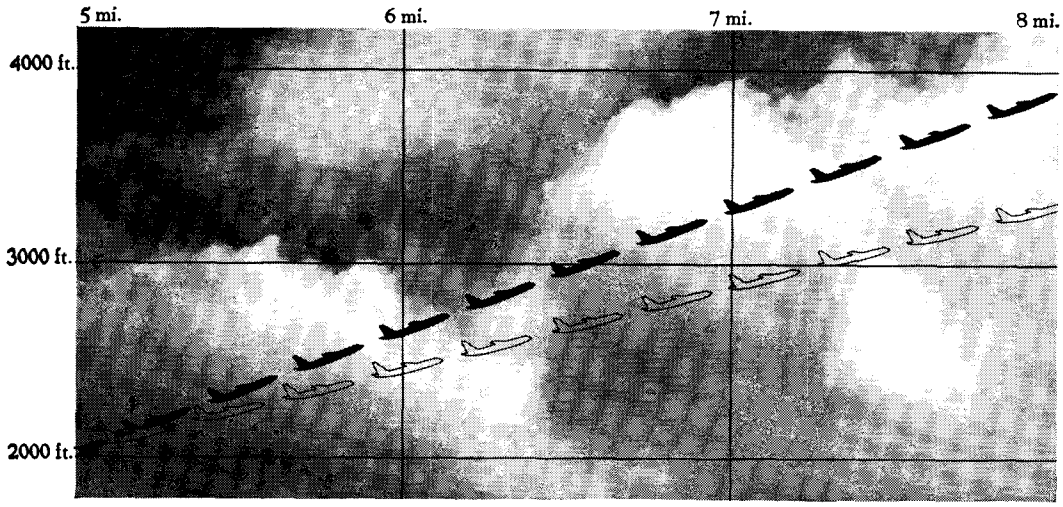
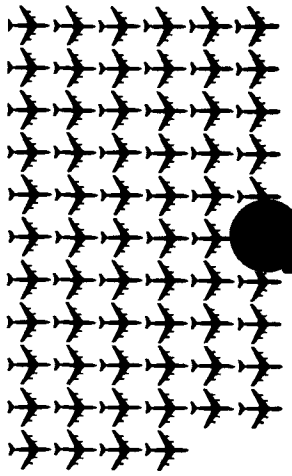
The American Airlines fan-jet story.

The first 707s [and DC-8s] took over a mile to take off.
And many of them still do.
But not American's.

In 1961, American Airlines introduced a new engine called the fan-jet–with 30% more power than ordinary jets. So much



Here is the difference between the climb of a fan-jet and an ordinary jet. (And this is only for 4,000 feet. Jets fly at 30,000.)



(Right) American Airlines' complete jet fleet: 64 in all—and every one a fan-jet.

power that the plane itself had to be changed. This was the birth of our Astrojet.

The Astrojet takes off in ⅓ less runway, climbs 30% faster, flies more quietly, and uses the extra fan-jet power to help get you in on time.

By 1962, we had fan-jets on every jet in our fleet. No other transcontinental airline has such a fleet, even today. Although many are changing to fan-jets now.

We have 64 of these planes. The next airline has 23.

Nice thing to remember if you're taking a trip.

ASTROJET IS A SERVICE MARK OF AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.

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Saturday Review
July 20, 1963

By J. William Fulbright

The American Agenda

The Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee suggests some ways to turn the nation's "problems of success" into new opportunities.

BY ALL the standards of history that measure the success of nations, America is at the flood tide of growth and achievement. We have become pre-eminent in world power and responsibility; we have for the first time in human history created a society in which poverty is a lingering vestige rather than the normal condition of man; we have developed stable political institutions which, with all their imperfections, have proven adaptable to change and at the same time capable of preserving liberty and law.

The problems that confront us issue directly from these achievements. They are no less compelling, no less fraught with danger, for being problems of success. They may indeed be more dangerous, because success breeds satisfaction and satisfaction breeds complacency and arrogance.

To the extent that we are mesmerized with the general success of our society, we are blinded to its shortcomings and to the opportunities that wealth and power have brought us.

Neither power nor wealth is itself the condition of the good life.

For the past generation we have been preoccupied with power. Our major energies have been dedicated to an enormously costly but generally successful struggle against Communist imperialism. I believe that this global effort has been altogether necessary and justified, but I also believe that we have become so preoccupied with the struggle itself that we have largely lost sight of the issue at stake, which is the character and quality of two competing kinds of society.

At the same time we have fallen into a state of benign satisfaction with affluence at home. Prosperity appears to have benumbed the social conscience that brought us the benefits we now enjoy. In our absorption with the pleasures of shiny new cars, of a thousand gadgets of trivial utility, and of the inexhaustible inanities of television, we hardly notice that over 4,000,000 Americans are unemployed, that our public schools are deteriorating tragically, that crime and blight and corruption continue to spread over our cities.

Still less are we inclined to ask ourselves whether conspicuous consumption is really all we want of life, whether we are using our wealth in a way that truly satisfies us, whether there is something else to be done, something that we are not now doing, to fulfil the promise of America.

The distinction between foreign and domestic policy has largely disappeared. The resolution of long-neglected problems at home has as much to do with one as with the other and, because this is so, they warrant first priority on the American agenda.

MEN do not as a general practice question their lives and values when all is seemingly going well, or face their problems before they are overwhelmed by them. "No one can have lived in the world," wrote Spinoza, "without observing that most people, when in prosperity, are so over-brimming with wisdom . . . that they take every offer of advice as a personal insult, whereas in adversity they know not where to turn, but beg and pray for counsel from every passer-by." The question before the American people is whether, without awaiting adversity, they are prepared to examine the foundations of their power and prosperity, to question the priorities of public policy, and, in so doing, to determine whether the course they are now following is in fact the one most likely to gain security from power and happiness from wealth.

Of all the national enterprises in which our country is currently engaged, none, apparently, has stirred the interest and imagination of the people more than the exploration of outer space. With little hesitation and debate we have committed ourselves to an enormously costly space program, including a $20 billion project for landing an American on the moon before 1970 and —what is more important—ahead of the Russians. Since the experts agree that the moon has no forseeable value as a military base, we are doing this because we believe it essential to our prestige.

ARE there not other factors involved in our prestige and self-esteem, such as our capacity to employ and educate, to house and transport our own people? If, at the end of this decade, the Russians have reached the moon and we have not, but have instead succeeded in the renovation of our cities and of our transport, in the virtual elimination of slums and crime, in the creation of the best system of public education in the world, whose prestige would be higher, who more admired by the world? Is it not possible, if we were to do these things, that our prestige and influence would reach unprecedented heights in a world that is hungry for education, for a decent material life, and for human dignity?

The issue is one of priorities. The question is not whether space exploration is desirable in itself but whether it is a more important and pressing national need than other needs such as employment and education and urban renewal.

The Congress has come close on sev-

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eral occasions to adopting a meaningful program of federal aid to education and it is quite possible that the reduction of costs in other areas such as space would provide the necessary impetus for the enactment of an education bill.

The mind does not readily grasp the significance of a sum of $20 billion, the projected cost of landing an American on the moon. Its meaning, I think, can be shown through some simple statistics. Twenty billion dollars over a ten-year period involves an expenditure of $5.5 million a day. According to official calculations of the costs of school construction, a single day's costs for the moon program, that is $5.5 million, could be used to build five schools for 1,000 students each, 25 schools for 200 students each, or 50 schools for 100 students each. The amount expended in one month on the moon program would pay for 375 schools with 400 students each or 750 schools with 200 students each.

The race to the moon, whatever its outcome, will not decide the course of history. Its true meaning, I think, is expressed in a story that is told of a Russian pupil in a physics class, who, when told of the plans to land a Russian on the moon, agreed that this was a fine thing and asked: "But when may we go to Vienna?"

More likely to have a lasting effect on history will be the success or failure of the United States in solving the problem of full employment in an expanding economy.

The American economy of the 1960s is fueled by capital and technology, and by scientists and technicians and highly skilled workers. Unskilled labor is rapidly becoming superfluous as a factor of production, and the untrained and uneducated worker, of whom there are still some millions in the United States, finds himself increasingly relegated to a life of unemployment and underemployment, a life of diminishing rewards, diminishing hopes, and growing disillusion with our society.

While we continue to neglect public education, the correlation between unemployment and lack of education continues to mount. Of the 4,100,000 Americans who were unemployed in March 1959, 1,000,000, or about one-fourth of the total, had less than an elementary school education, and 2,800,000, or more than two-thirds, had less than a high school education. In March 1961 the unemployment rate among professional and technical workers was 1.6 per cent; among clerical workers, 4.9 per cent; skilled workers, 9.1 per cent; semi-skilled workers, 12.1 per cent; and unskilled workers, 19.1 per cent.

UNDER these conditions, the prospects are bleak indeed for the 42 per cent of all American teen-agers who fail to complete high school. There is no longer a western frontier to which they can migrate. There is no need for more farmers, and even if there were, the drop-outs could not qualify because modern American farming requires highly developed skills.

Nor are very many of the drop-outs likely to be absorbed by industrial expansion, even rapid expansion if it should occur, because industrial productivity expands primarily by the use of automated machines that reduce the need for unskilled labor.

Inadequate education represents a reckless squandering of the nation's human resources. Studies of high school dropouts show that 70 per cent of these young people have at least average intelligence and could complete high school and that 6 to 13 per cent are of superior intelligence and fully capable of doing college work. Were these young people educated to their fullest capacity, they would have every chance of becoming responsible and productive citizens. The failure to educate them involves a major loss of economic productivity, incalculable personal and social problems, and, in consequence, a heavy drain on the over-all strength of the nation.

Whatever the prospects for economic expansion and the reduction of unemployment by tax reduction and fiscal policy, the future holds little hope for those with only their muscle power to sell. Unemployment can be substantially alleviated by economic and fiscal policy. To at least as great a degree, however, it is a challenge to our educational system—a challenge that is not now being met.

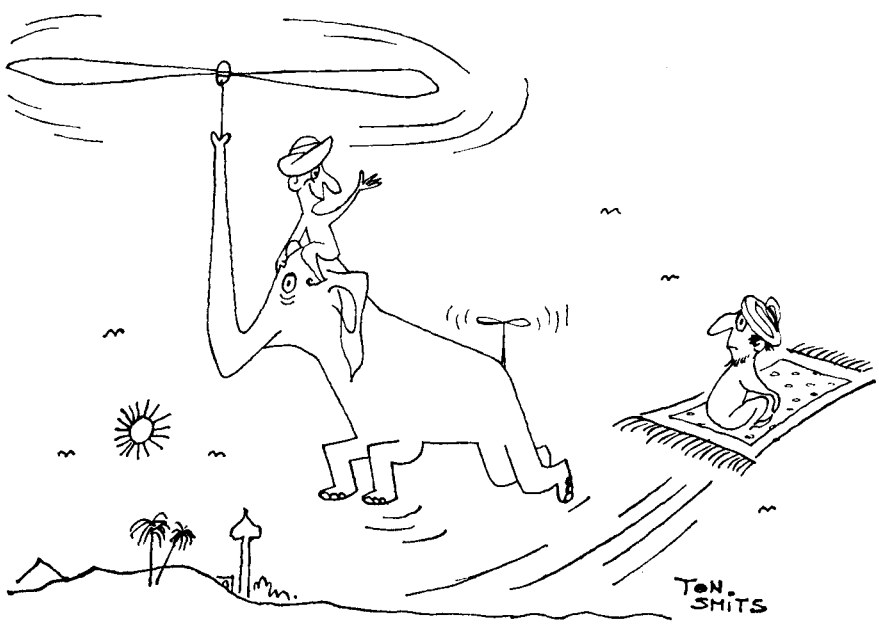
Through such legislation as the National Defense Education Act of 1958 Congress has provided a measure of support for higher education in such fields as science, engineering, and languages. But for the 80 per cent of American youth who do not go to college, Congress has repeatedly failed to take meaningful action. Throughout the country, but especially in the relatively poor states, millions of young people are consigned to suffer the consequences of inadequate general education and grossly inadequate vocational training.

A scant $7,000,000 a year is provided for federal support of vocational education under the Smith-Hughes Act of 1917, and this goes primarily for training in agriculture and home economics. In a national economy in which farm employment continues to decline, in which no more than one applicant in ten can hope to find employment on a farm when he leaves school, this is indeed training for unemployment.

The Manpower Report of the President transmitted to the Congress in March 1963 makes it clear beyond doubt that we are failing to cope with the problem of unemployment, that indeed the situation is slowly deteriorating. In each of the four postwar recessions unemployment has stuck at a higher level than before. The long-term trend is thus toward increasing unemployment. This prodigal waste of human resources is costing us enormous sums in loss of productivity each year, to say nothing of its costs in human suffering, and in blight and crime and juvenile delinquency.

It is a cruel paradox that high unemployment is a price Americans are paying for efficiency and productivity.

It is a problem which, if left un-



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solved, will turn strength into weakness, success into failure. It has everything to do with our prosperity at home and with the success of our policies abroad and, far more than the moon and outer space, it has implications for the course of history.

Beyond the vocational and professional responsibilities of public education lies its broad responsibility for shaping the character of a free people, for training the citizen of a free society to meet the heavy responsibilities of a democracy, to develop it into an instrument of progress and civilization.

IN this respect, as in the case of vocational instruction, I do not believe that the American educational system is meeting its responsibilities. The problem, I believe, is the primary one in our national life.

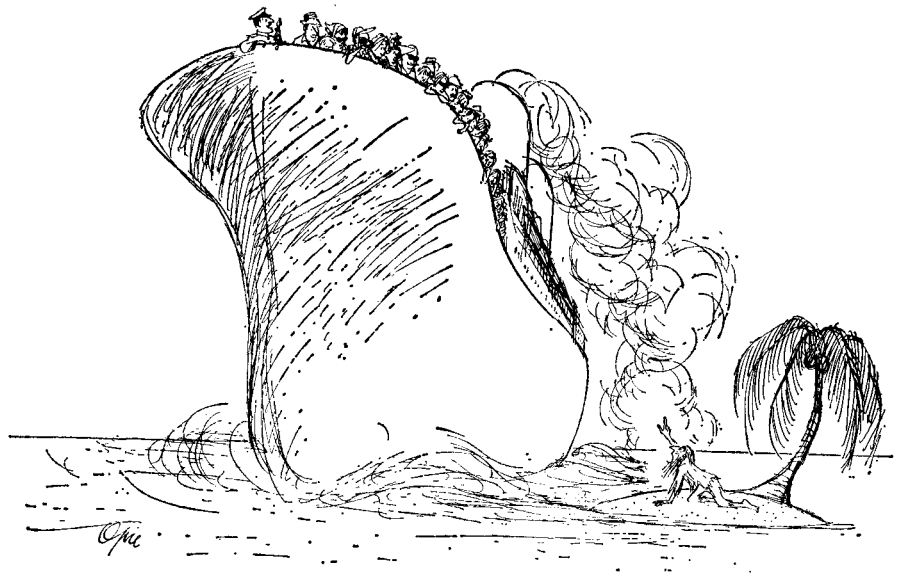
The challenge to our education is both quantitative and qualitative. The quantitative problem is essentially one of providing adequate funds for improving the physical plans of our schools and for providing adequate training and salaries for teachers. Because of the tremendous differences among the states in income, wealth, and taxpaying ability, there can be no satisfactory solution to this problem except through a program of federal aid to education, without federal controls. Even with confiscatory tax rates, the poorest states and the poorest districts would be unable by themselves to finance public school systems of the quality that our young people deserve and the national welfare requires.

Education is a national problem that requires national solutions. The federal government is uniquely qualified to raise the money needed to finance improvements in local school systems. Its obligation to do so derives from the fact that the entire nation suffers when any of our citizens are denied the best possible education.

While I appreciate the fears of those who believe that federal aid inevitably will lead to control, I think that past experience has proven these fears to be unfounded.

Although our expenditures on public education have risen rapidly in the past decade, they have not nearly kept pace with the increase in our school-age population, which since 1950 has grown twice as fast as the total population. We have in effect "economized" on education and for this false economy the nation is paying an appalling price.

The preservation of our free society in the years and decades to come will depend ultimately on whether we succeed or fail in directing the enormous power of human knowledge to the enrichment of our own lives and to the shaping of a rational and civilized world order. In the twentieth century the world has become united in the purely physical sense of economic and technological interdependence, while in psychological and spiritual terms it remains divided into suspicious and hostile national communities.



"This is one of the few islands in the South Pacific that still attracts castaways."

It is the task of education, more than of any other instrument of public policy, to help close the dangerous gap between the economic and technological interdependence of the peoples of the world and their psychological, political, and spiritual alienation.

WHAT kind of education can be expected to meet so formidable a challenge? In general it seems to me that an adequate system of education for our time is one that concentrates above all on the cultivation of the free spirit and the free mind, one that aims to teach men not *what* to think but *how* to think.

American education is not at present realizing these objectives, and is falling short both of its own promise and of our national needs. The crisis in our education is not a matter of catching up with or outstripping the Russians in the number of engineers or scientists that we turn out each year. Indeed, Soviet education, according to available evidence, is far inferior to ours except in certain fields of science and engineering. The crisis is one that would confront us even if Communism and the Soviet Union did not exist. It involves nothing less than our own character as a free society and the ability of a free society to bring meaning and fulfilment to the lives of its citizens.

Our constant objective in education must be the cultivation of the free mind—the mind free of dogma, cant, and superstition, free to fulfill the highest measure of its capacity, free to explore the limitless realm of ideas and values.

We have placed too little emphasis on the training of the intellect and too much on such marginal values as being an "interesting" or "well-adjusted" or "well-rounded" person—or almost anything except creativeness. We have viewed higher education too little as the means of elevating the mind and spirit and too much as the road to "know-how" and "success" through the mastery of technical and practical fields of knowledge. In so doing, we have neglected the kind of education that develops the capacity to handle general ideas and to sift the rational from the irrational.

The object of liberal education is wisdom. The core of its curriculum, accordingly, should be composed of the classical disciplines that contribute to the rigorous training of the mind—the physical sciences and mathematics, languages and the arts, history, economics, and the theory and practice of government.

It is the responsibility of education to equip the American people for valid perceptions of the real world of the twentieth century, to liberate them from the peculiar limitations of the American perspective.

We must learn to understand the revolutionary upheavals of the twentieth century not in terms of illusory and egocentric analogies to our own experience but rather as the products of social forces quite new in the world, social forces that have no parallel in American experience.

We have not yet acknowledged the limitations of our perspective or accepted the proposition that our proper

(*Continued on page* 62)

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Saturday Review

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The Most Beautiful Word

NOT too long ago, the Peterborough, New Hampshire, *Transcript* reported that when British children were asked, "What are the twelve loveliest things you know?" one small English boy answered:

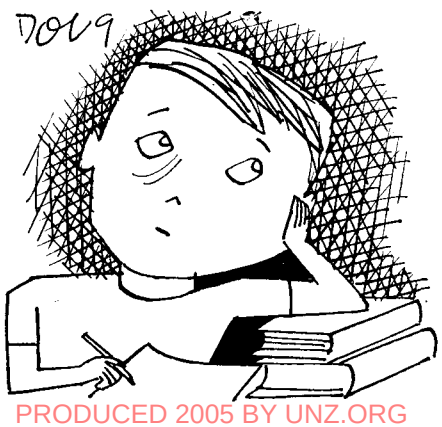
"The cold of ice cream.
The scrunch of dry leaves.
The feel of clean cloze.
Water running into a bath.
Cool wind on a hot day.
Climbing up a hill, looking down.
Hot water bottle in bed.
Honey in your mouth.
Smell of a drug store.
Babies smiling.
The feeling inside when you sing.
Baby kittens."

An English girl's list went this way:

"Our dog's eyes.
Street lights on the river.
Wet stones.
The smell of rain.
An organ playing.
Red roofs in trees.
Smoke rising.
Rain on your cheeks.
The smell of cut grass.
Red velvet.
The smell of picnic teas.
The moon in clouds."

A remarkable thing about these phrases is that they do not contain a single word on a list of the ten most beautiful words in the English language suggested thirty years ago by Mr. Wilfred Funk, the eminent wordsmith. His list was drawn up not only with reference to the sound of the words but to their meaning: *dawn, hush, lullaby, murmuring, tranquil, mist, luminous, chimes, golden,* and *melody.* It will be noted that some of the images behind the words were similar to the children's choices, but the words themselves do not appear on the children's list. This is natural enough; words in combination create a whole new spectrum of effects. Moreover, it is difficult to make flat judgments on the evocative power or the sound characteristics of words. When Mr. Funk announced his list a generation ago, there were substantial disagreements, especially among writers and critics. Edwin Markham, Rupert Hughes, Burton Rascoe, F.P.A., and dozens of others who then lived their lives in and around the magic of words, entered lists of their own.

Mr. Markham's list, heavy-sounding and sententious for the most part, included such words as *chryselephantine* (composed of or adorned with gold and ivory) and *empyrean* (the firmament or the heavens), but there were also a number of melodic words: *nevermore, sea sands, reverberate, imperishable, ideal,* and *Californian.* Mr. Hughes's list came closer to the original definition with *immemorial, oriole, threnody, tremulous, blithe, translucent, ivory, gloom, inviolate,* and *blue.* Mr. Rascoe and others liked best words that sounded pretty, including the root word *onomatopoeia,* surely one of the few words in any language containing eight vowels with four of them at the end. F.P.A. inclined to *cellar door.*



The game soon got out of hand, as literary games often do. Ring Lardner put an end to it with a satirical list of his own: *gangrene, flit, scram, mange, wretch, smoot, guzzle, McNaboe, blute,* and *crene.* Mr. Lardner explained in a footnote that the sixth word, *smoot,* probably should be capitalized in deference to the politician of the time and that he was leaving the eighth word in capitals for this reason. The ninth word, *blute,* was, said Mr. Lardner: "a smoker who doesn't inhale"; *crene* was, said Mr. Lardner, "a man who inhales but doesn't smoke." This nonsense put an end to the game.

Inspired by the children's lists of beautiful word pictures, we asked some American children recently for their ideas of the most beautiful words in the English language. Their lists included words like *mother, father, television, camp, home,* and *baseball.* One small city child, however, ignored the clichés. Possibly because his world as an unofficial shoeshine boy had become prematurely adult, a much more real place for him than for the protected child at home, his was the simplest and, in its way, the perfect answer to our question. He first discussed the terror of a nuclear explosion as though he were an Oppenheimer. Then he said:

"The other things don't make no difference. I just don't wanna get killed. All I wanna do is live, just live, that's all. I don't wanna do nothin' else."

This fundamental thought, this most beautiful of all possible words is, of course, basic to us all. The street urchin is imperishably right. What hangs over the newest generation in particular, whether on Broadway, the Strand, the Ginza, Red Square, or in a Congo rain forest cannot be better defined than in the phrase of an unwashed and unwanted little boy shining a man's shoe in the dirty street of a prematurely adult world. All the other words are of no account or value if *life* itself is to be a word without meaning, a special meaning to the newest generation. It is the most beautiful word in any language. —R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE OTHER VOICE

I WISH TO EXPRESS my appreciation for John Ciardi's MANNER OF SPEAKING in *SR*'s June 29 issue.

One has to try very hard to maintain objectivity in judging the white Southerner in the face of the Neanderthal intelligence that is thrust into one's consciousness via telecasts and radio reports of the Southern situation. It is indeed encouraging to discover that Southerners such as the Mississippi professor can maintain their dignity and humanity in the midst of such an atmosphere.

SHERRY METTLER WARDEN.
Rocky River, O.

AS LONG AS THERE are a few men like the Mississippi teacher whose letter appeared in John Ciardi's column, there is hope for our democracy. What courage and humanity are revealed in his correspondence!

I was stationed in the South during the last war and am quite aware of the peril of verbal sympathy for the Negro.

GEORGE S. MEISTER.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

MORE MEMORIES

IT'S A GREAT PITY that Eda Lou Walton is not still alive so that she might have seen the beautiful tribute to her in the article "I Remember Eda Lou," by Claire Burch [*SR*, June 29].

In view of the general subject of Mrs. Burch's article, "Teaching Students to Write," I must, however, admit that I was rather surprised to find no mention at all of one of the most significant aspects of Eda Lou's ways of helping young writers. But since this took place between 1931 and 1941, perhaps the Burches were too young to be aware of it. During this decade, however, there was a very active national organization of college poetry societies calling itself the College Poetry Society of America and publishing a monthly magazine named *College Verse*. Eda Lou Walton was its first editor and I had the pleasure of being closely associated with her in various editorial and official capacities until its demise, occasioned by the outbreak of the war.

During this decade we had the opportunity to give many young poets their first chance to be read, criticized, and recognized not only by their peers but by many famous established poets who were among our sponsors and judges of our contests. . . . Eda Lou Walton was always one of the society's moving spirits. . . .

ARTHUR H. NETHERCOT,
Professor of English,
Northwestern University.
Evanston, Ill.

MAILBAG STATISTICS

OUCH! N.C. touched a nerve with his probing editorial "The Default of the Educated Man" [*SR*, June 29]. Not that I'm one of the educated, but I certainly am one of the defaulters.

How can anyone complain about conditions if even a simple attempt at letter writing hasn't been tried? It's a clear case of "put up or shut up."

HARRIETTE M. SCHOPPEE.
Springfield, Mass.

THANK YOU FOR "The Default of the Educated Man." I hope *SR* can help reverse the Congressional mailbag statistics.

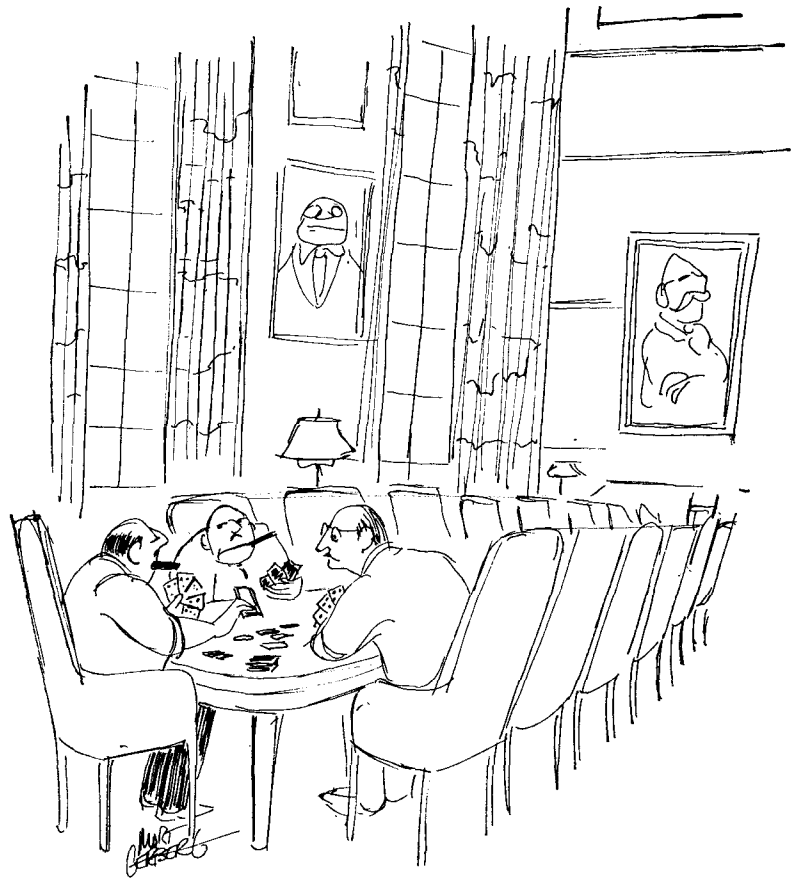
ELWYN H. ODELL.
Ellensburg, Wash.

THE EDITORIAL "The Default of the Educated Man" was like a well-deserved kick in the pants! I suddenly realized how I had defaulted. I have made a decision: to write at least one letter a week to some person in public life, expressing support, raising questions, or if necessary making a donation. I plan to encourage my friends to do the same.

WILLARD J. RAND, JR.
San Mateo, Calif.

A FOOTNOTE TO N.C.'s editorial: It doesn't take much to write that letter on public issues. Once I wrote a letter consisting of one word: "Baloney." Another time I said merely "Hooray." And the interesting thing is that both letters were acknowledged—cordially.

MRS. APRIL AARONS.
Trenton, N.J.



"Well, I'll see your Diner's Club card—and raise you an American Express . . ."

HELP WANTED

THIS SUMMER I WANT to read some of the very best contemporary novels—both American and English. Could any of your readers suggest a list of the ten best novels published in English during the last ten years?

DORIS BARTH.
San Antonio, Tex.

WARNING TO ECLIPSE WATCHERS

SEVERAL READERS have inquired about watching the eclipse described in the article "Eclipse" [*SR*, July 6]. Those who wish to watch the moon passing between the earth and the sun should not risk blindness by looking at the sun through dark glasses or bits of smoked glass. One should hold between his eyes and the sun a double thickness of black-and-white (not color) photograph film which has been exposed in daylight and developed to maximum density (that is, normal development by a photofinisher).

JOHN LEAR.
New York, N. Y.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Full Life on Lac Leman (Musique Compris)

DIVONNE-LES-BAINS (AIN), FRANCE.

ON THE MAP, this hyphenated spa is no more than a dot on the west shore of Lac Léman, eighteen kilometers from Geneva on the way to Nyon, Morges, and Lausanne. Putting a magnifying glass on that dot would bring into focus a pair of spacious hotels, an eighteen-hole golf course, thermal baths (originally patronized, so it is said, by better-class Druids), a contemporary form of *piscine private*—complete with diving board—a superb view of Mont Blanc, all plus a casino where serious gambling may be indulged.

For those to whom this is not quite sufficient to fill the waking hours spent in breathing soft-scented air from the south, Divonne also has a charming little *théâtre du casino* dating to the early years of the century. What it was originally utilized for, nobody of the present management (related to the American-based Restaurant Associates) is quite sure. But it is now serving for the ninth in a series of *Festivals Internationaux de Musique de Chambre,* for which it is more than happily suited. As it includes, in the period of this June-ending week, such able and varied ensembles as the Deller Consort of London, Antonio Janigro and *Les Solistes de Zagreb,* and the *Quatuor Instrumental Maxence Larrieu* of Paris, with Zino Francescatti and Robert Casadesus to come, the *Festival International* is operating on an artistic bourse as stable as the financial one that makes both French and Swiss francs equally acceptable at the box office.

To be sure, Deller, Janigro, Casadesus, and Francescatti are musical brand names that need hardly be sought out in mid-Europe. But what makes them worth seeking out—even worth the effort of producing, four or five times a day, the green *carte d'assurance* required to drive into Switzerland from France or back into France from Switzerland—is the kind of bouquet that distinguishes a local wine before it has traveled across the ocean. Musically, the equivalent is provided by the unique acoustics of the little theatre in which the concerts are performed.

Barely larger than the entrance halls of some nearby chateaux, it is built of the best possible materials for sound: wood and plaster, whose virtues were well known to the architects of grandmother's day, before acoustics became a science. Whether for the quartet of winds and harpsichord, the voices of the Deller Consort, or the strings led by Janigro, it gave back a voluminous kind of detail that most of us have heard only from the most carefully balanced recordings.

Closing the eyes, one could imagine Deller and company in a Tudor castle (better ventilated than most) in which six voices had the impact of six times as many, and a lute sounded like a lute. When the group the capable English countertenor has put together in recent years makes its first American tour a season hence, it will rarely find such surroundings awaiting it. Thus this was a demonstration at optimum of the wide range of musicianship, taste, and judgment Deller can deploy in the ensemble of three male and two female voices for which he functions, as conductor-vocalist.

In such music as the Weelkes-Dowland groups, with which the evening

began, the sweetness, balance, and distinction of the part singing recalled the art of the unforgettable English Singers of the Thirties. But, as those who work such fields are constantly aware, good models are meant to be improved upon, and Deller has profited from the example of his predecessors to evolve something no less expert but more varied. Thus four madrigals of Monteverdi and as many *chansons françaises* ranging from Jannequin of the fifteenth century to Debussy (*Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder*) of the twentieth left little doubt that such an ensemble of voices is as responsive as the demands put upon them.

Janigro's program was also deftly divided between the string sound of yesterday and today (Purcell's *King Arthur* music, a Telemann concerto for violin, and a Corelli concerto grosso on one side, works of Hindemith and Webern on the other). I personally would have preferred to hear more of the leader's artistry as cellist than this program provided (he restricted himself to a solo part in Hindemith's *Musique de Deuil*) but there is little doubt that he has upgraded considerably his skills as a conductor since he first ventured such activity in the United States in the mid-Fifties.

Indeed, his appearance among a list of conductors being billboarded locally for next winter's series of concerts by Ernest Ansermet's *L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande* points a direction which his talent may increasingly pursue in the future. Cellists of Janigro's quality are rare, but conductors of such background—who have included Toscanini, Casals, Wallenstein, and Howard Mitchell, to mention but a few—have traditionally brought something special to their performances.

For that matter, the affinity of musicians for this part of the world (which had seemed to be some kind of coincidence to the uninitiated) becomes a much more purposeful preference when the locale itself is examined. The nearby village of Coppet is reminiscent of the Swiss financier who provided the means through which the Flonzaley Quartet of yesteryear became one of the best of its time, and one cannot drive to Lausanne without passing through Morges, where Paderewski spent his last years.

What brought such persons of the past as Johannes Brahms to Thun (where he wrote his A-major sonata for violin and piano) or Richard Wagner to Geneva, also brought Gabriel Fauré to the neighboring Hotel Chicago (pronounced Chee-ka-*go*) forty years ago for a spell of sunlight, silence, and animating air in which he wrote a string quartet. It would hardly be surprising if he recruited some players from Geneva for a trial run in the very same little hall in which Deller, Janigro, *et al.,* have been performing this week.

The sum of it would seem to be that for those who like to combine foreign travel with the indulgence of other interests, Divonne-les-Bains is a kind of round-the-clock contest between virtues and vices. I would not presume to categorize them, but a day that can start with eighteen holes of golf, proceed with thermal baths, take in an interval of bridge, followed by a swim in the pool prior to a program of chamber music, offers ample range of either. I would suggest, however, that the concert tickets be purchased before venturing a session at *boule, baccara,* or *chemin de fer.*

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Miss Merlin Lost Her Magic

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON has been writing novels for some time—her first, *This Bed Thy Centre*, was published in the United States in 1935, and the first I read, *Winter Quarters*, appeared in 1943—and she has written some good ones. I particularly liked *The Humbler Creation* (*SR*, March 5, 1960), a serious and sympathetic study of the problems of a sincere and troubled clergyman. I'm not sure, however, but that I liked Miss Johnson better the immediately preceding novel, *The Unspeakable Skipton*, a gay and witty and inventive study of a preposterous rascal.

In *Night and Silence Who Is Here?* (Scribners, $4.50) Miss Johnson has returned to the comic vein—the book is subtitled "An American Comedy"—and has exploited it to excellent effect. As wife of C.P. Snow, who has lectured and been honored on countless American campuses, she has had good opportunity to observe our institutions of higher learning. Out of the knowledge she has acquired she has fashioned an engaging novel.

She has not, however, been foolhardy enough to attempt a direct attack on American educational institutions as such. Her novel does not deal, except incidentally, with either undergraduates or faculty, but is an account of the misadventures of a visiting Fellow at a New Hampshire college called Cobb.

This individual, Matthew Pryar, "fifty-one last week but looking like a well-preserved thirty-eight," is not in any sense a typical academician, which is in part the point of the novel:

> Having done almost no work of any description since he came down from Oxford (he was well-heeled), and devoting his attention solely to the sweetening of life both for himself and others, he had been nagged by Dorothy Merlin into making a study of her work. Since he mildly liked her work, he saw no reason why not to: and as her total *oeuvre* consisted of twenty shortish poems and four slim verse-dramas, the labour was not demanding. He had all the luck of those who find themselves, by accident, first in the field. He was immediately accepted as the world authority on Dorothy Merlin, because he was literally the only one. And so, a rich American liberal arts college had desired him.

From his particular point of view, Matthew finds life at Cobb rather a hardship. There are no servants to bring him breakfast in bed, or, for that matter, to make either breakfast or bed. The eating facilities are meager, and liquor can be bought only in a town some miles away. America, Matthew discovers, may be a land of luxury, but it is not a land of comfort. "Bless them, they are the most generous, the most magnanimous people on earth, but their real standards are those of the Frontier. The only two things that persuade them of their comfort are overheated rooms and admirable water-closets." Gradually, however, he learns how to adapt himself to the rigors of the American academic scene.

Well-informed as Miss Johnson is, some of the details of her narrative are puzzling. In her version New Hampshire seems to be about the size of Montana, if not of Texas. She makes

much of the severity of winter, but one of the Fellows travels about on her bicycle, and a little bird looks for worms. Her handling of the American idiom is pretty good, but once in a while she slips up—*e.g.*, "bills" for "posters." The faculty of Cobb seems to be made up mostly of teetotalers and early risers, neither species common in my academic experience.

All this is of little importance in comparison with the vigor with which Miss Johnson exploits the comic possibilities of her themes. Matthew, as I have suggested, is not typical of the visiting Fellows at Cobb. The others are serious and hard-working and, in some instances, illustrious scholars, and this is why she is able to have fun with them.

The most amusing of her inventions

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concerns the researches of a Fellow named Douglas Ruddock, who has written three books on Emily Dickinson and who, as he promptly confides in Matthew, is hot on the trail of the poet's great secret: she was, he maintains, an alcoholic. Miss Johnson plays this game with great relish, citing an astonishing number of lines that refer or can be interpreted as referring to drink, drinking, and drunkenness. Many a serious thesis has been less impressively documented.

The other Fellows are conceived with a good deal of imagination. Edith Corall is a medievalist from Cambridge, a doughty woman who does not hesitate to deliver an impromptu lecture on Dorothy Merlin when Matthew's nerve fails him. Maud Groby, an authority on Slavonic languages, is quite demoralized by her exile and has taken to Scotch. There is a conniving mathematician, a rascally sociologist, and a whimsical zoologist with a great affection for the spiders he studies.

Miss Johnson keeps her narrative moving at a lively pace. Matthew escapes from the rigors of Cobb to spend weekends with rich acquaintances. Becoming accidentally involved in a student prank, he receives international publicity and achieves popularity with the undergraduates. He makes no progress whatever with his work on Dorothy Merlin, who constantly sends him cables to spur him on, and in time he confesses to himself that he has no intention of writing a book about her.

BUT in the meanwhile he has acquired a goal: he believes that he could manage the Center for Visiting Fellows much better than its present head, who is about to retire. "In Matthew," Miss Johnson writes, "ambition was beginning to seethe, and he liked the feel of it. He had never had any ambition before: he had never had the faintest idea how very nice it could be." He conducts his intrigue clumsily, but he does manage to get himself considered for the job. The story of the intrigue is worked out with the aid of some not wholly plausible incidents that are nevertheless amusing, and Miss Johnson then supplies a surprise ending.

The satire is of the mildest sort—nothing like that to be found in Mary McCarthy's *The Groves of Academe* or Randall Jarrell's *Pictures from an Institution*—but it is a gay and entertaining book. Miss Johnson has a light touch, and her prose is a pleasure. Perhaps it is not in any very strict sense an American comedy, since it deals so seldom with what one can feel to be representative situations, but it is a comedy. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

How to Evolve a Revolution

The Wine Is Bitter: The United States and Latin America, *by Milton S. Eisenhower (Doubleday. 342 pp. $4.95), maintains an optimistic hope for a "revolution through reform" in South America. Harold Lavine was until recently chief Latin American correspondent for Newsweek magazine.*

By HAROLD LAVINE

TO LATIN AMERICAN intellectuals (and politicians, for that matter), the Alliance for Progress is always "the Castro plan." They are certain that, if the rise of Communism to power in Cuba hadn't conjured up the specter of a Communist Latin America, the Kennedy Administration would never have launched the Alliance nor would Congress so willingly have voted the money for it. Even militant anti-Communists, discussing the Alliance, say: "Thanks to Fidel. . . ."

There is a trace of truth in this attitude. Certainly, the fact of a Communist citadel "only ninety miles from Florida," as the cliché flies, has made the United States increasingly aware of the danger of a Communist conflagration in Latin America; even more important, it has made the United States increasingly aware of Latin America. The trace of truth is half a decade away from the whole truth, however. In simple fact, as Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower demonstrates quite conclusively in *The Wine Is Bitter*, the Alliance for Progress was not merely a response to Castro nor did it spring full-blown from the brain trusters of the Kennedy Administration. On the contrary, the Alliance was the expression of a theory and a policy that started developing back in the Eisenhower Administration; Fidel Castro then was still in the Sierra Maestra, and the overwhelming majority of Americans who had ever heard of him, including Dr. Eisenhower himself—and his brother, the President—still thought he was basically a democrat, though a Leftist.

The theory might, perhaps, best be described as the "theory of the genteel revolution." Years after it should have been obvious to everyone, U.S. policy-makers began to realize that Latin America could not forever live in a nether world, somewhere between feudalism and the age of automation. Sooner or later, it was bound to burst into the twentieth century; revolution was inevitable.

The U.S. policy-makers became convinced that a violent revolution would in all probability be a totalitarian revolution—antidemocratic and (even worse) anti-American. So, by carrot and by stick, they undertook to create a revolution through reform, a revolution little more violent then, say, a New England town meeting. During the Eisenhower Administration this policy took concrete form in the Act of Bogotá.

No one was more responsible for the development of both theory and policy than Dr. Eisenhower, who from 1953 on served as his brother's principal adviser on Latin American affairs, as well as his minister plenipotentiary to Latin America. Dr. Eisenhower can justly be called the grandfather of the Alliance for Progress. *The Wine Is Bitter* is the story of how and why he eventually concluded, despite his Republican instincts, that revolution was both inevitable and desirable in Latin America.

It's a highly personal book, in which he describes the ideas he grew up with in the lyrical, isolated world of Abilene, Kansas, back in the early 1900s and

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1041

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1041 will be found in the next issue.

BE SAX'CK PLHXCLNNS MBPF SAX LHHCLOH L NAH AE TKATNK SAX FAP'H NBMK.

EKLHWKC

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1040

Men are more ready to offend one who desires to be beloved than one who wishes to be feared.

—MACHIAVELLI.

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the impact the world made on those ideas after he left Abilene, and especially after he attended a UNESCO conference in Mexico City in 1948 and became fascinated by Latin America. Dr. Eisenhower is a student as well as a university administrator (president of Johns Hopkins); and, once he became fascinated by Latin America, he started learning everything he could about it—the educational system, the agricultural system, the maltreatment of the Indians, the sorry relations of Woodrow Wilson with Mexico. He takes his title from the great Cuban revolutionary José Martí: "Our wine is bitter, but it's ours."

DR. EISENHOWER admits his ideas were a long time evolving, too long a time; and his explanation is a revealing one. When he first started going to Latin America as his brother's emissary, everyone he saw talked in terms of economic development and economic aid; no one ever discussed the necessity for social and economic reform. Dr. Eisenhower still sounds a bit bewildered by this; but, of course, the reason is simple: he talked with the men who run Latin America. In most cases they also either own Latin America or else represent those who own it. They are perfectly content with the present social and economic system.

Even after he began to realize that economic development without social and economic reform could lead only to a vast political upheaval (because it would make the rich richer and the poor poorer), Dr. Eisenhower still was reluctant to press his brother for a program that would make economic aid contingent on reform. "Non-intervention" has been a principle of U. S. policy in Latin America since Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Dr. Eisenhower did not see how this principle could be reconciled with demands on Latin America for land reform and tax reform or for housing and educational programs.

Dr. Eisenhower is not naïve. He recognizes the difficulties that lie in the way of achieving a Latin American revolution through reform, including the stubbornness of Latin American rulers; but his optimism keeps shining through. He seems to believe, or, at least, hope, that eventually these rulers will see that if they don't effect the reforms they will be devoured by Communism.

So far, unfortunately, the experience of the Alliance indicates that it's a forlorn hope indeed. Despite intense pressure from Washington, no Latin American government has yet made any serious effort toward any of the changes in the social and economic structure that Dr. Eisenhower—and the Kennedy Administration—think necessary. The only reforms they have put through are paper ones.

They are not likely to suffer a change of heart, for they are far more frightened by the mention of a graduated income tax than by the Communist threat.

Quite aside from that, it's about time Americans started re-examining the fundamental assumption underlying the "theory of the genteel revolution."

Dr. Eisenhower states this assumption simply in a chapter heading: "A man with a home, a full stomach, and children in school is a poor revolutionary." Thus the Alliance for Progress hopes to stave off Communism by raising production and distributing wealth more equitably, by creating a middle class that will lend stability to society.

This assumption took a bad beating in the recent Italian elections, and predictably so. For one thing, economic progress never proceeds smoothly and evenly. Some individuals profit more than others, some classes profit more than others, some classes do not profit at all. Half a century after the revolution in Mexico at least a third of the population is just as badly off as in the days of Porfirio Díaz.

As the experience of the United States has shown, economic progress can make people not only unemployed but unemployable. In addition, any meaningful social and economic reforms will change the relationship between classes; and that inevitably will lead to a power struggle, from which the Communists can emerge victorious, perhaps by posing as democrats, as they did in Cuba.

The Latin American revolution must come and the United States must hope that it will be a non-Communist revolution; but the wide-eyed American conviction that a man with a house and a deep-freeze in a Latin Levittown will not turn Communist is simply not a tenable one. He may not; but he may.

Paper Progress of the Alliance

The Great Fear: The Reconquest of Latin America for Latin Americans, *by John Gerassi (Macmillan. 457 pp. $6.95), scorns the Alliance for Progress, asserting that most U.S. businessmen, operating in lands without business laws, are out to milk the countries dry of their wealth. William O'Dwyer, former mayor of New York, was U.S. Ambassador to Mexico under Truman.*

By WILLIAM O'DWYER

REPORTING intelligently, clearly, and without fear, John Gerassi guides us through Latin America from the mountain tops to the jungles as only one who knows the political set-up and the people of every country can. His purpose here is to show what is wrong in Latin America: the conditions that make it a breeding ground for Castroism, why we are held suspect through more than half of the continent, what we may expect to happen there under the present order. For the most part, the picture he paints is shocking.

He quotes from a 1960 Report of the Harvard Center for International Affairs to the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations:

> Traditionally, ideology played a very minor part in Latin American political life. "Conservatives" distinguished themselves from "Liberals" in respect of such matters as the proper role of the Church and the extent of the formal powers of government. But the division was essentially spurious, since politics was regarded as exclusively the concern of a small ruling oligarchy, to which both "Conservatives" and "Liberals" belonged, and neither party was interested in initiating social or economic change. . . . It is not at all farfetched in view of Latin American history that the state had been traditionally little more than an instrument of class oppression.

An oligarchy or dictatorship with an army to do its bidding, controlling raw materials, fruits, minerals, sugar, and other commodities, is an open invitation to North American corporations. And where corporate interests have been involved in Latin America our first concern, Gerassi charges, has been that of corporate interests. Yet in country after country there is a deplorable lack of housing, sanitation, education, health programs, employment, agrarian reform, and the freedoms we expect from a democracy.

Gerassi has harsh words to say about our Ambassadors to Latin America, some of whom have exhibited more concern for their fruit, oil, or mineral

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connections than for the people of the countries to which they have been assigned. He names names. He could have named more, but he cites enough of them to show again why we are held suspect by the people of these countries.

The author has no doubts of the effect of Castroism among the masses. He is fully aware that, even without reading or writing, they are hungrily receiving the message. He is impatient with our government's slowness to act, and completely dissatisfied with the work to date of the Alliance for Progress. Nor has he faith in its ability to accomplish its objective. Reform, asserts Gerassi, will have to come either from evolution or fundamental economic or social revolution. He states flatly: "The best way to overturn the armies of Latin America—the only way that has been successful so far—is to arm the people."

Arming the people is a dangerous proposal freighted with bloodshed and years of chaos. Our foreign policy has taken the line of reform by evolution. In 1961 at Punta del Este the Alliance for Progress, headed by Ambassador Teodoro Moscoso, was announced. President Kennedy sent this message to the meeting:

> The Alliance for Progress means full recognition of the right of the people to share fully in our progress. For there is no place in our democratic life for institutions that benefit the few while denying the needs of the many.

Mr. Gerassi, who from 1957-61 was a correspondent for *Time* magazine, attended that meeting. He reports:

> I talked to at least one of the delegates from every country present at Punta del Este, to scores of Latin American correspondents, to scores more from the United States. Not one honestly believed that the Alliance would help push Latin America into the twentieth century, or that it was meant to. No delegate said so publicly, few correspondents wrote so for their papers.

The proposal, he believes, was received with superficial enthusiasm by the delegations. One delegate pointed out to him that since our Congress has to pass on the budget every year, how could this Administration commit our government to a ten-year program of financing?

Mr. Gerassi states that all who evaluated the Alliance after its first year "found it a dismal failure, prompting our government to defend it. To Moscoso, naturally, the Alliance is not sinking at all. He admits, however, that it has had a slow launching." And Gerassi quotes President Kennedy as saying, when the Alliance was officially one year old, "Measured against all that has to be done, I think we have to do much better."

The author is opposed to loans by the Alliance for Progress "to promote conditions of financial stability." He denies the assumption that stability leads to social progress, pointing to the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, and Haiti, where the governments are stable but without social progress, and to Bolivia, the most economically unstable country, which leads the hemisphere in social progress. He asserts that private enterprise comes first in Agency for International Development thinking and is most obvious in the banana republics. New AID-financed roads lead to United Fruit, Standard Fruit Company, or some other private plantation, while vegetable-growing small farmers are forced to lug their products over stretches that the best imagination would not call roads.

Mr. Gerassi holds that neither Ambassador Moscoso nor President Kennedy nor any other Latin American policy-maker in Washington understands that most United States businessmen, operating in a land without business laws or in a land where they control the law enforcers, are out for only one thing—to milk the country dry of all its wealth. He writes:

> Almost all of Latin America's big mines, for example, are owned by United States corporations. Almost all have received United States loans, which, as in the case of the Southern Peru Copper Corporation [Guggenheim], are used to claim a higher investment so as to make profits seem proportionately smaller. Naturally, not one of these mines ever runs short of the water it needs for its operation.
>
> But in Peru's Comas region, four or five children die every day just from lack of water.

There is a difference between Castro and Castroism. You can contain men but you cannot fence in ideals. Castroism is likely to find its way in Latin America to the distressed peoples. However, I believe the Alliance for Progress is too young to be condemned. It must have a reasonable time to remove the road blocks and correct its own errors. The protection of our way of life calls for the isolation of Castroism, and a decade is obviously not enough time to complete the colossal undertaking. Moreover, it is inconceivable that any commitments to this program made with the full knowledge and consent of the present Congress will ever be changed provided the job of rehabilitation and isolation is being well done.

Finally, I would not include Mexico as a problem. In the forty years since its beginning, the Republic of Mexico has proceeded with a social reformation and the maintenance of a stable government. In education, sanitation, health, hospitals, agrarian reform, the conservation of water, the nationalization of public services, labor laws, highways, housing, and an independent foreign policy, Mexico has a record of which its people may be proud. Its national university, in Mexico City, houses upwards of 40,000 students. Doors have never been shut on any student because of color. The same applies to restaurants, hotels, and public housing. Elections are orderly, and freedom of speech is respected.

This is nevertheless a serious, educational book. Every reader interested in our neighbors will find *The Great Fear* lively and informative.

"I guess I'll have to take your word for it, you're all keeping a stiff upper lip."

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Frustration of Infiltration

***My War with Communism,** by Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes with Mario Rosenthal (Prentice-Hall. 238 pp. $5), defends the administration of the former Guatemalan president on the ground that all his troubles were due to the Communists. Washington Post correspondent Dan Kurzman is the author of "Subversion of the Innocents."*

By DAN KURZMAN

FORMER Guatemalan President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes wrote *My War with Communism* while he was still in office, in order to correct "uninformed statements" in the world press about his regime. His government was not, as widely charged, corrupt or [illegible] in pushing through social and [illegible]nomic reforms, Ydigoras claimed; [illegible] Castro Communists were the cause of most of his troubles.

And unquestionably Ydigoras presents in this book a valuable, detailed account of Communist activities in Guatemala, supported with data from many captured documents. Ydigoras's police caught one man trying to sneak into Guatemala with two large suitcases containing made-in-Cuba military maps, guerrilla warfare plans, and Communist propaganda. Intercepted letters announced the dispatch of funds from Cuba intended to corrupt professors and students. Red guerrillas murdered a whole Indian family that had refused to cooperate with them.

To the extent that Ydigoras reveals the nature and scope of Communist subversion and infiltration in Guatemala, *My War with Communism* is engaging and informative reading.

It is unfortunate, however, that the former president, who was ousted in a military coup just before his book went to press, sought to present this record not for its own sake but as a means of justifying his regime's shortcomings. The reader is given the impression that Ydigoras devoted himself completely to his war with Communism that he simply had no time to build the only real long-range defense against Communism: higher living standards through reform. Nor can the reader, if he accepts all the statements in this book at face value, avoid concluding that almost everyone who opposed the ex-president was either a Communist or a Communist tool.

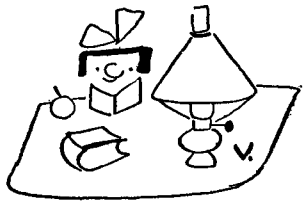
Actually Ydigoras, as Latin American leaders go, was a relatively respectable president. As he so often points out, he was not a dictator, and in fact permitted a surprisingly large degree of democracy considering the political and economic chaos that engulfed his country.

Furthermore, though there is little evidence that he pressed very hard for the tax, land, and other reforms vitally needed in Guatemala, he did have to face the uncompromising resistance of a well-entrenched oligarchy which, indeed, is believed to have financed an effort to overthrow him after some reforms were finally pushed through.

But, in trying to present himself as a humble man whose only interest was to run a clean, progressive government undefiled by Communism, Ydigoras may have a hard time making his point in view of the corruption that tainted his regime. Few Guatemalans could understand why Ydigoras, as president of a tiny, impoverished nation, should have received a $12,000 monthy salary, probably the highest presidential salary in the world. Or why he didn't have to account for a slush fund of more than $1,000,000.

The reader, however, if he can isolate and ignore Ydigoras's efforts to smell like a rose, will find himself pondering some rather interesting assertions. For example, the author tells of the time a United Fruit Company official and two "CIA agents" offered to help him overthrow the Communist-led regime of Jacobo Arbenz if he promised, among other things, to favor United Fruit, to destroy the railroad workers' labor union, and to establish a rightest dictatorship. When Arbenz was finally overthrown by Colonel Castillo Armas in 1954, American Ambassador John E. Peurifoy is quoted as telling Ydigoras, after the latter suggested that a democratic government be established: "Democracy. There will be no democracy in Guatemala, nor free press."

Whatever other conclusions one may reach about Ydigoras, his political shrewdness, durability, and daring emerge in this book as an awesome commentary on the fruits of ambition. The former president makes it clear that a Latin American leader seldom wakes up in the morning without wondering whether he will live through



the day. On one occasion, as an enemy of the Armas regime, he boldly entered the Supreme Court to demand certain rights. On emerging, he only avoided arrest by leaping through a glass window and into a car that was waiting for him. The vehicle took off in the wrong direction on a one-way street, permitting his escape.

Despite the readability of this book, the embarrassingly awkward translation often jolts the reader—though less than Señor Ydigoras's tendency to use "Communism" as a synonym for "political opposition."

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

ANAGRAMED TITLES

Below are ten anagramed book titles (several reasonably recent, all good sellers) chosen by Janet Fisher of Kerhonkson, New York. Everything comes together on page 26.

1. See, I cut front there.
2. Doe indents canvas.
3. Mine has button.
4. Corfu raise GOP line.
5. Quaint art relaxed hate.
6. Soar, O inert human!
7. Hips often agree.
8. O very bad mama.
9. Good enamel work, Hal.
10. I run trade sales.

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The Masters of Instant Truth

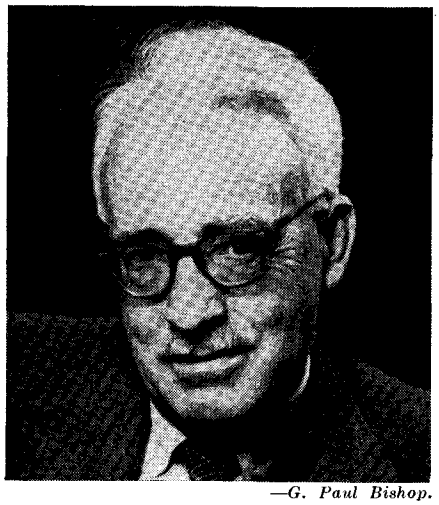
The Lonely Voice: A Study of the Short Story, *by Frank O'Connor (World. 220 pp. $4), claims that short fiction, as opposed to the novel, is concerned with a "submerged population group" that cannot speak for itself. Warren Bower, professor of English at New York University, wrote "Short Story Craft."*

By WARREN BOWER

FRANK O'CONNOR is a writer of uncommonly good stories, a teller of tales after the distinctive manner that has made Ireland the land of more great storytellers than any country except Russia and the United States. He is also a teacher and critic capable of illuminating analysis of the form in which he has won a solid reputation. His new book is a group of lectures he gave in his course on short-story writing at Stanford University in 1961. Writers and readers alike will gain from it a deeper understanding of the special craft of the short story as it has been practiced by the greatest in the field.

The point of departure for this distinguished volume of criticism is an insistence that the short story is a distinct art form. It is not a truncated novel or a scene from one. O'Connor is at considerable pains to describe the distinctions, and he concludes that the story writer must be more the artist, more the writer and dramatist than the novelist, if only because he has a greater effect to achieve in a smaller compass and must therefore seize upon a basic situation that has within it a maximum of significance. Yet the basic distinction between the story and the novel is not one of length, but a revealing of the truth that is the story's heart, and concentration upon it in a way that the novel, with its wider canvas, cannot achieve.

An even more significant difference between the forms lies in the fact that the reader does not identify himself with any of the characters of the story, as is necessary and normal in the novel. The short story does not have a hero; instead it has what O'Connor has called, with singular awkwardness, a "submerged population group," by which he seems to mean characteristic subject matter or a group of individuals with whom the author most often identifies or chooses as the characters in his stories. Thus Gogol elects to write chiefly about petty officials, Maupassant about prostitutes, Chekhov about doctors and teachers.



—G. Paul Bishop.

Frank O'Connor: "We all came out from under Gogol's 'Overcoat.'"

This idea of a submerged group at the heart of a story is a central one for O'Connor. He returns to it often in his discussions of individual writers he esteems highly. When he is speaking of Joyce's *Dubliners*, especially such "ugly little stories" as "Clay," "Two Gallants," and "Counterparts," he says: ". . . in their re-creation of a whole submerged population they prove that Joyce was at the time a genuine storyteller with a unique personal vision." This suggests that the great artists of the short story have always spoken for a group incapable of speaking for themselves, doing it with power and earnestness because they feel a special sympathy with the members of that group. The idea is sound, but does not require a phrase that suggests sociological cant.

In his analysis of the great writers of the short story O'Connor is at his perceptive best, shining a new light upon familiar stories and picking out such superb tale-tellers as A. E. Coppard, who has never been read in this country as much as he deserves, and Mary Lavin, who is scarcely known at all. The Russian masters are there in greatest number, as might be expected of a critic who agrees with Turgenev that the short story began with Gogol: "We all came out from under Gogol's 'Overcoat.'" O'Connor analyzes stories and themes by Turgenev, Chekhov, and Babel with the clarity and insight of one craftsman assessing the work of another. His comments on Chekhov are a tribute from one who has learned well from a teacher; his understanding and appreciation of the subtleties achieved in such a masterpiece as "Misery" indicate the rapport between these two writers, and make this the most impressive of the essays.

But O'Connor is capable of sharp criticism of the work of writers whom he is still fair enough to include among those deserving of a place on his list of great storytellers. His admiration for Kipling, for example, is distinctly muted; he cannot discuss him in the company of Chekhov and Maupassant. And his conclusion, after some penetrating analysis of several tales, is that what is amiss is a shortcoming in Kipling himself: he plays up to an audience instead of talking quietly as man to man. "All the other great storytellers speak to us with a lonely human voice, almost as though we were strangers and they were apologizing for their intrusion, but Kipling always speaks as though he himself were one of a gang."

Admirers of Katherine Mansfield will be affronted by the examples O'Connor points to of girlish effusiveness and falsity in her work, of sentimentality instead of heart, such as mars a story like "The Life of Ma Parker." Yet he balances these undoubted faults against the virtues in the story "Prelude" and other New Zealand sketches, which he finds to be "extraordinary stories" and "Katherine Mansfield's masterpieces." The author herself he calls "a woman of brilliance, perhaps genius."

Hemingway, too, is handled roughly, and perhaps a bit unfairly: of what possible significance is it that the "submerged population" about which he writes—"waiters, barmen, boxers, jockeys, bullfighters, and the like"—is "associated with recreation rather than with labor"? But in thus dealing out both praise and blame, O'Connor is clearly a critic unafraid to say what he thinks about even the greatest of those practicing the art of storytelling.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Counterfeiters" (Gide). 2. "Advise and Consent" (Drury). 3. "But Not in Shame" (Toland). 4. "Profiles in Courage" (Kennedy). 5. "The Alexandria Quartet" (Durrell). 6. "Nine Hours to Rama" (Wolpert). 7. "Pigeon Feathers" (Updike). 8. "Madame Bovary" (Flaubert). 9. "Look Homeward, Angel" (Wolfe). 10. "Treasure Island" (Stevenson).

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Awards to the New Tale-Tellers

Prize College Stories 1963, *edited by Hallie and Whit Burnett (Random House. 241 pp. $4.50), and* ***American Scene: New Voices,*** *edited by Don M. Wolfe (Lyle Stuart. 354 pp. $6), reveal young talents coming to terms with their craft and themselves. Riley Hughes, director of the Georgetown University Writers Conference, is the editor of a short story anthology entitled "All Manner of Men."*

By RILEY HUGHES

IN *Prize College Stories 1963* and, rather more tentatively, in *American Scene: New Voices* we are given fresh and, on the whole, heartening evidence of the reaches of new creative talent engaged in direct self-discovery and, through indirection, in an attempt at definition of the America of our time. Since most of the contributors to these two volumes are, or recently have been, college undergraduates, such definition is necessarily tentative, perhaps even specialized.

Yet if we may take what we have before us here as reasonably scientific sampling, we are in an era of the post-disillusioned: no more hagridden whining, but forthright vigor—often, it must be said, without discernible purpose. "Clearly," say the editors of *Prize College Stories 1963,* "it is not a tender-minded generation." Nor is it, again from the evidence at hand, one primarily concerned with the sifting of childhood memories, still less with thesis-testing or theory-building. The moment of revelation for these college stories is that of impact, of a reaching-out for violent, brutal experience, with style and technique subordinated to the thing seen. In Mark Medoff's remarkable and remarkably controlled "One Blind Mouse," for example, the event is its own context in his account of the summer rampage of two hotel waiters (college boys, of course) who first destroy at random a guest's automobile and then, as a final experiment, slay three couples they stalk in a lover's lane. "We struck at all the people in this vacuum of a silly world, that's what we did."

Mr. Medoff's story of a world wherein human beings die "unbravely and without hope of heaven" has an energy—in a curious sense, a spiritual energy—that carries conviction. It is, finally, a comic and cauterizing propulsion, as is the force behind "Direct Action," an interracial tall tale by Mike Thelwell, a young Howard University student. His madcap yarn thrusts its raucous jibes in several salutary directions, among them the stuffy territory occupied by the "real sincere crusading-type white cat." A writer who today can write of Negroes and whites without tendentiousness should obviously be heard from. Mr. Medoff and Mr. Thelwell have already achieved a signature to place on their work. So too has Estelle Bamberg, whose "A Portrait of Mama" derives from a more obvious, more limited self-assignment, yet has an individual ease and humor. In "The Lost Key," a subtle and distinguished story, Mary Voorhees Bing employs shark-infested waters to link comment on a marriage and on the industrial invasion of a Pacific island.

Not all of the contributors to *Prize College Stories 1963* have found themselves, of course; some are still engaged in the diligent performance of finger exercises. The final story, "To the Ends of Highways," is contrived—from its earnest title to the incident of the hitchhiker who helps the protagonist in her self-discovery. Perhaps the most awkwardly subjective of the stories are the ones the editors find "surprising, even shocking revelations of what is going on in the minds" of the newest generation of writers—stories that combine seduction and sentimentality. In "All Kinds of Love" a precocious teenager abandons promiscuity as a kind of propitiation for the life of her dangerously ill father. In another story, two very inexperienced young people borrow an apartment for the evening, only, after some touchingly frank dialogue, to abandon their enterprise. Unconscious parody overwhelms "Silent Night." "It looks," says this story's hard-working *femme fatale* as she interrupts Warren's chaste attempts to trim the Christmas tree, "like angel hair was made to throw-up in."

Even at their most inept, the stories in the volume edited by Hallie and Whit Burnett qualify as fully developed examples of the form. Such a coming to terms with one's craft has not been a requirement, apparently, for inclusion in Don M. Wolfe's both ampler and thinner anthology. Several of the selections here are passages, indeed tentative first chapters, from projected novels. Others are fragmentary episodes, equally tentative, struck from the mother lode of memory. Mr. Wolfe also admits to his pages selections that are nothing more than brief paragraphs—prose poems almost—of mood writing, collected somewhat grandly under the title "Art in a Small Compass." "At eighteen or twenty," Mr. Wolfe argues, "the writer may be able to achieve only a line of stylistic uniqueness on a page; ten years later his style may glow and burn in every sentence." Maybe so, but the beginning writer may conceivably be entitled to the privacy of the unpublished until he is able to build a viable structure for his insights and his images. Otherwise he may find himself in the position of some of the contributors to *American Scene: New Voices,* still writing single paragraphs at thirty, still turning out what Mr. Wolfe calls the "wee bit." Sample "wee bits": "Only the full moon glows, pale and ethereal, mid the trees' fragile limbs." "My ego is a large empty barrel with a hole in the bottom, in which sounds echo hollowly." Even the warmest supporter of creative writing and the national character may quail—given this for prospect—at Mr. Wolfe's fond reverie of an annual harvest of "thousands of young men and women pondering their potential destiny in American literature."

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Hemisphere Honors for Fiction

Prize Stories from Latin America: Winners of the Life en Español Literary Contest *(Doubleday. 398 pp. $5.95) and* ***Prize Stories 1963: The O. Henry Awards,*** *edited by Richard Poirier (Doubleday. 263 pp. $3.95), offer translations of eleven novellas by writers from Argentina, Uruguay, Chile, Mexico, and Cuba, as well as fourteen stories culled from our 1962 output. Haskel Frankel, a free-lance critic, writes articles for various publications.*

By HASKEL FRANKEL

GRANTED that the stories in the Life en Español collection all involve Latin Americans, the book's blurb —"The Issues & Concerns of Contemporary Latin America in New & Striking Fiction"—raises a few questions. The first-prize short novel, "Secret Ceremony," by Marco Denevi of Argentina, tells of a lonely woman who finds happiness when she impersonates another woman. Is this a Latin American "issue & concern"? Is the mild love story that makes up the third-prize winner, "Nausicaa," by Alfonso Echeverría of Chile, unique to Latin America? Most definitely not.

Granted that the classification of "short novel" (they range from sixty-five to twelve pages) allows for a somewhat looser construction than the tight restrictions imposed by the short story form, there is still no explaining the incredible passages and plots that appear in this Latin American collection. Take "Secret Ceremony," in which Señor Denevi creates a lonely spinster and a deranged girl who insists that the former is her dead mother. That the spinster comes to take on the mother's role and coloration out of her own emotional needs is at once understandable, fascinating, and sinister to follow. However, when the author writes himself into a corner and can only bring off his dénouement by giving the deranged girl a moment of lucidity so that she can reveal facts necessary to the story, its structure falls completely apart. While it is the best novella in the collection and presumably the best story entered in the contest, it is doubtful that "Secret Ceremony" would have been accepted by any of the North American magazines that supplied the O. Henry Prize winners.

"Nausicaa" has a sex scene, involving both literal and symbolic airplanes and hangars, that is at once ridiculous and vulgar in the extreme. It also offers such pulp inanities as this:

> He had ordered a pack of cigarettes and torn its red paper to split it open. "I like the way you tear the pack," she said. "Most people pull off that little strip of cellophane. You don't seem to understand these things." So with a few words and a single gesture, she wiped away the moment they had been living, erasing the past as a wave would the sand.

The second-prize story, "The Aborigines," by Carlos Martínez Moreno of Uruguay, is most memorable for a gem, courtesy of the translator. Leonor, described in one paragraph as "better schooled" than the hero, informs him two paragraphs later that "I'll marry whoever [sic] I feel like marrying, whatever my parents may say about it."

Possibly the most incredible story of all is "The Yoke," by Faustino González-Aller of Cuba. Though it received only an honorable mention from the Life en Español judges, it deserves something more. Perhaps a Penny Dreadful Award could be created to salute it. A group of tin-mine workers who dared to strike are locked in a room at an inn awaiting the dawn and firing-squad execution. The narrator, one of the miners, is momentarily spared his fate when the wife of Garlic Teeth, in charge of the executions, goes into labor in another room. The narrator is sent to help a consumptive doctor-prisoner deliver Aurora, Garlic Teeth's wife and the narrator's quondam sweetmeat, of G.T.'s first child. Dawn comes, the squad does its work on the miners, and the doctor and narrator deliver a stillborn baby. They rush to the kitchen seeking Garlic Teeth's machine gun to defend themselves against the returning firing squad. No luck. The squad enters, the doctor coughs, and the two men are captured. They are taken out to dig their own graves and to be buried alive. But as the earth falls on the narrator, a burst of machine-gun fire wipes out the villains. The narrator climbs out of his grave to see Aurora "in the front doorway of the inn. She could barely stand on her feet but she did not let go of the machine gun that she had used so effectively. I ran toward her. When she saw me near, she dropped the machine gun and stretched out her arms to me, trembling: 'Take me away from here! . . . Oh God, take me far away!' "

Since last year saw the American publication of the fine novel *Gabriela, Clove and Cinammon,* by the Brazilian Jorge Amado, it would be unfair to judge the state of Latin American literature by this collection of prize winners. The only conclusion that can be drawn is that these were the best stories entered in the contest and that the contest could not be called off.

Prize Stories 1963: The O. Henry Awards suffers from none of the faults of the Latin American volume. Nor should it, when one considers that the fourteen selections were originally chosen for publication by trained editors of America's most literate magazines before re-evaluation and final selection by the O. Henry editor, Richard Poirier. The result is a collection of stories on a consistently professional level. If the majority of them make for no more than pleasant one-time reading, it is enough. Only the foolishly optimistic would expect a single year's culling of the fictional output to come up with masterpieces for the ages. It is bonanza enough that this forty-third volume in the annual series contains

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two excellent stories that stick in the mind after the book is closed. Furthermore, it is a tribute to Mr. Poirier's [redacted]e that he chose those stories for [redacted]st- and second-prize distinction.

"Everything That Rises Must Converge," by Flannery O'Connor, is an awesome demonstration of what a talented writer can do with a few pages. Using incidents as seemingly unimportant as the chance encounter between an ante-bellum white Southern lady and a 1963 Negro lady, both wearing the same hat, she builds a well-plotted story on one level, complete with character, mood, and suspense, while setting the reader up with plenty to think about in the larger context of the changing order in the American South. Miss O'Connor well deserves her first prize.

Second prize was taken by Ervin D. Krause for "The Snake." The story is composed of few and simple bones. A man avoids running his tractor over a beautiful, nonpoisonous snake. A young boy comes along and kills it. The man punishes and frightens the boy by draping the mutilated snake around his neck. That's all there is, but in Mr. Krause's telling much comes through about Mankind and Beauty, and Man's brutality to Man. "The Snake" adds up to five and one-half pages of power.

More standard contributions are made by three well-known names, each writing along lines their readers will recognize. William Saroyan's "Gaston" is a story compounded of warmth and whimsy concerning a meeting between an estranged father and daughter and involving a worm named Gaston, who lives in a peach. Jessamyn West offers another tale of Quakers from the trunk that produced "The Friendly Persuasion." Terry Southern takes us out "on the road" through backwoods Mexico as seen through his strangely focused, somewhat beat eyes. The mines worked by this threesome are all familiar but the ore taken from them is still of value.

The furrowed-brow set can pass up the O. Henry collection if they are seeking broad trends in literature and signposts to uncharted territories. The 1963 collection offers no dazzling departures, despite Mr. Poirier's introduction, which makes a hazy claim that the stories represent a "shifting attention from the general aspects of American life to some particular grouping in it." These stories would have been just as comfortably accepted five or ten years ago.

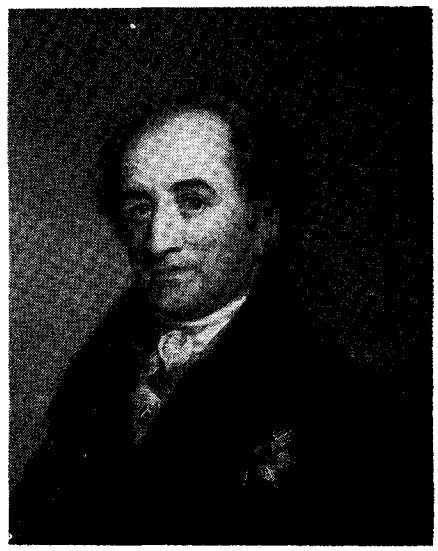
In short, for laughs read *Prize Stories from Latin America*, for relaxation with a pinch of stimulation try *Prize Stories 1963: The O. Henry Awards*, for masterpieces try the public library.

NATURE OF GENIUS

Torments of a Super-Talent

***Goethe: A Psychoanalytic Study,** by K. R. Eissler (Wayne University Press. 1,538 pp. 2 Vols. $35), puts a small segment of the artist's career under a Freudian microscope to determine the nature of genius, the mechanism of creativity, the general nature of neurosis. Richard Plant has been a lifelong student of both Goethe and Freud.*

By RICHARD PLANT



—*Culver.*

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe—schizophrenia was marvelously beneficial.

THE SHEER size of this study is overwhelming—1,457 pages of text, appendices from A-V, footnotes, bibliography, genealogy, tables of letters from Goethe to his beloved Charlotte von Stein—an almost frightening arsenal of scholarship. Furthermore, this giant combine is not used to X-ray Goethe's entire life (1749-1832) but only a tiny segment of his amazing career. Rarely has a short period in an artist's life been investigated with such thoroughness. Under the Freudian microscope of K. R. Eissler every detail looms as large as a mountain, every letter refers back to incidents mentioned in other letters or appearing (disguised, of course) in some of Goethe's writings; and innumerable characters reveal their constantly changing roles in the artist's life. As so often in studies of this type, the virtues of their methods carry the seeds of their own defects: after a while the over-all effect can only be described as awesome and slightly numbing.

However, Dr. Eissler's book must be read slowly to be truly profitable. He presents some key theories concerning Goethe, and he intersperses his diagnoses with electrifying speculations about the nature of genius, the mechanism of creativity, the general origin of neurosis, and the unexpected power of certain schizophrenic states to unloosen the subconscious. To start with this last theorem, Dr. Eissler has selected an early Leipzig episode, when Goethe suffered from a nervous breakdown, and he proves with the astuteness of a Freudian Sherlock Holmes that the poet went through a violent though short schizophrenic stage. In Goethe's case—he was, altogether, always lucky—this proved to be marvelously beneficial, and the flow of his poetry became even more effortless (I almost wrote "automatic" but this is not quite the correct word). Dr. Eissler then elaborates a challenging theory about the connection between schizoid personalities and poets, starting with the observation that both groups attach magic qualities to words as such.

This is only one sample of many. Throughout, we find numerous forays into that unexplored field, the true character of creativity. I found particularly intriguing those set down on page 545, where Dr. Eissler compares the functions of creation in science and in the arts. An odd paradox prevails here. Scientists striving to uncover new basic theories are, of course, creative. But if one looks at it philosophically, they only reshuffle existing facts. True, they endow them with a new face. But the facts of nature remain the same. If Einstein's discoveries were lost, new generations could discover his formulas again. If all of Shakespeare's works were lost, they could never be recovered. Now, the odd thing is that artists usually feel unfree, compelled, driven, while the scientists have repeatedly described a feeling of ease and freedom when their research suddenly yielded unexpected results. Dr. Eissler's analysis of this paradox should be read; it is too intricate to be put into lay language.

One word on the language of the two volumes. Dr. Eissler is a true—one is tempted to say, old-fashioned—Freudian. Sometimes I felt almost

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as though the book had been written in the Twenties and appeared in the pages of the venerable *Imago*, where the Founding Fathers (Freud, Rank, Jones, Jung, Reik, Ferenczi) used to burst into print. I must add hastily, however, that Dr. Eissler is quite familiar with developments in America and Europe and has read the latest books in his field (although, for some unknown reason, he never mentions Thomas Mann's unique *The Beloved Returns*, which tells more about the poet than 90 per cent of the so-called scholarly biographies). But this language remains a bit one-sided, and it must be added that Wayne University Press should have spent more time on the editing. There are too many repetitions, the sentences run on forever, and, once in a while, the English sounds rather Viennese.

To this reader, Dr. Eissler has sufficiently proved his two basic axioms. First, he states—in a more sophisticated form than I can reproduce here—that genius is a special form of neurosis, allied to that unholy three: psychosis, perversion, and criminality. Certain psychic constellations allow genius to flower while in other personalities these same constellations hamper or injure the person. Goethe, for instance, had developed a beautiful "mechanism of riddance": he could embody part of his suicidal impulses in the writing of *Werther* and thus put something deadly to positive use. And he utilized this riddance mechanism all his life. To describe the second axiom of Dr. Eissler is a little more difficult. In short, he is certain that Goethe's intense relationship with his sister Cornelia holds the key to both his erotic pattern and such plays as *Iphigeneia* and *Egmont*. Of course, the relationship is much more complex, involving contradictory factors, but it remains the most influential of all of Goethe's attachments.

I cannot begin to demonstrate how Dr. Eissler follows these two hypotheses through many chapters in the poet's life, how he manages to detect their traces where there seem to be none, and how, on the way, he opens up new paths for the literary psychologist or the psychologically inclined historian of literature. Like his preceptor, Sigmund Freud, Dr. Eissler is very well read, takes a great pleasure in the arts and can discuss them with erudition and wit. This pioneering study places him next to men like Theodor Reik who have made essential contributions to our knowledge of the psyche. One question remains: how to read such an enormous opus? I would say on the installment plan, during vacation if possible, and armed with pencil and paper to preserve the most important items.

In Feeble Voice, His Fabled Past

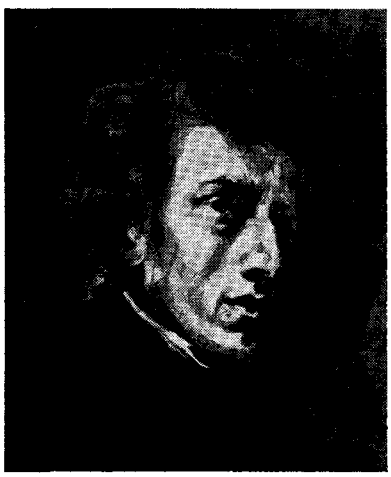
Joseph Haydn: Eighteenth Century Gentleman and Genius, *by G. A. Griesinger and A. C. Dies, translated from the German by Vernon Gotwals (University of Wisconsin Press. 275 pp. Index. Bibliography. $6), makes available for the first time in English two short accounts of the composer's life, one by a publisher's agent, the other by a painter. Emanuel Winternitz is curator of Musical Collections at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

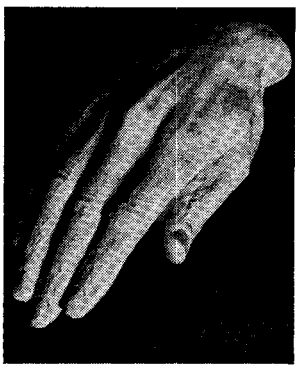
By EMANUEL WINTERNITZ

JOSEPH HAYDN and posterity comprise a curious story. We do not yet have a complete edition of his works, despite many valuable attempts. As for biographical material, we have nothing like the large body of sparkling and perceptive letters written by the young Mozart to inform his father of his successes and failures, and particularly of his artistic purposes and basic esthetic notions. Nor have we anything like the numerous sketchbooks that embody Beethoven's changes, corrections, emendations, and, in fact, the growth of his many works through years of composition, presenting an unparalleled insight into his processes of creation.

Thus the music lover must be exceedingly grateful to the earliest biographers of Haydn. There were three who knew him well in his old age in Vienna. By far the most important was Giuseppe Carpani, who settled in Vienna in 1794 and published his *Le Haydine ovvero lettere su la vita e le opere del celebre maestro Giuseppe Haydn* in 1812, three years after Haydn's death. But before that, in 1810, two other, much shorter accounts of Haydn's life had appeared: the *Biographische Notizen über Joseph Haydn*, by Georg August Griesinger, and the *Biographische Nachtrichten von Joseph Haydn*, by Albert Christoph Dies, both of which now appear in English in this excellent and well-annotated translation by Vernon Gotwals.

Griesinger came to Haydn as the agent of the firm of music publishers Breitkopf and Härtel. Dies, a German landscape painter, was introduced to Haydn by the sculptor Anton Grassi, to whom we are indebted for several excellent busts of Haydn. Both biographers had to cope with a difficult situation. Haydn was old and feeble and his memory was failing, although occasional early childhood reminiscences broke through, such as the songs that, as a five-year-old boy, he had learned from his father. His interviewers apparently endeavored to refresh his memory by citing to him anecdotes that had been printed about him in the journals; Haydn often replied that he did not remember them—which may not always have been the fault of his memory. Dies tells his story in thirty "visits," for which he learned to choose good weather; on





Beyond the Legend: Reserved, averse to sentimentality, "a man who should have been born into a classical century"—thus André Boucourechliev, in *Chopin: A Pictorial Biography* (Viking, $6.95), characterizes the "romantic genius" of popular myth. Shown here: Delacroix's portrait and a cast of the composer's hand.

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other days Haydn was weak or huffy.

In spite of these difficulties the reader will be happy to learn many interesting [illegible]. There are, of course, numerous [illegible]dotes. Some are true, some are embroidered, others are evidently almost legendary. But some of the last are so characteristic of Haydn's time and environment that we would not like to miss them: Haydn composing a four-part canon for the deceased dog of a friend, setting the music to the words of the epitaph on the dog's tombstone in a garden at Bath; the controversial story of the sudden *fortissimo* in the *Surprise* Symphony, allegedly contrived by Haydn to awaken the sleepers in the audience at the "Professional Concerts" in London; Haydn embarrassing a violin dilettante by providing a duet for pianoforte and violin entitled *Jacob's Dream*, in which the violin part, remaining in the higher registers, forced the player to climb up and down "Jacob's Ladder"; Haydn complaining that, after receiving the degree of Doctor of Music from Oxford, he was obliged to "go about in the streets in this masquerade for three days."

Much more important than these and other anecdotes are the statements—all too few—that the elderly Haydn made to his interviewers about his music itself. Among the masters who influenced [illegible] he praises most highly Karl Philipp [illegible]manuel Bach (Johann Sebastian is hardly mentioned). Haydn considered Philipp Emanuel's essay on *The True Manner of Playing the Klavier* the "best, most basic and useful textbook ever published." This book, Haydn told Dies, was one of the few that he bought when he was young and poor, along with Mattheson's *Der Vollkommene Kapellmeister* and the standard treatise on counterpoint, J. J. Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum*. Occasionally we also learn Haydn's opinion of some of his contemporaries. He saw clearly the dangers of the contemporary Italian style, where "enticing melody seeks to lull to sleep and, by its magic, corrupts the intellect." Haydn had, however, like Beethoven later, high praise for Cherubini, who, along with several other Italians, had "rebelled against the common shop-worn ways of their country and who move with ease in all spheres of harmony." In 1806 Haydn gave Cherubini the score of his *Drumroll* Symphony, calling himself in the dedication "*Padre del celebre Cherubini.*"

One of Haydn's most interesting statements concerns the question of [illegible]ogram music. Dies asked the master [illegible]ether it was true that in his instru[illegible]mental pieces he "sought to work out some verbal problem or other selected at will," or, as we would say today, whether he had programmatic ideas. "Seldom," answered Haydn, and mentioned only one exception—the Adagio of a symphony, which had as a theme a "conversation between God and a heedless sinner." But, alas, Haydn no longer remembered which symphony it was. Mr. Gotwals wonders whether Haydn was not teasing his interviewers on this point. Haydn's profound religiosity and his imaginative and colorful interpretation of the texts in his oratorios, masses, operas, and songs would rather indicate that this esthetic confidence should be taken at face value.

Just as revealing is what we learn about Haydn's attitude towards rules of composition. He was by no means pedantic, and said, in substance, that in the heat of composition he did not think of rules. He made some corrections later according to the rules of harmony, but when he chose to break the textbook rules, he wrote beneath these passages "*con licenza.*" Dies quotes Haydn as making a telling statement about his work: "Some cried out, 'A mistake!' and tried to prove it by citing Fux. I asked my critics whether they could prove by ear that it was a mistake? They had to answer No."

Concerning the careful footnotes, the reviewer would like to take issue only with the statement about the composer Albrechtsberger. Mr. Gotwals says that "he like Haydn gave Beethoven unsatisfactory lessons in counterpoint." In fact, Albrechtsberger was a celebrated teacher of counterpoint; Beethoven recommended him as a teacher to his pupils Czerny and Ries, and Beethoven, as we know from reliable sources, used to say that Albrechtsberger should not be praised for his fugues because no subject occurred to him that was not already fit for double counterpoint.

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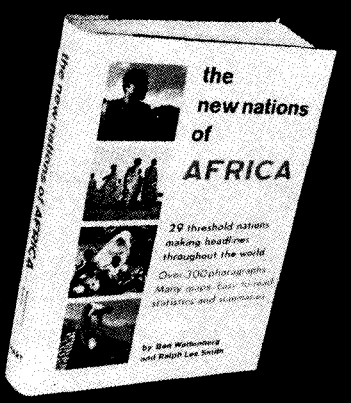

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FOLK ART OF RURAL PENNSYLVANIA. By Frances Lichten. Scribners. $17.50.

FORGOTTEN PIONEER. By Harry Golden. World. $4.

SOLDIER AND BRAVE. By the National Park Service. Harper & Row. $6.50.

Current Affairs

DIVERSITY IN INTERNATIONAL COMMUNISM. By Alexander Dallin. Columbia Univ. Press. Hardbound, $10. Paperback, $3.60.

THE NEW NATIONS OF AFRICA. By Ben Wattenberg and Ralph Lee Smith. Hart. $10.

NORTH ATLANTIC POLICY—THE AGRICULTURAL GAP. By John C. Coppock. Twentieth Century Fund. Hardbound, $4. Paperback, $2.25.

THE PROPAGANDA GAP. By Walter Joyce. Simon & Schuster. $3.95.

THE WINE IS BITTER: The United States and Latin America. By Milton S. Eisenhower. Doubleday. $4.95. (See page 22.)

Essays

WITH LOVE AND LOATHING. By John Crosby. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

Fiction

A LIFE. By Italo Svevo. Translated by Archibald Colquhoun. Knopf. $4.95. (*SR*, July 13.)

A LITTLE BIT OF LOVE. By Richard Underwood. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

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PORTRAIT OF SPAIN: An Anthology. Compiled by Thomas McGann. Knopf. $6.95.

Mysteries

BEST DETECTIVE STORIES OF THE YEAR. Edited by Anthony Boucher. Dutton. $3.95.

THE DRUM OF UNGARA. By Bill Knox. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE MOTHER HUNT. By Rex Stout. Viking. $3.50.

THE WEIRD WORLD OF WES BEATTIE. By John Norman Harris. Harper & Row. $3.95.

Personal History

BOUND FOR DIPLOMACY. By Valentine Lawford. Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.50.

THE DIARY OF BENJAMIN ROBERT HAYDON, Vols. III-V. Edited by Willard Bissell Pope. Harvard Univ. Press. Set, $35.

IDEAS AND INTEGRITIES: A Spontaneous Autobiographical Disclosure. By Buckminster Fuller. Prentice-Hall. $6.95.

NORTH FACE IN WINTER. By Toni [illegible]beler. Translated by Hugh Merrick. Lippincott. $3.95.

NOTEBOOKS: Volume I, 1935-1942. By Albert Camus. Translated by Philip Thody. Knopf. $5.

Poetry

THE HUNGRY LIONS. By Joanne de Longchamps. Indiana Univ. Press. $3.

SELECTED POEMS. Revised edition. By John Crowe Ransom. Knopf. $4.

TELESCOPES AND ISLANDS. By Charles Black. Swallow. $2.

Religion, Philosophy

THE CHRISTIAN OPPORTUNITY. By Denis de Rougemont. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $4.50.

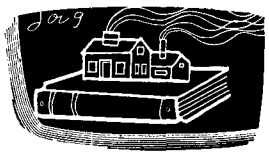
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Robert M. Grant. Harper & Row. $5.

THE RAS SHAMRA DISCOVERIES AND THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Arvid S. Kapelrud. Translated by G. W. Anderson. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. $3.75.

Sociology

THE HABITUAL PRISONER. By D. J. West. St. Martin's. $5.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.



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"IN ALL OF OUR DAILY LIVES"

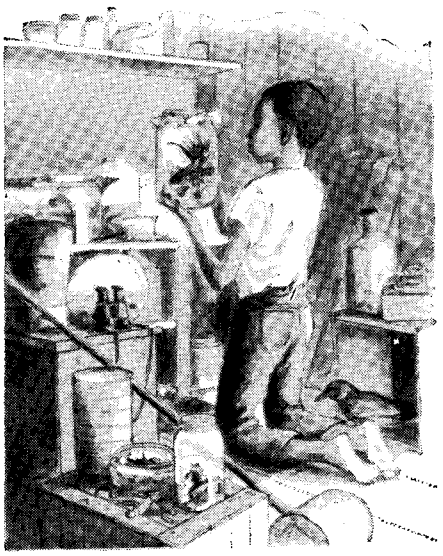
By ALICE DALGLIESH

IN HIS June 1963 talk to the nation President Kennedy threw the question of racial discrimination back to the individual. Legislation, he said, "cannot solve this problem alone. It must be solved in the homes of every American in every community across the country. It is time to act in the Congress . . . and, above all, in all of our daily lives."

Books are certainly a part of our daily lives and, while they cannot take the place of frank discussions between adults and children, they can supplement the discussions. We know that the "readers" used in our schools have, for obvious reasons, given no place to the Negro. It is time to take stock of what has happened in trade books during the last few years. Librarians and teachers are well aware of the changes that have come about, and they—along with the publishers—have kept books about Negro children and Negro life in print. There are quite a number of them, varying in value. Parents may not have at hand a summary of these books, so a list is suggested here. Many of them will be needed in schools that are soon to be more evenly integrated.

For parents, teachers, and librarians who may not know the range of books available, there is a helpful pamphlet, *Books About Negro Life for Children,* compiled by Augusta Baker, coordinator of Children's Services in the New York Public Libraries. It costs 35¢ and is obtainable, postpaid, from Public Relations Office, The New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St., New York 18, N.Y. The list was revised in February 1963.

Following an introduction by Mrs. Baker, the books are divided by age groups and subject matter. She commends especially those that show the Negro sharing in the normal activities of the story, "for the ideal portrayal of the Negro is as an integral part of society." She also speaks of the importance of illustration; some artists present the Negro child more effectively than others. Photographic books, she says, are particularly effective. We should have more of them; at the moment I can think of only two. One is *My Dog Rinty,* by Anne Terry White, published by Viking Press, which is out of print but may soon appear with new



—*From "A Summer Adventure."*

pictures, brought up to date. This tells the story of a city child and his dog. The other, *Tobe,* by Stella Gentry Sharpe, is historically important, for it was published more than twenty years ago by the University of North Carolina Press. While certain parts of it are a little outdated, and one incident (that of Tobe protecting himself by threatening to throw pepper into a larger boy's eyes) seems totally irrelevant, it remains the only complete and attractive picture of a rural Negro family. Possibly the university will be revising it. Incidentally, an economic note: my copy of the book is a first edition, and it is in fairly large format, with 121 pages —priced at one dollar!

On July 15th the Caldecott medal was awarded in Chicago to *The Snowy Day,* by Ezra Jack Keats, a charming picture book about a day in the life of a little boy whose skin happens to be brown. Parents might start by adding it to a three- or four-year-old's library.

All the tentative steps towards full integration have seemed sad to me, as an American, though we all recognize that progress has been made—progress that may graphically be seen in books. That complete acceptance of the Negro seems slow to me is due to the fact that I lived in a British island until I was eighteen, with a three-year interlude for school in England. One morning, about half a century ago, I proudly put on a red-and-white striped dress for the first day of my first year in high school. It was in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad, and the school was fully integrated. The two years I spent there I count as among the important years of my life.

WHOSE TREE HOUSE? *By Jane Castle. Illustrations by the author. Holiday House.* 46 *pp.* $2.75. A tree house is always a joy to children fortunate enough to have one. When Jay finds that there is a house among the leafy branches of a big tree on his uncle's farm, he moves in. Others, however, have been there before him, and Jay has surprise visitors—swallows, a squirrel. A possum with her babies comes to him on a stormy night—so he has to share the house with them. This is a delightful, simply written story with attractive pictures that will lead a child right into the book. Ages 6-9.

—*From "Whose Tree House?"*

NEW BOY IN SCHOOL. *By May Justus. Pictures by Joan Balfour Payne. Hastings House.* 56 *pp.* $2.95. May Justus has written a number of books about mountain children in the South. Here she presents Lennie Lane, a Negro boy in Nashville, who goes to a new school. It is a pleasant story, the white and Negro boys pictured, on the whole, attractively. The situation works out ideally, and children reading it will understand that Lennie's loneliness is due not only to the fact that he is new, but that he is the one dark-skinned boy in the class. The ending could have been more original: Lennie wins general acceptance through singing—and this has happened in more than one book. Ages 6-10.

A SUMMER ADVENTURE. *By Richard W. Lewis. Illustrated by the author. Harper & Row,* 105 *pp.* $2.95. After Ross Pennock goes with his father to the zoo, he decides to have a backyard zoo of his own. Things go well until he tries to make Thunderer, a snapping turtle, at home in

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the menagerie, but Thunderer is always on his way to freedom. At the end Ross returns the snapping turtle to the quarry where he belongs, and realizes that all creatures want their freedom—a moral unobtrusively handled.

Both Ross and the artist-author are Negroes. The pictures are most attractive. Ages 4-8 (5-9?).

SEEING FINGERS: The Story of Louis Braille. *By Edda De Gering. Illustrated by Emil Weiss. McKay.* 116 *pp.* $2.95. It is hard to believe now that there was tremendous hostility to Louis Braille's system of reading, and in his own school his materials were confiscated. They made the blind independent; sighted people would lose their jobs. The fine thing about this brief biography for young people is that Louis was fifteen when he worked out his system. He used a stylus—not too far removed from the awl that had penetrated his eye and cost him his sight. While recorded books have come to supplement Braille, the latter is still important to the blind. The author and her husband have done the editorial work for four magazines in Braille. Ages 10 up.

PORTALS TO THE PAST. The Story of Archaeology. *By Katherine B. Shippen. Illustrated with stone lithographs by Mel Silverman. Viking.* 242 *pp.* $4.50. In Katherine Shippen's books one comes at once to feel at home in the past, to see what was happening, to move about among its people in a perfectly natural way without the artificial "we were there!" approach so common now. This is not a television program; it is a book—with chapter glimpses of the great archaeological discoveries and the transition from wonder and romance to science. The material covered is not exactly the same as in *The Great Archaeologists,* by Michael Daugherty (Crowell), but the two books supplement each other. Katherine Shippen is interested in people; she does not slide over the fact that Schliemann tried to keep for himself "the gold of Troy"—which she says is now in Russia. Michael Daugherty traces in his version of the same story a seven-year-old's growth of interest in Troy, sparked especially by a picture of the burning city. There are excellent bibliographies in both books. Ages 10 up.

A POETRY SAMPLER. *Edited by Donald Hall. Franklin Watts.* 263 *pp.* $3.95. In his introduction to this attractive collection of English and American poets Donald Hall says, "Our poetry is something that we own with our language, but few people realize the greatness of the art which is open to them. If our civilization should disappear and a thousand years go by, our English-speaking countries might well be remembered for the sake of a volume no larger than this one." *If* the volume survived, or if poems were stored in surviving men's minds.

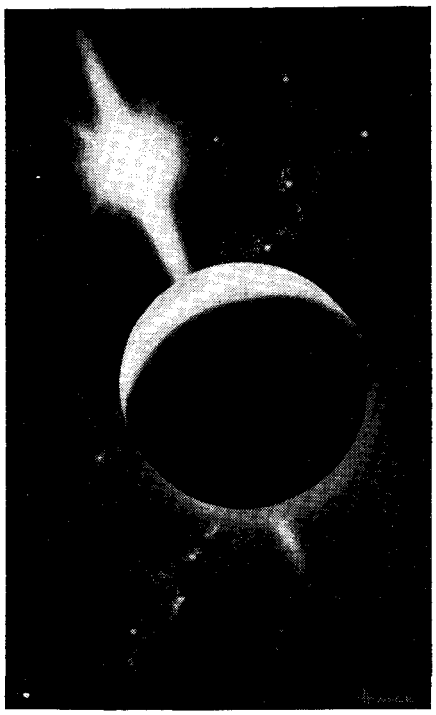
Many of our anthologies are too English for American children, so it is good to see both countries sharing a book. The notes are on the pages of the book, in large type, which works well except when the editor underestimates his audience—as he occasionally does. Arrangement and presentation of poems—sometimes with the notes contrasting different poets' treatment of a subject—are good. Ages 12 up.

IT'S LIKE THIS, CAT. *By Emily Neville. Illustrated by Emil Weiss. Harper & Row.* 180 *pp.* $3.50. While this is very much a New York book, it should appeal to boys in other cities, too. The cat of the story is really a cat, with four legs, and it is adopted by Dave, the narrator, a fourteen-year-old boy, which in itself makes the book different. Its first sentence: "My father is always talking about how a dog can be very educational for a boy. This is one reason I got a cat." There are difficulties with "my father" until the end, when Dave and his father begin to understand each other. Different, humorous, with a touch of the vernacular, and a great feeling for the city and its many peoples. Ages 10-14.

MADE IN JAPAN. *By Cornelia Spencer. Illustrated by Richard Powers and with photographs. Knopf.* 206 *pp.* $3.95. In bringing the arts and crafts of Japan to young people, Cornelia Spencer has given them much more of a feeling for the country than does any "series" travel book. The author of *Made in China* and *Made in India,* she begins with history, showing what Japanese art and literature originally owed to China and to the Buddhist religion, and how Japan developed its own individuality along these lines.

All readers of this delightful book will hope that as Japan continues to be more highly industrialized she will keep something of this individuality. Such perfectionists have the artists been that Hokusai said of his work that none of it before his seventieth year was of much value. "At ninety it may reach real depth, at one hundred it may become divinely inspired. At one hundred and ten every dot and stroke may be as if living."

Richard Powers's decorative illustrati[on] fit in excellently with the photographs [of] Japanese art. Ages 10-15.



—From "Conquering the Sun's Atmosphere."

CONQUERING THE SUN'S EMPIRE. *By Frederick I. Ordway III and Ronald C. Wakeford. Illustrations by Harry H. K. Lange. Dutton.* 128 *pp.* $3.95. This is a good book, one that the authors were well qualified to write, but why do we have to "conquer," "invade," and "subjugate" the sun's "empire"? A lot of nonsensical words as used in this context.

Having got that out of the way—the material is fascinating, even to a reviewer who is an old hand at science fiction. This isn't fiction; it is projected exploration, perhaps a little on the optimistic side—but who can tell?

The pictures are remarkable in their detail, but they are still science fiction because their captions do not take care of "projected ideas." "Explorers on Miranda [one of the five moons of Uranus] viewing the banded atmosphere of Uranus," for example. Ages 12 up.

MAKERS OF THE RED REVOLUTION. *By Olivia Coolidge. Houghton Mifflin.* 240 *pp.* $3.75. Now that we have decided that it is time for our young people to study Communism, a number of books are appearing. Few of them are good; some are definitely bad. This one by a well-kno[wn] writer of historical books for young pe[o]ple is useful, readable, and excellent in most ways. It gives an intelligent introduction to the leaders of the Communist movement from Marx to Mao.

Olivia Coolidge's introduction makes clear the fact that "Communism will not fade away. . . . We must study Communism for our own sakes. We must understand its strength and see its danger. We must face the necessity of reforming ourselves as well as criticizing the evils we notice in Communism. None of these things can be done by studying Communism through the distorting glass of our own emotions." The author does, however, make the statement that "under Communism the individual has lost his right to enjoyment," which seems not strictly true. Ages 12 up.

THE CHERRY TREE. A Collection of Poems. *Chosen by Geoffrey Grigson. Vanguard.* 517 *pp.* $5.95. A big book with more than 500 poems, this is one to own and dip into when those rose-colored days of leisure, supposedly to be brought to every family by automation, arrive. The London Sunday *Times* reviewed the collection in glowing terms—and compared it with Walter de la Mare's *Come Hither.* I feel most kindly when I meet poems by Christopher Marlowe, John Clare, and Herrick, as well as many of the old stan[dards] bys that went to school with me in *Th[e] Golden Treasury.* Some like a small anthology, comfortable in the hand; others prefer a spacious book with "room inside it for endless exploration with discovery," as Geoffrey Grigson puts it. All ages.

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The Balkans in Brief 5.—Moon over Mamaia

THERE is surely no stranger corner in the socialist world than Mamaia, a resort on the Black sea coast of Rumania only a trolley car ride from the ancient port of Constantsa. A sparsely settled strip with a queenly villa and a lone luxury hotel before the war, it hardly grew at all until 1958. But since that memorable year Rumanian entrepreneurs have force-fed the sand bar, sending twenty-six hotels soaring into the ultraviolet ozone of the shore, all of them stark, modern, and boxy, a new Miami in easy reach of Istanbul or Odessa, and fifty minutes from Bucharest if you take the plane.

Over the rails from the rest of Europe rumble the Bultorient Express, the Danubius Express, and what is left of the old Orient Express, all of them coming into Bucharest. From there it is only another two hours by train, making it so close, in fact, that visitors who come directly into Mamaia from foreign cities are being offered day excursions to Bucharest, with refreshments served en route, for only ten dollars. Last year the state's statisticians clocked travelers from sixty-five nations checking into Mamaia's hotels. It's cheap, the water is shallow but the beach quite good, and the sun rises out of the sea and hangs there all day. This kind of life, much of it spent in bathing suits that, whether for man or woman, scarcely waste a square millimeter of fabric, is particularly enjoyed by the Czechs, who supplied the most registrants, by the Germans, who were second, and by the Poles, English, and Scandinavians. About 800 Americans turned up last year, heaven knows from where.

One can come in one's own car, and there are arrangements in town for what is known as "cold water washing" ($1.30), and also greasing ($2.30). The approach along the road is a rather eerie one, for suddenly out of the flatlands just south of the Danube Delta, a vast swampland of migratory birds and fishermen, rise these dozen-story concrete boxes honeycombed with terraces, each piazza about big enough for a honeymoon couple. Many of the hotels reflect a social attitude of the particular era in which they were built. The Yalta, put up in 1950, the first hotel to rise after the war, is the only one to bear the heavy imprint of Soviet architectural style and, for that matter, a Soviet name.

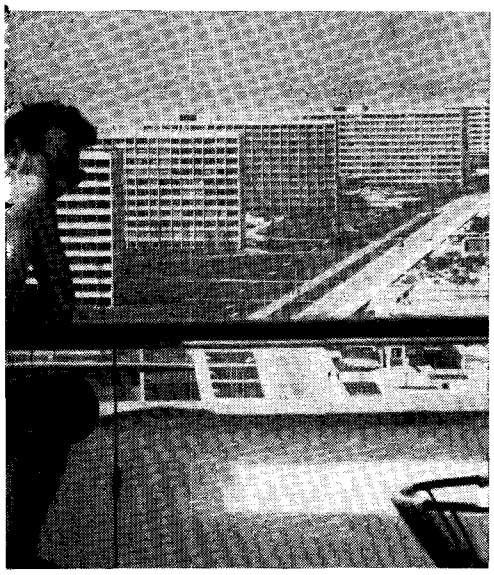
Ironically enough, the only one which Carpati, the Rumanian travel agency, recommends for Western tourists traveling de luxe is the International, which was built in the royal, if troubled, era of 1938. Its parquet floors are covered with the best rugs of Transylvania, and the chairs that nestle in the corners of its spacious public rooms are covered with tapestry. Flowerpots relieve the eye at the landings on the stairways, and terraces are thrown open to a clear view of the sea. Unlike Miami, or the rest of Mamaia, for that matter, there is no two-o'clock shadow from an adjoining hotel. The International, symbol of a bygone age—for the socialist world at any rate—whose comforts at least must still be reckoned with and, for that matter, sold for good foreign exchange, stands alone and aloof from the new cement hives.

Its best corner suite has three terraces with views that run off to the Black Sea and to the tree-lined boulevards. It has such appurtenances, now so rarely seen, east or west, as walk-in closets, but then it also has telephones, television, and radio, a dining room table, proper baths, and showers. Such a suite costs $12 a day per person with meals and beach umbrellas included. An ordinary single room in the International is $11 a day, and doubles are $19 for two.

Huge windows, as broad as a boulevard vitrine, can be flung open in the restaurant to let in the sea air. Music plays in a corner, and on summer nights there is dancing under the Mamaia moon. A bar and *brasserie* serves the beach crowd, who must walk 300 yards into the sea to find deep water. It's a quiet sea and along the edge of it there is usually a rift of tiny shells which, having dispossessed their tenants, wait now for the eons to crush them into the fine powder of talcum sand.

First-class hotels, which the classless society considers a cut below the de luxe International, include the Albatross and the Russian-styled Yalta, as well as some rooms at the Modern and the Central. The Modern has the distinction of an open-air restaurant on its beach, its own tennis courts, a big cheery dining room with graffiti on the walls, and a glassed-in bar equipped with a juke box that can play "Hello Boogie." Like the Albatross, it was

—*H.S.*



—*Carpati.*

Mamaia by day and by night—"a new Miami in easy reach of Istanbul and Odessa . . ."

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built in 1958 and was thus one of the forerunners of the *nouveau movement* of *la mer Noire*. The rates here are $8 for a single, double that for a double, meals included.

All the other hotels in Mamaia are considered tourist class, and they are in fact a hotel version of the type of accommodation you can expect on an economy-class flight over the ocean. All the essentials are there. Just don't expect to wallow in comfort. The only hotel opened when we arrived, somewhat in advance of the season, was the Park, a tall shaft at the edge of the sea with sweeping views up the beach in the general direction of Odessa. The two beds were foam mattress slabs placed on wooden palettes. The private bath was equipped with toilet, basin, and a shower head that simply sprayed onto the floor. Every room had a terrace, and in the case of our quarters, in which space was rather limited, it proved a convenient place to retreat should one want to change one's mind. The elevators were self-service and the front desk might possibly have functioned more efficiently had it been similarly unmanned. One of the problems of this fast-building hotel industry, a Mamaia manager explained to me, was the impossibility of finding trained help.

The old casino still remains from the days of Mamaia's early bourgeois splendor, but the wheels spin no more, and about the only pleasure in that neighborhood now is the fishing pier in front of it, from which anglers haul in a local fish called *guvid*. Queen Marie's villa still stands and is now set aside for special state guests. Marie, who was born in London, was the granddaughter of Queen Victoria. A Protestant, she married Prince Ferdinand, later the King of Rumania, and their children included Princess Maria, who became the Queen of Yugoslavia, and King Carol II, whose escapades with Magda Lupescu filled the Sunday supplements for a generation. Marie, who busied herself writing books, among them *The Lily of Life* in 1913 and *My Country* in 1916, provided some topics for the penny press, too, and the villa of one of her constant companions, surmounted as it is with a tall minaret, remains the subject of some sly jokes to this day. Marie died at Sinaia in 1938.

Much like Miami, Mamaia is really a sandbar washed on the east by the Black Sea and on the west by Lake Siutghiol. Sailboating is one of the people's pleasures on the lake these days, and socialist sailboats can be rented for fifty cents an hour. The people's paunch can also be reduced by immersion in Siutghiol's famous mud banks, which are said to be steaming with iron. End to end, Mamaia now measures four miles of developed resort. But the northern terminus, somewhere in the vicinity of the Central Hotel, will be the center of the complex when the whole beach plan is complete. What they are aiming at is 175,000 beds by 1975, by which time they will undoubtedly be soliciting the Rotarians' convention.

—Horace Sutton.

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On The Death Of The Veteran

By Miller Williams

IT WASN'T history
Vicksburg and Manassas when I
went to bed
because he was with us here in the
same block
no more than my brother's birthday
because you can touch it
because remembering is one thing
and history is another

I never thought of it as the past
the way I never think of Greenland as
distant
because I know a soldier who was there

but I read the Telegraph at breakfast
and saw that no one's been there
anymore

and I thought someone ought to pray
for a man
before another argument comes up
when Lees fall before they mount their
horses
and Grants five starred and beardless
rise as serious as Christ
and fall like spit

to read the passing of the last of us
and say putting his coffee on the table
well it's history
as if he'd found molasses gone to sugar
and love us for it

Pray for his sons
that they forget our islands
recalling to the classrooms and those
green windows
over the everlasting Saturdays
and in his father's own dark street
faces from a movie and bad dreams

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20-20 Hindsight

BIOGRAPHICAL movies, and particularly biographical movies about people who have made good, have a tendency to grow a bit stiff and stuffy as they memorialize their hero of the moment. Human traits become superhuman, and the casual push and pull of day-to-day living gives way to a kind of deference born largely of hindsight. Besides, one is constantly running into such gauche and self-conscious lines as "I'd like you to meet my friend, Benjamin Franklin."

Perhaps Richard L. Breen, who wrote the screenplay for *PT 109*, is to be commended for keeping clichés of this sort to a minimum, even if he has not managed to eliminate them completely. Actually, young President Kennedy, whose wartime experiences are recounted in the film, emerges as a rather likable, somewhat square junior officer with a gift for command at the proper moment. "Knock it off," he orders his grousing and defeated crew after a Japanese destroyer has sliced their craft in two; and in that moment, as he begins to unfold a plan for survival, the true meaning of leadership becomes clear.

But leadership of what? Unfortunately, the crew that the script provides—as well as such additional characters as a grizzled, barking Commander with a heart of gold—are, if not straight out of the comic strips, at least right out of a television series. Stereotypes all, they remind us of characters in dozens of similar war movies that were tighter, tauter, more exciting, and shorter. When there is action, director Leslie Martinson handles it well. But PT 109's disaster was but a tiny incident in a big war. In blowing it up to Homeric proportions, the producers have been forced to invent or include details that obscure its sole significance: Here was a testing ground for the man who is today our President. Would you have voted for the commander of *McHale's Navy*?

Similarly, *The Mouse on the Moon* promises a good deal more than it can deliver. A sequel to the trenchant *Mouse that Roared*, it sets out to satirize the space race, with England, the United States, and the Soviet Union doing all in their power to encourage independent research by the Duchy of Grand Fenwick—just so long as their experts assure them that there is no likelihood of success. But Grand Fenwick has developed a secret fuel, a vintage wine that keeps popping the corks out of its bottles; and with this, a rocket loaned by the Russians, money loaned by the United States (and spent mostly on plumbing for Fenwick Castle), and a wristwatch donated by England, the Fenwickians hit the moon first. Long before they arrive, however, Michael Pertwee's script has run out of steam and, clearly at a loss about what to do with his characters once they land on the moon, he promptly packs them off for home again. Terry-Thomas has some jolly moments as a bumbling British spy, Bernard Cribbons is delightfully loony as a would-be astronaut, Margaret Rutherford is wasted in her few appearances as the Grand Duchess of Fenwick—and Peter Sellers, who played *everybody* in the original *Mouse*, is missed throughout.

TIME may be running out on those stories about sick Southern families whose closeted skeletons begin to rattle whenever a camera draws near, but I doubt that it is simply the law of diminishing returns that works against the Mirisch Company's production of Lillian Hellman's *Toys in the Attic*. To be sure, the Mirisches have spared no expense, either in the New Orleans settings or in the assembling of a top-flight cast. But, overly faithful to the lines of the play, James Poe's script talks its way through the problems of two spinster sisters, one of whom is unconsciously in love with her younger brother, and the other all too aware of the consequences of this perverse attachment. As a result, the film seems little more than a series of scenes in which the women bicker or scream recriminations, but with everyone conveniently (and often implausibly) out of earshot whenever Carrie (Geraldine Page) is plotting her nasty schemes. George Roy Hill's direction does nothing to dispel this hothouse atmosphere; indeed, at times his camera seems too torpid even to move. On the other hand, his oddly assorted players—Wendy Hiller, Dean Martin, Yvette Mimieux, Gene Tierney, and Miss Page—work well together, and George Duning's score is not only appropriately atmospheric, but underlines effectively the gathering tragedy without telegraphing it. For the weirdest casting of the year, however, consider blonde, willowy, vivacious Yvette Mimieux as the girl Dean Martin had to be bribed to marry!

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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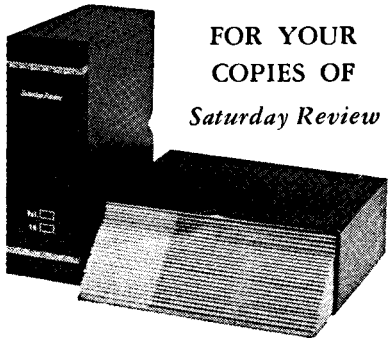

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The Sustained Scene

T. EUGENE "BULL" CONNOR, Birmingham's Commissioner of Public Safety, Health, Education and Welfare, was heard recently in a vivid documentary produced by WBAI-FM, the New York station of the listener-supported Pacifica group. The Southern official who led the steel city's resistance to the Negro civil rights fight was asked a question about the press. "What the hell is the press?" he asked, and then added with grim humor: "You know what the trouble with this country is? Communism, socialism, and journalism." The comment, so revealing of one man's attitudes, was typical, in its vividness, of this remarkable broadcast.

Dale Minor, who recorded twenty-two hours of tape for the program, was present at the bombed Gaston Motel and at the Reverend A. D. King's home, which was also a target of white racists. His "radio camera" captured the excitement, tension, and hysteria of that wild night. The program, titled *Freedom Now*, included interviews, narrative and short action sequences—all of them standard techniques of television reporting, too—but there was one spectacular sequence that illustrated the unbeatable advantage of radio over any other reporting medium. This is the opportunity of the sustained scene that discloses the actors in the uninhibited flow of reality.

The morning after the bombing, Negro leaders, in an effort to forestall violence among Negroes in the poorer section of the city, went into pool halls to talk to the men they found there. Mr. Minor went along and recorded what happened in two pool halls and on the street when the state troopers stopped the Negro leaders from entering a third hall. It is doubtful whether the most skilled makers of television film could have followed the unfolding of the sustained action without technical intrusion that would have damaged its naturalness. One man with an unobtrusive microphone caught not only the exterior action but also the indispensable element without which its essence could not be grasped—the emotion, the feeling communicated by the human voice in drama and crisis.

"We make a greater weapon by suffering violence rather than by doing violence," was one admonition, delivered to a rising wave of affirmative response from the pool players. In the second pool hall: "You fellows hold up there at that crap table. . . . No rocks, no bottles, no knives. . . . This is the theme song of our movement. . . . Let all the world know we shall overcome . . . . lock hands."

I have felt the fervor of Negroes demonstrating for civil rights in the South through television programs in the past, but not until I was able to stay with the slow build of emotion in a single, uninterrupted action to a climax, as in this pool hall sequence, did I sound some of the real depths of the faith, courage, and power involved. Chris Koch, of WBAI, co-produced *Freedom Now* with technical production by Bob Kramer. The station is now seeking to raise $6,000 to do a series of similar programs pursuing "the real story of the crucial phase of this social revolution in unions and the white power-structure." They ought to be encouraged to develop this powerful radio technique.

Another brilliant example of the sustained scene technique in radio documentary was broadcast recently by WRVR, the noncommercial Metropolitan FM station of the Riverside Church in New York City. It was Part I of *Birmingham: A Testament of Non-Violence*, six hour-long documentaries also reporting on the May 1963 meetings, rallies, demonstrations, and riots in the Alabama city. The first program (the only one I have heard thus far) covered the victory rally the night of May 10, when the Negro integration leaders announced the terms of the settlement with Birmingham officials. Again, as in the Pacifica broadcast, it was the slow, cumulative power of the speeches, the audience reactions, the singing and the praying in concert that communicated the full human range of the nonviolent Negro integration movement. This sustained scene was the work of a three-man WRVR team, Jack D. Summerfield, General Manager, Walter E. Nixon, News and Public Affairs Director, and the Reverend Robert L. Polk, Minister to Youth of the Riverside Church. Both notable efforts, it should be noted, are the product of "sustaining" radio stations, rather than their better-heeled commercial cousins.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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This monthly supplement is sponsored by the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which has prepared its contents in cooperation with the staff of Saturday Review. The editors of SR retain responsibility for the material appearing in this supplement. Correspondence regarding manuscripts or editorial content should be addressed to: Editor, Education Supplement, Saturday Review, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.

Religion in the Schools

WHEN, a year ago, the Supreme Court ruled that recitation of an official New York State Regents' Prayer in public school classrooms was unconstitutional, the reaction was immediate, emotional, and nation-wide. From the point of view of education—including moral and religious education—it was hard to see what all the fuss was about. The prayer in question was, above all, innocuous—so inoffensive one might wonder why anyone should bother to challenge it, to say nothing of defending it. Certainly, no one could delude himself that it would have any appreciable effect on the attitudes or behavior of the captive youngsters who stumbled their way through it each morning. Its importance, manifestly, was symbolic rather than educational.

When the Supreme Court, last month, ruled that similar recitations of the Lord's Prayer and Bible reading in public school classrooms were also unconstitutional, the public response was far milder. It may grow as the time nears for schools to open in the fall, but it is unlikely to approach the volume of last year's angry outcry. There are several reasons for the difference. Among them are the fact that the Court's decision last month came as no surprise; widespread discussion of the issue, over a period of months, had helped to clarify the earlier decision and to prepare the public for the new one.

The Court itself was more careful last month to acknowledge the central role that our long religious heritage still plays in national life, and to make clear that its decision only outlawed religious worship in public school classrooms—this, and no more. Therefore, there was less tendency to extrapolate its point of view to cover other areas of the church-state issue. And major Protestant groups, which a year ago were slow to give support to the Court's position, this year spoke out clearly and firmly in the weeks preceding the decision. The National Council of Churches, just ten days before the decision was handed down, released a policy statement that said in part, "Neither the church nor the state should use the public school to compel acceptance of any creed or conformity to any specific religious practice."

Whatever the constitutional issues involved, however, public reaction to the Court's decisions betrays a profound feeling of disquietude about the nation's youth. Are they receiving effective preparation to assume the responsibilities of adulthood and citizenship? Are they as morally rootless and as personally aimless as many commentators say? Middle age always looks askance at the rising generation, but much of the factual evidence today is not encouraging. Perhaps part of the problem grows out of the moral vacuum that exists in much of education—education in the school, in the home, in the community, and, often enough, in the church. We ask our children to conform to the superficial standards of middle-class morality, but demand little more of them. Many youngsters arrive at college age without having been introduced to the crucial questions of the nature of man and his relationship to the universe in which he moves and has his being.

Certainly the problem of moral training for the nation's youth has not

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been met adequately by repetition of the Lord's Prayer as school opened each morning, nor by the perfunctory reading of a few verses from the Bible—no matter how much comfort troubled parents may have received from knowledge of these practices.

Perhaps, in this connection, we shall find that the Supreme Court's greatest contribution has not been the protection of constitutional principles—it is hard to believe that the historic principle of separation of church and state was truly threatened by such pallid practices—but that it has forced on us a reassessment of the kinds of moral training that are appropriate for youth in a pluralistic society. Token religious exercises in the public schools are unconstitutional, no matter how ineffective they may be. What, if anything, should take their place? The Court has not outlawed the objective study of what men have thought and believed over the centuries of human history, nor is it likely to. We have long said that the home, the church, and the school each has a role in the moral training of youth. Perhaps now we can take a new and more realistic look at just what those respective roles can and should be. —J.C.

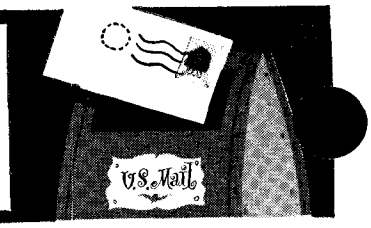
Two Awards in Education

At the 101st annual convention of the National Education Association in Detroit this month, *Saturday Review* received two awards for its Education Supplement.

The first was a National School Bell award for "distinguished service in the interpretation of education." The citation accompanying the award said that it was presented specifically for: "distinguished continuous coverage of education during the year ended April 1, 1963, by weekly or biweekly magazines of general circulation." National School Bell awards are presented by six educational organizations: American Association of School Administrators, Council of Chief State School Officers, National Association of Secretaries of State Teachers Associations, National Congress of Parents and Teachers, National Education Association, and the National School Boards Association. It was the third School Bell award *SR* has received since the Education Supplement made its appearance in September 1960.

SR also received an award from the Educational Press Association of America "for excellence in educational journalism," with specific mention of the Education Supplement's editorial page.

Letters to the Editor



A CONFUSION OF DEGREES

PAUL WOODRING's "A Confusion of Degrees" [*SR*, June 15] is indeed stimulating and timely.

While all of the major changes he suggests may not come to pass, commendation is certainly in order in terms of his desirable objective of reversing "the trend toward proliferation of degrees . . ."

You and your readers may be interested in knowing that the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York, which has responsibility for designations for degrees offered by nearly 200 public and private higher institutions in our state, last December cut the number of authorized degrees in the field of engineering from forty-one to five. The staff of the New York State Education Department plans in the future to discuss with representatives of higher institutions other possible steps toward clarity and simplicity.

Also the American Council on Education set up, a little more than a year ago, a committee to review nomenclature of academic degrees.

A beginning *is* being made.

ELBERT K. FRETWELL, JR.,
Assistant Commissioner for Higher Education.

Albany, New York

THE EDITORIAL "A Confusion of Degrees" is a confusion of values. Certainly there are many fields in which specialization is either necessary or desirable at the bachelor's degree level. I can write only with reference to the physical sciences and engineering fields.

Under Mr. Woodring's proposal a master's degree would be required of physical science and engineering students before competence in their chosen fields could be achieved. This would require a minimum of two additional years of formal education since a preparatory liberal education would be wholly inadequate for entrance into present graduate degree programs in these fields (assuming it is intended to maintain current levels of competence and achievement). Thus a six year program would be required, which surely cannot alleviate the current shortage of technically educated graduates, and which, in fact, would discourage even more prospective students. This is a high price for clarity in such a relatively unimportant field (?) as degree nomenclature.

Since I dislike criticizing without offering an alternative, may I suggest the following solution to this "sticky" problem: The solution might be to offer a course such as "Degree Nomenclature, Here and Abroad," in order to clarify the presently muddled picture. The course would be expected to have a "liberalizing" effect.

JAMES R. HANCOCK.

Tucson, Ariz.

EDUCATION AND POLITICS

THE ARTICLE by Paul Hazelton [*SR*, June 15] is on the high level of excellence that I associate with most *SR* articles on education. Though I do not fully agree with him, I think that this is one of the most thoughtful approaches to education and politics that I have seen.

CHARLES TABER.

Hartford, Conn.

AFTER HAVING taught in California where school board members are elected on a nonpartisan basis and at special elections, and in Pennsylvania, one of the four states in which they are still elected on a partisan basis, I am heartily in favor of the nonpartisan approach at the local level.

In Pennsylvania, with each party selecting its nominees, generally before the primary election and with most people voting along party lines in the general election, I can safely say that the voters have very little say in the election of school board members in Pennsylvania.

The solution lies in the nonpartisan approach with the parents coming out to vote in such large numbers that they outvote the axe-grinders and selfish interest groups.

WILLIAM H. DUNLAP.

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

VARIED VIEWS ON JOHNNY

RALPH E. LOEWE's article entitled "Who Makes a Menace Out of Johnny?" [*SR*, June 15] was definitely to the point: few teachers can effectively *handle* thirty or more vastly different (and sometimes disturbed) pupils; even fewer teachers can actually *teach* these boys and girls. Our public schools need better-trained teachers for the elementary levels, but, may I emphasize, the teacher herself needs a markedly reduced number of pupils in order to begin to approach each as an individual with individual problems.

Money, in the form of increased taxation, is the initial balm for this national problem. Until we, as citizens, stop griping

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about paying for quality education—for the average and below average pupil as well as the future scientist and business executive—too many of our schools will truly only be "stopping-off places."

Mrs. Nancy H. Bates.

Arlington, Va.

Regarding Ralph Loewe's article "Who Makes a Menace Out of Johnny?" one wonders how on earth he, as an English teacher, or his school system can be expected to solve the problems of wayward youth. With all due respect for Mr. Loewe and his mission in life, it would seem more realistic to attack these problems at their source, which seems to be the home rather than the school.

Rather than putting much effort and money into making education and the schools more palatable for such persons, it would seem more logical to change their home situation. Perhaps some kind of camps operated by a domestic peace corps is the answer. Perhaps foster homes.

But the one place these people don't seem to belong in is school. If we want our schools to be agencies for social work, then let's hire competent social workers instead of teachers to watch over our wayward youth.

Kenton S. White.

Fremont, Calif.

It was both gratifying and incensing to read Mr. Loewe's description and suggestions; gratifying because of the attempt to uncover and remedy situations which exist and should not; incensing because it seems as if they will continue to exist and should not.

Mrs. Lorraine Bogartz.

Iowa City, Iowa

It seems to me that we are on somewhat of a merry-go-round telling each other the problems that we know exist in our big city schools. Perhaps if we invited boards of education, business leaders, councilmen, and all citizens whether they be parents or not to visit our schools for a full day or a full week, then, and only then would they fully understand our plight. Let them see the actual situations and problems rather than a planned program consisting of a play, or thirty minutes of class where everything goes off perfect.

Johnny needs help, I agree, but I think that Mr. Johnny needs it first. Show him our problems, let him visit all day, frequently, convince him, and he will gladly pay the bill.

Valle P. Lattanzio,
Central Connecticut State College.

New Britain, Conn.

Ralph E. Loewe's "Who Makes a Menace Out of Johnny?" was truly a forceful and stimulating article on one of the nation's most pressing problems. Special treatment of the average and below average students has been almost completely neglected. Too few people realize the effect these individuals have on our society and our nation.

Many thanks to Mr. Loewe for boldly exploiting and attempting to solve this dilemma.

Cheryl Woltmann.

Weehawken, N.J.

A CANADIAN PROPOSAL

In his column "While School Keeps" [*SR*, June 15] Mr. Cass discusses the Ph.D. candidate who fails to complete his thesis before having to leave graduate school, and the new Carnegie "incentive fellowships" planned to obviate such occurrences. In case it has not been brought to your attention, another body has taken a different approach to the problem.

It appears that Toronto, McGill and forty-one American graduate schools have discussed the problem at length, and that on its own account the University of Toronto is proposing to institute a new degree, that of Master of Philosophy, which it hopes will be accepted as a suitable qualification for teaching at a major university. The M. Phil. will be awarded after two years of work in graduate courses, after the four-year Honours B.A., with no dissertation.

The thinking behind this is twofold. Firstly there is the rapidly increasing demand for university staff, an especially great problem in Canada, which Toronto hopes to be able better to meet with the new shorter graduate course. Secondly, there is some questioning of the value of the average Ph.D. thesis—both its scholarly value as a contribution to knowledge and its worth to the candidate. It may be presumed that Toronto proposes to accept Ph.D. theses from M. Phil. graduates in later years, when their work may properly be said to be a major part of their lives' output, and closer to the theoretical description of the dissertation.

D. J. C. Phillipson.

London, Ontario, Canada

A STUDENT'S CRITIQUE OF MAYER

I read Irving J. Sloan's review of *Where, When and Why: Social Studies in American Schools* [*SR*, June 15] with considerable interest, since I had previously read Mr. Mayer's earlier book *The Schools*, which impressed me quite favorably. However, I feel that I must object to two overgeneralizations in his new book. First of all, some social studies teachers are highly intelligent and well prepared. I cite my own Problems of Democracy teacher as an example. He is the only one of the ninety teachers in our high school who holds a doctor's degree (from Yale University). This brings me to my second objection: not all Problems of Democracy classes are "dreadful." I think mine was the most valuable course I have taken in high school. We used neither a textbook nor films. Instead we relied on notes from authoritative books and articles on the different topics we covered. Because of both the teacher and the subject matter, Problems of Democracy was the most challenging and stimulating class I had this year.

Joan Ruffle.

Niantic, Conn.

TECHNOLOGY IN THE CLASSROOM

The strait jacket of language habits is nicely illustrated in your report of the U.S. Office of Education grant to the American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education [*SR*, May 18]. One of the purposes of the grant, and the statement may have been taken directly from the official announcement, is stated as follows: "to determine . . . how classroom teachers can themselves make best use of technology in their classrooms."

If the best use is made of the new technology it is more than probable that new designs for learning will go beyond the introduction of adjuncts in traditional classrooms. Planners will need to consider flexible scheduling and quite drastic changes in the allotment of space and in staff utilization. The present pattern of school organization with *the* teacher in *the* classroom may be far less effective than quite different arrangements. But it will be difficult for those who can think of schools as necessarily constructed on what has been referred to as the egg-crate principle, and operated accordingly to employ the much heralded "creativity" needed to develop more desirable procedures.

Wm. Clark Trow.
Professor of Education
and of Psychology,
University of Michigan

Ann Arbor, Mich.

LAST WORD ON EDUCATING WOMEN

I have only one suggestion to add to those in your letter column of June 15: namely, that *SR* should now plan a discussion of whether being a husband, father, and householder is a desirable life for a man; whether he should combine these with an outside career or give them up in its favor and whether he should be educated for his destiny as a future husband and father or for participation in life as a mature, responsible, economic and political unit and human being. When the shoe is put on the other foot one can realize the idiocy of treating women as if they were not component parts of the human race and accepted participants in its civilization.

Miriam Allen de Ford.

San Francisco, Calif.

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—Paul Con

Willie A. Douglas, Tampa, Fla. teaches agriculture in Pakistan.

TEACHERS IN THE PEACE CORPS

As the first contingent of Peace Corps teachers returns to the U.S. this month, after a two-year tour of duty in countries around the world, SR presents a picture of the men and women who make up the corps, their accomplishments, and the conditions under which they have labored. The author is a Peace Corps press officer.

By MIKE EDWARDS

THE day after twenty-six Peace Corps volunteers arrived in Costa Rica last January, they were summoned to the office of that country's foreign minister, Licenciado Daniel Odouber Quiros.

He seated them in an elegantly appointed conference room and welcomed them with this challenging declaration: "You have an opportunity to participate in the greatest social revolution of all time."

His sobering greeting was not merely a reference to Costa Rica's own considerable achievements. Licenciado Odouber had in mind the world-wide quest of all peoples who have been denied the fruits of the twentieth century.

The volunteers the Peace Corps sent to Costa Rica are teachers. They will spend twenty-one months in secondary school classrooms there. If, at the completion of their service, they have fulfilled the goals Congress established for the Peace Corps in 1961, they will have furnished manpower needed by the country to further its development, given Costa Ricans a better knowledge of Americans, and learned something themselves about another people.

Today Peace Corps files bulge with testimonials to the value of volunteers in overseas classrooms. But there may not be a better estimate of their significance than Licenciado Odouber's.

The Peace Corps is more than half teacher, and in a sense it is all teacher. About 60 per cent of its 5,000 volunteers spend most of their time in a classroom situation. But because the Peace Corps is an educational undertaking in its broadest sense, all of its volunteers—the engineers, the nurses, the social workers, the agricultural extensionists, the machinery mechanics, the community developers, the nutritionists—are both doers in that they furnish manpower, and teachers in that they show how.

In classrooms throughout the developing free world, volunteers are teaching virtually every subject taught in the school system of a good-sized American city. This summer, for example, the Peace Corps is training volunteers to teach grammar and literature in Senegal, French in Sierra Leone, science in Turkey, chemistry in Nigeria, sociology in Liberia, geography in Malaya, business administration in Gabon, commercial education in Ethiopia, economics in Pakistan, vocational subjects in St. Lucia, English in Ch[illegible] mathematics in Bolivia. The volunteers will also work in teacher education in Thailand and in adult education in Brazil.

The need for these volunteers in the developing world is obvious. Some

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nations' school systems are years away from modern standards. Other nations, newly freed from colonial rule, have [illegible] trained manpower to summon into the educational field. Some nations hope to make progress in a special area, such as vocational education; other new nations feel that establishing a sound educational system is the first natural order of business. Consequently, there is a global need for talent able to communicate knowledge and stimulate thought in classrooms. Compared to the situation in many nations, the American teacher shortage is a feast rather than a famine.

This lack of teaching talent, and the attendant thirst for what it can provide, create for the Peace Corps volunteer one of the most exciting jobs in education today. A volunteer teaching in Ghana caught some of that excitement in a letter to Peace Corps headquarters. "If any of you in a speech mention that the chief problem (of volunteers) is boredom, you are all out of your minds," he said. "It is, instead, deciding which twenty things you want to do most."

A volunteer teacher in the Philippines felt the same excitement—but in another way—after the arrival of a footlocker of books that the Peace Corps provides for its members. "I am certain this is one of the happiest households in the Philippines tonight," she wrote. The books had come that afternoon, just before the customary after-school arrival of Filipino students who use her small library.

The new books were spread out on the living room floor, the volunteer wrote, "and some of the students heard me oohing and aahing. Their curiosity was aroused, and they peeped around the corner of the library door. When they saw the books, their faces lit up like firecrackers on the Fourth. . . . They flocked into the living room, sprawled themselves out on the abaca rug, and read. . . . I got the biggest kick out of one girl. She actually sat down and picked up each book and smelled it."

Africa—where only 16 per cent of the eligible youth are enrolled in primary and secondary schools—has used the most Peace Corps teachers thus far. The Peace Corps has put more than 1,200 in fourteen nations of that continent. It is not by sheer weight of numbers that the Peace Corps hopes to relieve educational needs abroad, but the near nonexistence of qualified teachers in many nations makes this the case. In Sierra Leone, the arrival of ninety Peace Corps teachers increased by a fourth the number of secondary teachers present for duty. The volunteers increased by half the number of secondary teachers equipped with so much as one college degree. There are forty secondary schools in Sierra Leone. Volunteers teach in thirty-five. In Ethiopia, the opportunities for secondary school enrollent doubled with the arrival of 275 volunteer teachers. Volunteers have tripled the number of degree-holding teachers in Liberia. More than a third of the teachers in Nyasaland are volunteers.

These heavy injections of teaching talent were administered in response to requests from the countries themselves—the surest indication of the importance these nations attach to the improvement of educational opportunity. The Peace Corps provides teachers or any other volunteers, for that matter, only when a foreign government asks for them. But as Richard Ware, a Peace Corps African programs officer, observed: "Everybody wants teachers. They just do not have enough."

While Africa offers the more dramatic examples of Peace Corps impact on education, volunteer teachers are doing important work elsewhere. Physical educators teach in Malaya, university teachers in Colombia and Venezuela, secondary teachers in Ceylon, Nepal, Pakistan and Turkey, to name a few.

As the Peace Corps expands—the number of personnel will rise toward 9,000 by the end of 1963—emphasis on education will continue. Africa will continue to use the greatest number of teachers, but more will be sent to Latin America, in line with the Peace Corps' announced intention to concentrate on that area.

Who are these Americans who go abroad to teach? The stereotype is of a young Ivy Leaguer in a button-down shirt, diploma in one hand and guitar in the other. But it is only a stereotype. There is no "average" Peace Corps volunteer.

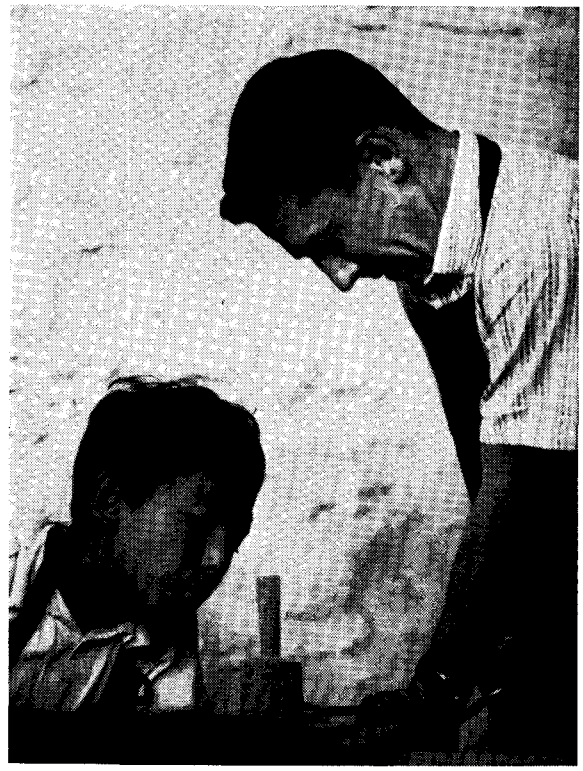
They come from all fifty states, Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, and the Canal Zone. California has furnished more than any other state. Fourteen per cent of all volunteers abroad at the end of March were Californians, prompting one Peace Corps official to speculate that there is something in the water out there that makes Californians receptive to the idea of voluntary service. [The South has furnished comparatively few, but the number is increasing.]

State university campuses have been fertile hunting grounds for Peace Corps recruiters. A team of Washington officials went to the University of Wisconsin this spring to try out a new recruiting technique for explaining the opportunities to would-be applicants. They returned to Washington with 425 completed aptitude tests. (The test, a questionnaire, reference checks, and a Civil Service background investigation are the tools with which the Peace Corps chooses from among those who offer themselves—50,000 thus far. Actual selection continues in the training period, during which about 15 per cent are eliminated.)

For the most part, volunteer teachers are in their mid-twenties. But teaching is an ideal area for utilization of senior citizens, and a number of retired teachers are working abroad now. Two from California, aged sixty-six and sixty-seven, are teaching in Dire Dawa, Ethiopia, whose most famous citizen is Haile Selassie.

The Peace Corps has been accused of "raiding" the American teacher pool, but only a fourth of the volunteers now teaching abroad were doing so at home. The rest began work armed with a bachelor's degree, an intensive Peace Corps training course, horse sense and a desire to do this work.

Among the thirty-four volunteer teachers sent to British Honduras last year were a former professional base-



Bertold K. Puchtler of Vestal, N.Y., teaches English and manual training in rural Nepal.

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ball player from California, a 4-H scholarship winner from Maryland who majored in home economics, a chemical engineer from St. Louis, and an employee of a California Better Business Bureau. A strange assortment of teachers, to be sure. But in foreign classrooms, an inexperienced teacher is a lot better than none, so long as he knows his subject. And this, rather than professional background, is the criterion the Peace Corps has used in placing inexperienced volunteers in classrooms.

In British Honduras, the former baseball player who earned a B.S. at California is teaching commercial subjects. The 4-H scholarship winner, who had done some substitute high school teaching, is teaching home economics.

Just as there is no "average" volunteer, there is no "average" working condition abroad.

Books are in such short supply in Africa that Peace Corps Director Sargent Shriver has asked publishers and others to donate a million texts—500 to back up each of the 2,000 volunteers who will be teaching there by the end of the year. Visual aids are as scarce. "A picture is worth a thousand words," a volunteer in Ghana wrote home, "as the student has little background in most fields. You can't just talk about a tunnel to those who have never seen one. You must show it to them."

Such shortages naturally slow learning. Volunteers have been known to spend several days explaining something, only to have students ask the same questions the next week.

Teaching in a foreign language is a challenge to many, but teaching in English can be, too. American English is "different" say Filipino students who are accustomed to hearing localized versions of it.

From one African nation, a Peace Corps official recently wrote this description of the conditions under which a dozen adult educators, then in training, would teach: "Volunteers typically will teach in a one-room school with about fifty women seated and standing. If seated, they will be two to a table, facing the teacher's table and blackboard. Babies and children will wander about the room, along with occasional goats, chickens, etc . . ." But this is not "average." Other volunteers work in modern university buildings, with adequate facilities and texts.

The volunteer's living allowance ($40 to $160 a month, depending on the country) is intended to support him at the level at which a local teacher lives. But while his life may be more basic than it was at home, it usually is quite comfortable, especially in the cities. Not long ago a volunteer in Accra startled an interviewer who pictured all volunteers as living in jungles by declaring: "I've been in Ghana fourteen months and I've never even seen the inside of a mud hut." But many volunteers have. Others have had daily diet of rice and beans in La America and have traveled by bicycl and dugout canoe in parts of Asia where roads are paths and rivers.

These basic conditions, instead of repelling the volunteer, seem to charm him. As a general rule, those who work in the "bush" are happier than those in the cities, and are rather envied by their urban-based teammates. "Somebody had better point out," one volunteer warned Washington, "that riding a bus in Borneo is just about as exciting as riding a bus in Middleburg, U.S.A."

If these volunteers have anything in common, it is a feeling of occupational frustration, most frequently induced by the inability to see results of their work.

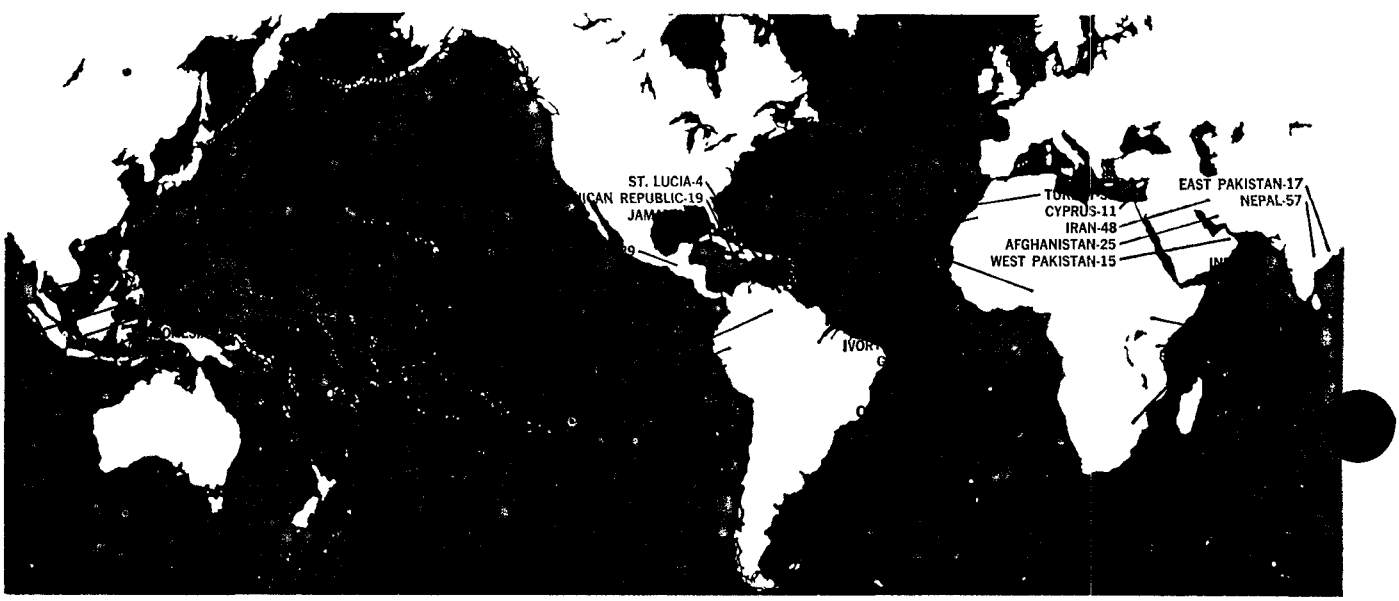
The Peace Corps' Division of Research, which is concerned with such things, finds this feeling usually is overcome after the first six months on the job. By then the volunteers usually are able to measure their accomplishments by the attitudes and motivations they instill.

A teacher in the Philippines dissolved her feelings of occupational frustration with this simple reasoning: "The important thing that we are d ing is not that which can be measur with a camera. People in other projects

(*Continued on page* 59)

Where Peace Corps Teachers Are

(With the number in each country, March 31, 1963.)



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AMERICA'S FIRST PEACE CORPS

By WILLIS P. PORTER, *Professor of Education, Indiana University.*

TODAY'S Peace Corps is not the unique adventure in American diplomacy that most of us believe. More than sixty years ago a group of young Americans sailed for the Philippines on a similar mission. They had volunteered to serve as teachers in the recently occupied Islands but found that their responsibilities in many isolated communities extended far beyond the classroom. They lacked the official and professional support of the present Peace Corps, operated under far greater handicaps, and enjoyed little or no publicity. But they achieved much, and the effects of their dedicated efforts are still being felt in the Pacific.

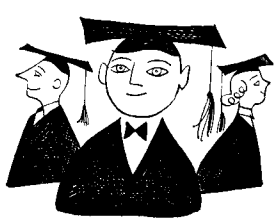
The first group of 600, the vanguard of thousands of American teachers who served in the Philippines between 1901 and 1933, sailed from San Francisco in July 1901. They were graduates of ninety-two colleges and normal schools in all parts of the country; ten of them had seen military service in the Islands; most of them had little if any teaching experience. They and the thousands who followed became known throughout the Philippines as the "Thomasites," after the transport Thomas, a converted cattle cruiser, on which they sailed. A grateful country that received their services continues to refer to them with affection, while the country that sent them forth has let them remain unsung and unknown.

The smoke had hardly cleared from the Battle of Manila Bay when the American army of occupation set the stage for this first peace corps. Less than three weeks after the Army took over Manila in 1898, seven schools were opened under the supervision of Army Chaplain Father W. D. McKinnon. In 1900, responsibility for education in the Islands was assigned to Dr. Fred W. Atkinson, a New Englander appointed by President Taft, who spent the next year developing plans for the establishment of a full-scale system of public education. It was his call for teachers that brought the first band of young Americans to man the Islands' schools.

The expedition which began in 1901 was one of the most remarkable efforts ever undertaken by a nonmilitary group. Never before had a country sent out an army such as this. Its members had no desire for exploitation, no urge for spectacular heroism, no dreams of personal gain. They had nothing but a spirit of service which impelled them to take a 10,000 mile journey to a land almost completely unknown to them. And their task was that of bridging the chasm between people who neither knew nor understood the underlying principles of our civilization, yet were destined to become a part of it. For the American teachers this meant learning how to live in an alien culture under strange conditions, how to call upon untested resources within themselves, how to perform duties hardly dreamed of as responsibilities of the teaching profession, how to develop an understanding of the hopes and aspirations of a people unknown to them.

UPON arrival in the Philippines, most of them were assigned to distant towns throughout the archipelago. They had no military protection, nor were there medical facilities to give them treatment when needed. Of the twenty-seven who died during their first twenty months in the Islands, cholera claimed seven, smallpox three, dysentery three and diphtheria one. Six were killed by bands of outlaws in the mountains. Mail facilities were poor with frequent delays in letters from home. Meager salary checks were delayed for weeks. One teacher was entirely forgotten for a whole year. When he was rediscovered, he had a ream of chits from the only Chinese store in his community. In one garrisoned community a hard boiled colonel came to the rescue of the teachers by defying orders from Washington not to give canteen privileges to civilians. The colonel said, "Under the Articles of War, the army canteen is open to Americans in distress; I consider these teachers as Americans in distress and they can continue to have commissary privileges."

Many of the teachers began instruction in their homes while their schools were being constructed. Many more worked with the Filipinos in constructing their schools. As teachers, they were on duty only a few hours each day, but they were also diplomats and as such were on continuous duty. Every interest of the United States was their concern and they took seriously the obligation to arouse and sustain the qualities of citizenship on the part of the people with whom they worked.



As teachers, these pioneers ministered to the minds of children and adults, but in times of epidemics of cholera and smallpox, they ministered to their bodies as well. In many communities there were no medical services of any kind. With no knowledge of medicine but with some understanding of the relationship between sanitation and health, these teachers accomplished wonders in preventing and restricting the spread of disease. Many refused to take their vacations in order to stay in their communities to help the people whom they had learned to admire. In their devotion to a cause beyond their assigned responsibility, they showed a nobility of spirit, a devotion to service, a steadfastness and bravery of soul which won for them and for the cause of freedom the undying loyalty of the Filipino people.

PERHAPS in no way was this loyalty better demonstrated than to the thousands of Americans who became prisoners of the Japanese in 1941. Miss Elvessa Ann Stewart, who returned from the Philippine school system in 1958, after forty-five years of service, is one of the survivors of that ordeal. At her home in Trenton, Nebraska, Miss Stewart recalls how her life—and the lives of many of her colleagues—were saved by Filipino friends who smuggled food to them at great personal risk.

Sixty years ago members of this earlier Peace Corps answered the call of their government for service in a foreign land in the same manner as youth today is heeding the call to service in a corps that is taking them to far-flung parts of the globe. These earlier volunteers endured many hardships in their assignments. That so many of them met the test of trying circumstances augured well for the success of the educational system that they were establishing. It should inspire confidence in the ability of today's youth to measure up to the high hopes of the Peace Corps concept.

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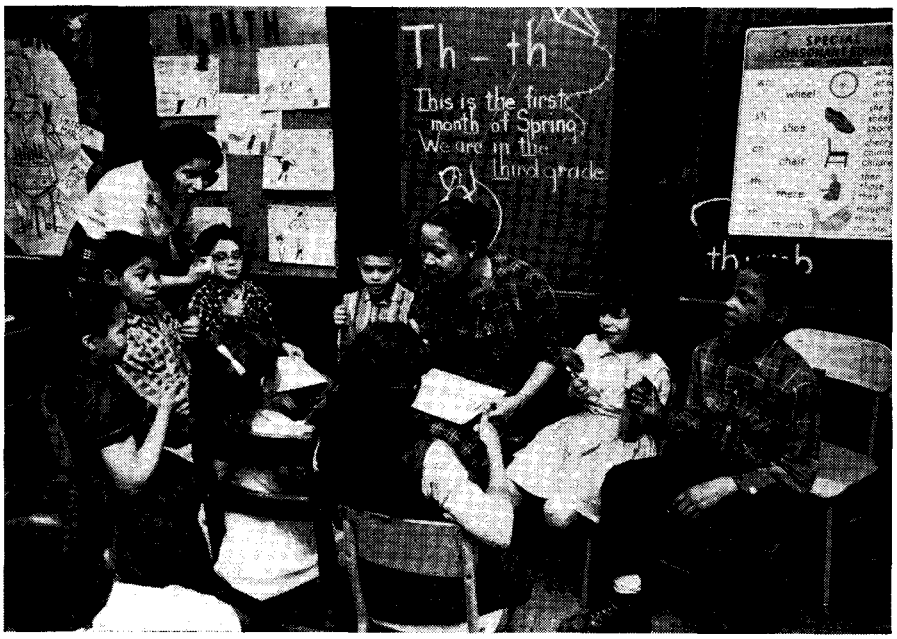
Language and the Dignity of Youth

Throughout the country there are thousands of youngsters whose language, customs, and standards are different from those prevailing in the schools they attend. Charles Calitri, who is a novelist and professor of education at Hofstra University, describes the problem of drawing these children into the mainstream of national life without destroying their own cultural distinctiveness.

By CHARLES J. CALITRI



—*Arthur Leipzig*

"To what extent should we encourage difference?"

NOT too many months ago a group of Puerto Rican boys were sitting at a table in a corner of a New York City high school cafeteria, discussing Cuba's Castro. At another table, nearby, but somehow distantly separated, other boys of other origins looked across, some annoyed, some sneering, some hostile. "What's the monkey talk for? Why don't they use English?"

And why not? Since they had first come to school, those Puerto Ricans had been admonished daily by their teachers to speak in English, otherwise they would "never learn the language."

Somewhere else, in another school, perhaps in another cafeteria, a group of Negro youth were speaking a strange kind of *jive,* that mysterious new language built upon some of the roots and forms used by Negroes more than a century ago, and updated with musical terms and common words carrying hidden meanings.

And in a hotel in Salzburg, three men sat at a table speaking Swiss-German, and the German patrons listened, catching a word now and then and being trapped into thinking they knew what was being said only to discover that somehow understanding was evading them. And the Swiss gentlemen smiled gently to one another, because their language is also a deliberate attempt to exclude outsiders.

Wherever there is a congregation of people, isolated for one reason or another from the main culture, language seems to become a weapon and a wall, a bulwark for the preservation of dignity and self. It does not begin that way. Language starts with the need of men to go beyond the communion of existence, where eyes and nose and skin are sufficient to carry identifying messages to the brain so that a man knows where he is and what he feels. Language begins out of a necessity to express what is inside the self and to communicate it to someone outside the self. And when there are many men living in the same time and place, who by their living together are forced to share burdens, to witness experiences in concert, to react to outer dangers as a group, language becomes the means of survival. Further developed, it becomes an art form of a people, by which they reveal to one another, and ultimately to succeeding generations, whatever secret and irrepressible emotions and ideas have come to be out of the activity of nerves and glands and brain.

IT is here that language becomes the personal property of the individual, and of the group of men and women, setting them aside as persons and as people. And because language does belong to a man, we dare not take it away. We may not demand that it be supplanted with another language, nor be suppressed, nor ridicule it. Those are destructive ways.

One of the dangerous by-products of the attempt to raise the "cultural" and educational levels of those who are different is that, in the desire to make them over, our teachers strip them of dignity, of individuality and self. Rather should we respect the native language as part of the human being, and perhaps ask that our language be added. But such a reversal of method will occur only if the reasons for it are understood and accepted.

When the Swiss gentlemen resort to their Swiss-German, they do so not only because they are more comfortable in that tongue, for these are a trilingual people from childhood on, having been taught French, Italian, and German in their schools, and having spoken all three, or at least two of the three, in their homes. It is because they sense that the possession of a language that they do not have to share with outsiders sets them apart, gives them characteristics which are individual and uncommon and belong to them alone. The language of a minority group has the same relationship to the establishment of a sense of self as the identifying club jacket has for the teen-age club or gang.

WHEN Spanish-speaking youths from Puerto Rico or Mexico defy the strictures of their teachers and the scornful glances of their non-Spanish schoolmates, saying, "Why should I learn English? My language is Spanish," and when the Puerto Rican goes further, saying, "Besides, I am an American citizen as much as you are," what are they saying to us? What feelings have been ruffled, what deep emotions irritated, what beliefs challenged, and

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what inner sense of dignity insulted? Because that is what has happened. We, the native-to-these-streets group, have somehow held ourselves higher than the newcomers. We have made them understand not that we welcome them as they are, whatever they are, but that we wish to make them over, in order that they may become like us.

The Puerto Rican islands in Manhattan, the Mexican sections of California and the Southwest, the Negro Harlems of all our big cities in the North and Midwest, the three main rivers of our migrations, running up and down the two shores and the center line of our nation, following ripening crops, are not much different from the Delancey Street ghettos and the Little Italys and the Irish Hooks of our nineteenth century. All exist because people who understand each other's ways hold themselves together against other people who would either cast them out, or wall them in, or absorb them, eat them up with *Assimilation* and *Americanization*. People do not want to be Americanized in the same way that they can be atomized. And they do not want to feel that they must develop cultural tastes and abilities and habits to replace what they already have.

How rigid we are, we of the educated American middle class? We make Carol Kennicotts of all those who come to our Main Streets, or else we impose the costume and the makeup of our little stages upon all the young actors who come to play with us, pushing them into a faceless chorus line.

We tell them they must speak as we do, read as we do, follow our customs and adopt our moral values. We attempt to impose our music and art upon them and insist that they admire our technology as if the very differences that make them what they are, individuals in their own right, make them lesser than we, instead of only different.

The problem then is not only one of language, but of socialization, and, beyond that, a problem of values and philosophy.

How far shall we go with the announced educational ideal of creating a citizenry of well-rounded men and women? How round shall we make them —turn them into marbles? How far shall we push to achieve the images of excellence we have before our eyes? How profitable must their leisure be? Or do we forget that if it is profitable and purposeful, it is no longer leisure but work?)

On the other hand, to what extent shall we encourage difference? How far shall we go in providing an atmosphere in which the eccentricities and particularities of each human being may be developed for whatever purposes impel him? How strongly shall we adhere to the concept that a man's life belongs to him alone and that he alone can determine how it shall be lived, setting up only the proviso that he not interfere with or harm any other person in the living of it?

Perhaps it is one of the elements in the nature of man that he must feel the superiority of his way over all others, or else consider himself inferior. Perhaps it is programmed into the ambivalent ego of man which sees itself both superior and inferior at the same time, that we must hold tightly to what we are and try to change those over whom we have domination, whether it be a domination of teacher over student, or by weight of majority numbers, or through length of time lived in a neighborhood. In any case, that seems to be the attitude with which we come to the question of what to do with those who are not like us.

But if that sense of self is in us, it is also in those who are culturally different, and it is the cause of difficulty, because that very knowledge of being numerically inferior, or newer to a place, or less affluent, or lower on a social scale, inspires a battery of defenses designed to protect the ego itself. Man finds it very difficult to admit that there are other men who stand above him. If we discount those who have been born and grown in slavery and to whom subservience is the way of the world, recognizing that in our Western cultures such abnegation has become abhorrent, we are faced with the poor man who says that the rich cannot be happy with his wealth, and the illiterate who says that the egghead doesn't know which end is up when it comes to practical things. Even the man who has been forced by his heart attack and physicians to give up smoking says all those who smoke are idiots.

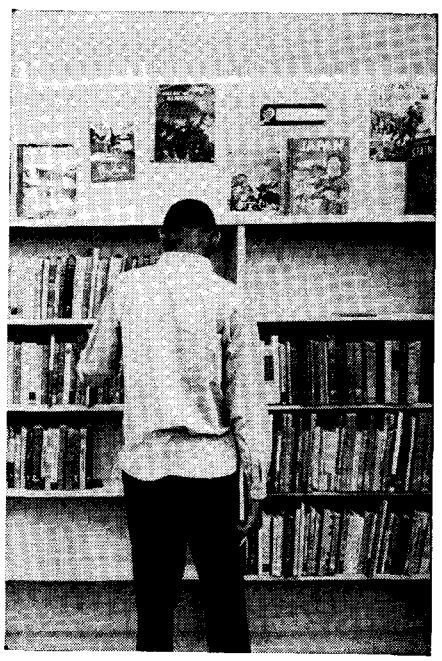
So those who are culturally different from the majority among whom they are forced to live, must resent and reject efforts which they suspect are directed toward making them change, if those efforts are accompanied by indications of disapproval and denigration. Unfortunately, with intentions that are sincere, humanitarian, and altruistic in the finest sense of those words, we who teach or are involved in education in any of a hundred ways, manage to demonstrate that we do not accept those who are different for what they are.

To speak of cultural differences means to be aware of differences in value systems, and it ought to be evident by now that I do not separate the culturally different only in terms of national, or migrational, or social scale. Teen-age children are culturally different from the adults who are their parents and their teachers. The problems that attend the concept of difference are universal. Difference leads to conflict, conflict leads to offense and defense, where the larger force is almost compelled by the nature of things to absorb the smaller force. And the lesser force is compelled to resist. It cannot permit itself to be assimilated out of existence without struggle.

Thus, what we mean by education, the leading away from whatever is, toward something new, becomes a battle joined until we are capable of seeing the process of learning and teaching as an interaction between groups rather than an action of one group imposed upon another.

THE child has a reality which is the life he is living. He has himself and the world outside of himself, which he takes in through his senses and refashions in his brain according to whatever has happened to past experiences and sensations when they become a part of his inner universe. If we would be effective in our school communication with him, then we must admit the reality of that self to our classrooms and hold it inviolate. We cannot present the child with a school world that is totally different from anything he knows and expect him to enter it in comfort. But where is there a reflection of the world in which he exists? What text-

(*Continued on page 61*)



"To be culturally different is not to be devoid of culture."

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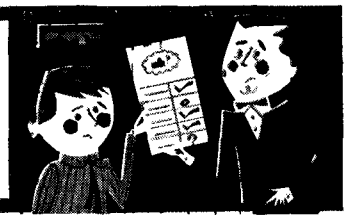
Report Card



SCHOOL DAYS IN SUMER. In the third millennium B.C., more than two thousand years before the birth of Socrates, there existed in the ancient land of Sumer a school system not too unlike our own. Samuel Noah Kramer, professor of Assyriology at the University of Pennsylvania, gives a fascinating description of it in his new book *The Sumerians* (University of Chicago Press. 355 pp. $7.95), including the following excerpt from a schoolboy's lament:

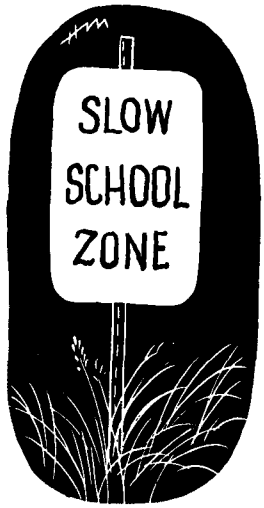
My headmaster read my tablet, said:
"There is something missing," caned me.
(There follow five unintelligible lines)
The fellow in charge of neatness (?) said:
"You loitered in the street and did not straighten up (?) your clothes (?)," caned me.
(There follow five unintelligible lines)
The fellow in charge of silence said:
"Why did you talk without permission," caned me.
The fellow in charge of the assembly (?) said:
"Why did you 'stand at ease (?)' without permission," caned me.
The fellow in charge of good behavior said:
"Why did you rise without permission," caned me.
The fellow in charge of the gate said:
"Why did you go out from (the gate) without permission," caned me.
The fellow in charge of Sumerian said:
"Why didn't you speak Sumerian," caned me.
My teacher (*ummia*) said:
"Your hand is unsatisfactory," caned me.
(And so) I (began to) hate the scribal art. . . .

BRITANNIA. The Educational Supplement of the *Times* of London recently published without comment the following entry from a list of notices by British students seeking pen friends in other parts of the world: "Terence A. Moss, 27, Arcadia Avenue, Brooklands, Sale, Cheshire, England. Interested in music, films, stamps. With girls from Iceland, Italy, Afghanistan, Philippines, Middle East, Albania, Africa, Central and South America, Australasia. In English."

THE RAREST GIFT. A student in Mrs. Ada Kirk's ninth-grade English class at the Cuero (Texas) High School ended a recent book report with this perceptive appraisal: "I think the author was a pretty good writer not to make the book no duller than it was."

"IT MEANS JUST WHAT I CHOOSE IT TO MEAN." Mr. G. T. Wilcox of Mentor, Ohio, has sent along to us a high school student's vocabulary list, which he found tucked away in a library book. Items:

- *Chagrin*—Mental distress caused by regret or disappointment. Noun. The chagrin of her husband made him grouchy.
- *Grimace*—A distortion of facial expression to show contempt or disapproval. Noun. The grimace he showed her gave away his feelings.
- *Phenomenon*—An exceptional or abnormal person, thing, or occurence. Noun. The phenomenon was the first the man ever saw.
- *Redress*—To correct a wrong. Verb. He redressed the paper before he turned it in to his teacher.
- *Semblance*—Outward appearance. Noun. Her semblance helped to get her the job.
- *Veritable*—Actual; honest. Adjective. The veritable story was very unbelievable.
- *Reft*—To take away something by force or seizure. Verb. They r[illegible] women's purses when the police are not near.
- *Impotence*--Weakness. Adjective. His impotence was his only trouble.



THE OLD FRONTIER. Following is an excerpt from a high school student's answer to a question in the Advance Placement examinations regarding the role of the frontier in American life:

"The frontier—a place of wilderness, sorrows, adventure, a place of beauty, tranquility, high mountains, broad plains, cool flowing spring water, ungrazed lands, virgin forests, free happiness. There was the place where 'the deer and the antelope play. Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the buffalo roam.'

"It is a beautiful dream to think of our frontier as providing our country back East with raw materials, metal for building up our cities and towns, precious metal to aid our economic system, surplus fertile land giving those Easterners more good wholesome and nourishing food than they could ever eat.

"With this broad stretch of land within our geographic domain, we w[illegible] powerful . . . rich, powerful, mighty. Here the politics of the nation were wavered and here many a politician met his downfall.

"But did our frontier aid to the growth of our Imperialism? Perhaps maybe, and in all probability it did. We couldn't get along without 'somewhere' to go to. Somewhere to talk about, dream about, go if things got too hard or harsh at home. Somewhere a man was free and a hero if he could survive. Thus our need and desire of such a place led to our Imperialistic nature and the grasping nation that always wanted more and more lands."

A THOUGHT FOR OUR TIME. Two months ago in this space we published an item spoofing the bombast that characterizes all too many commencement addresses. Now we are happy to present an example of the rare exception. It is from the address of President Leroy Martin of the University of Chattanooga, a previously all-white private institution which this year is admitting Negro students for the first time, and it was delivered to graduating seniors at the commencement exercises June [illegible] "As you go out into the world tod[illegible] you will have to face the problem of the white and the black. It is my hope that you will be part of the solution and not part of the problem."

—JOHN SCANLON.

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—German Information Center.

WEST GERMAN EDUCATION IN TRANSITION

SCHOOLS AT THE CROSSROADS

The educational system of West Germany has been undergoing a slow and painful metamorphosis since the end of World War II and the collapse of Hitler's Third Reich. In this and the accompanying article, two observers of the West German scene appraise some of the changes that have been made in the structure of the school system and in the textbooks used in history courses. Mr. Plant was born in Frankfort-am-Main, "suffered through eight years of its august, stuffy Goethe Gymnasium," received his degree in Basel, Switzerland, and currently teaches in the department of Germanic and Slavic languages at City College in New York. Mrs. Conant is the wife of James B. Conant, who was High Commissioner of West Germany from 1953 to 1955 and first U.S. Ambassador to the Federal Republic from 1955 to 1957. She has made several return trips since 1957, including three during the past year, and has many friends among West German educators.

By RICHARD PLANT

IN the summer of 1962, I had the chance to observe schools on every level in the West German Republic. I did not visit schools in every *Land* (the West German *Lander* are the equivalent of our states) but I was able to gather an over-all impression, from North to South, from West to the easternmost point of the Republic, West Berlin. Together with several American college and university professors, I sat in on classes, participated in question periods, and interviewed teachers, principals, officials of the states, officials of the Federal Government, and specialists from other European countries who were teaching their native language in West German schools. I talked to many people, not only to German students but also to students from underdeveloped countries such as Ghana, Turkey, and Egypt who were spending a study year in Germany.

From this visit, I carried away one unambiguous conclusion: a definite change has overtaken the schools of West Germany. The old, rigid, sometimes authoritarian pattern of education is slowly crumbling away, new ideas are being tried out and the classroom atmosphere has become more relaxed. Although there exists a vast gulf between the old and the new generation creating difficulties for both teachers and students, the educational transformation indicates that a healthier, more realistically democratic system may emerge from the agonizing transition.

To understand and appreciate the changes that have taken place in West German schools since the end of the war, however, it is necessary to have some idea of the structure of German education. From the age of six to fourteen, German children must attend the *Volksschule*, the equivalent of our elementary school. No fees are paid, schoolbooks are purchased for a nominal sum, and the majority of pupils never venture any further. This means that the average boy quits at about fourteen or fifteen. If a pupil fails in a majority of his subjects, he must repeat the class. During these early years, the pupils have little choice of alternate subjects. They meet every day, taking all basic subjects together; if someone reveals a natural gift for, let us say, mathematics, he cannot jump into a higher grade. (The "Radical School Reformers" are urging that students with particular talent for a particular subject should be allowed to advance faster.)

After three years, the gifted pupils, or those whose parents are ambitious

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for them, transfer to what is called a *Gymnasium* (*Lycee* in France) which comprises all grades of high school plus the first two to three semesters of college. This means that the *Gymnasium* pupils are about eighteen years old when they pass their dreaded *Abitur,* a pretty stringent final test consisting of several essay papers plus questions to be answered in writing, and a lengthy oral examination. One might say that an *Arbitur* graduate with a "B" average has covered as much subject matter as the holder of a bachelor's degree from an average American college. At the apex of the educational pyramid is the University, which offers graduate and professional training.

THE character of the *Gymnasium* has definitely been altered in recent years. The Weimar Republic, always under attack by obstinate traditionalists, succeeded in establishing one new model and kept the time-honored classical *Gymnasium* as the mainstay of the secondary school structure. The classical *Gymnasium,* still considered valuable today, features long years of Latin and Greek, one foreign language, not too much natural science. The new type, created after World War I, might be labeled Modern Language *Gymnasium.* Here, the pupils wrestle with two modern languages but are exposed to less Latin and Greek. This seems the most popular *Gymnasium* model today. Furthermore, a boy gifted in math or physics but eager to belong to the "elite" can register at a third school, the "Math-Science" *Gymnasium* which still offers the old and two new languages but puts the emphasis on the natural sciences. Contrary to expectations, this type has not become the favorite of today's young people who otherwise display more enthusiasm for the natural sciences—so useful for well-paying positions—than for the humanities.

In rural districts, providing, as everywhere, fewer educational possibilities, there has been set up another type, the *Aufbauschulen,* build-up schools. These offer youngsters the chance to enter at least the lower ranks of the *Gymnasium* so that when transferring later on, they won't run up against stiff obstacles. Oddly enough, despite ever-increasing pressure from parents and the enormous prestige connected with a *Gymnasium* education, the majority of girls and a substantial percentage of boys prefer to attend still another school, an intermediate school, the *Mittelschule,* formerly called *Realschule.* There they are prepared for the medium level of careers in business, technical, administrative, and civil service jobs. These institutions are not really vocational schools but specialized high schools. (Everywhere, by the way, one foreign language is required, usually four to five years. English is favored over French.)

Up to the 1950s parents and their children faced a most painful decision in the fifth grade. Should the pupil transfer to a *Gymnasium* or to a *Mittelschule*? Or should he simply stay on and perhaps later study in one of the specialized vocational schools? *Gymnasium* affords access to the university, to the professions, to most well-paying jobs, and it means prestige. To attend a university marks a young man as definitely belonging to a certain elite. To be forced to a decision at that early a stage was always considered unfair and caused much resentment. Frequently, a boy in the fifth grade was certain he could not brave the rigors of a higher education. By the time he was fifteen, however, he often changed his mind, and then it was too late. In addition, parents in the lower income brackets often preferred to send their boy to a *Mittelschule* and from there to a vocational school so that he could earn while learning. If they had second thoughts afterwards, there was nothing they could do. Today, all states have introduced something quite revolutionary—the so-called Second Avenue of Education, the *Zweite Bildungsweg.* It means this: If a boy decides in, let us say, the ninth grade that he still would like to try for secondary education and, possibly the university, he can take special courses and then transfer. The years in which he attempts this are labeled make-up years, *Nacholejahre.* Quite a number of boys, mostly from middle and lower income groups, are using this Second Avenue of Education today. In the vocational schools, too, a revolution has taken place which is gradually destroying the old social order.

UNTIL a few years ago, a West German boy who wanted to be an electrician, for example, had to start as an apprentice—a lengthy, arduous task requiring four to five years. We still find apprentices in 1963, but not as many, and they are not the meek, Dickensian types of the bad old days. The master electricians are willing to hire a well-trained youngster who has been graduated from a vocational school. Once he has been hired, the boy's education is by no means over. He must attend vocational school at least two nights a week. Some states make it obligatory for the employer to give the boy at the end of this period one or two paid days off every week on which to finish his education. After this, the more ambitious boys frequently attend an advanced vocational school (*Fachschule*) which, after three or four years, will grant him a special certificate. As if this were not enough to shock the traditionalists, another Second Avenue of Education was established in 1959. A graduate of an advanced vocational *Fachschule* with a "B" average is now allowed to enter a university. He may first have to attend a few transitional classes, *Uebergangsklassen,* because during his checkered career he might have missed civics or modern history, but these are minor obstacles.

What all this means is as simple as it is unprecedented. The ancient class structure of Germany, which the Weimar Republic had not been able to abolish, is in a slow process of disintegration. A boy from, let us say, Frankfurt, whose father was a carpenter didn't used to have much of a chance. If he was bright, he might win a fellowship to a *Gymnasium* but most of the time he wouldn't even try. He didn't want to be snubbed by the boys whose parents (and grandparents) had attended the old school. He "knew his place." Today, to start with the obvious, Papa carpenter earns a good salary, just as in the U.S.A. He is also convinced that his son deserves the best. (Some parents, by the way, don't want their children to move upward, and the boys simply don't care. They crave a job, money, a car, dressy clothes, and all the luxuries they can get.)

FURTHERMORE, the composition of a class in the *Gymnasium* has changed in two respects. First, quite a few of the so-called old families have disappeared. The choas of the years under Hitler and after the war have reduced, uprooted, or killed them, or they have moved to another town. Today, few *Gymnasiasten* tell you they are going to their father's school. Second, nearly every town in West Germany harbors many refugees from the East and other nearby cities that were bombed out. Also, it happens more and more often that someone with a special skill is willing to migrate to a better-paying job. Does this sound too trite to be listed? It is quite an innovation. Those familiar with the older Central European pattern will realize that it is truly revolutionary. In earlier times, a skilled worker or physician would rarely move from Frankfurt to Hamburg simply because Hamburg promised more money. We in America are intrinsically nomadic, as every sociologist worth his de Tocqueville has emphasized. To someone like me, grown up in the old pattern, it came as a

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shock—at second thought, an agreeable shock—to hear that in Hannover, for [illegible]ple, over half the people living [illegible]working there are not natives. For our carpenter's son this means there will be no privileged clique to snub him, should he try for the *Gymnasium*. The Second Avenue of Education must be called a major breakthrough. What has happened—to put it in more general terms—is a loosening up, a relaxing of the time-honored, tight social stratification, a lessening of the rigidity that characterized the school system before. Whether this will usher in a more democratic over-all mentality, only the next decade can tell.

Since 1945, a determined effort has been made in West Germany to balance local power against federal power, to achieve a certain unity of the educational edifice without killing what was different or experimental. The aversion to an over-centralized system probably stems from the years under Hitler, who tried to encage all schools in a swastika-decorated prison. The reorganization had to start at the bottom. By 1945, the German school system had completely broken down. In many regions, the children couldn't find their schools any more, because [illegible] buildings had been reduced to [illegible]ble. The younger and middle-aged [illegible]tructors had been drafted while the old ones, forced back from retirement, appeared only fitfully and often didn't master their subjects. Paper, pencils and books had vanished, and the Nazi curriculum had gone up in flames.

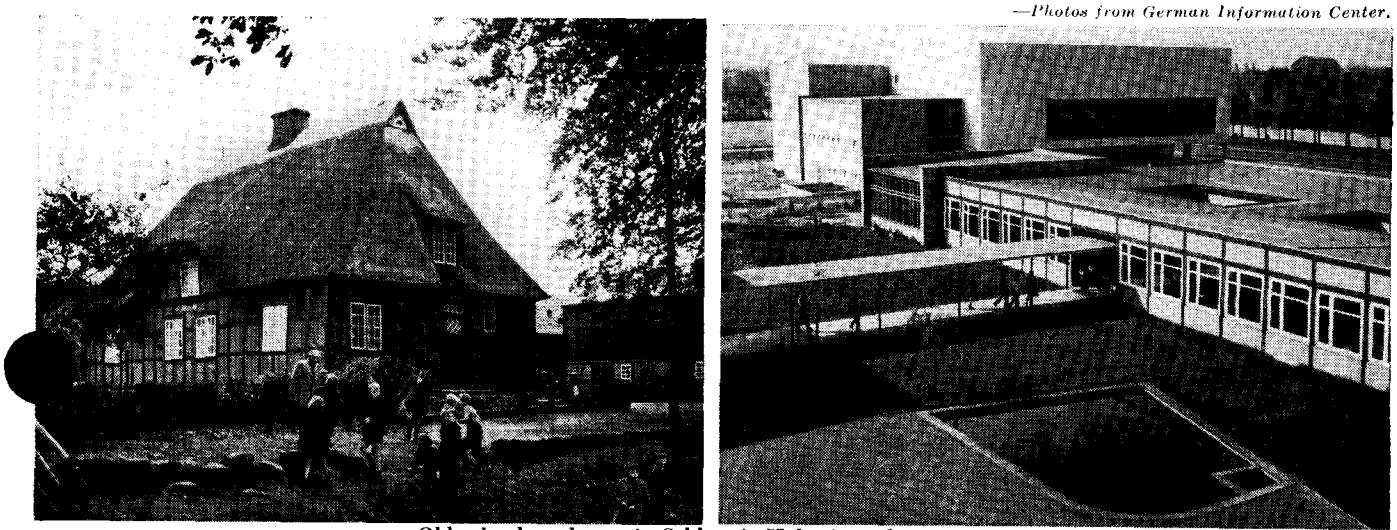
With painful slowness, a new educational system came into existence, over which the states kept most of the executive power. In Bonn, a "Permanent Conference of Ministers of Education" was installed for the purpose of adopting resolutions valid for all states. These resolutions later had to be submitted to the state legislatures for approval. After months of hard work, certain fundamentals were pushed through which enabled the new organism to breathe some fresh air. The agreements unified the extension of the school year and the length of summer vacations, established standards for final grades valid in schools of all states and standards for end-certificates such as *Abitur*, and introduced one foreign language as optional for elementary schools, with a second one required at *Gymnasium* and *Mittelschule*.

Step by step, the Conference began to formulate principles of political education (the equivalent of our civics). This was one of the more momentous decisions to make in a country flooded for years with monotonous ideological propaganda and wary of any form of political indoctrination. Some states made kindergarten part of the free elementary school. Following American precepts, the Conference also recommended psychological and guidance tests to be introduced on several levels. (This has not been accomplished everywhere. But it is ironic; now that we in the United States are beginning to doubt the absolute wisdom and justice of placement and other psychological tests, the West Germans have started a craze for them.) Teacher training schools were set up and the certificates granted elementary teachers were unified up to a point; at the same time, the states agreed on fundamental requirements for *Gymnasium* teachers who in contrast to elementary and intermediate ones receive their training at the universities. Finally, something else began to happen, something harder to assess and put into words: the ancient authoritarian pattern of classroom instruction gradually began to give way to more flexible techniques. The pupils are encouraged to ask questions and, miracle of miracles, they do not receive punishment for contradicting a teacher. Compared to the classes my friends and I attended under the Weimar Republic, the atmosphere is more relaxed; the black ghost of fear seems to have vanished. We used to live in sweaty dread of certain professors. Now, the children obviously enjoy their instruction, particularly the English lessons given by younger teachers. English is taught in English, often by a man who has spent some time in England and speaks with an English accent. The children demonstrate no sullenness, no hostility.

I came to the conclusion that many teachers have discovered the right compromise between the strictness of the earlier Germany and the permissiveness that characterizes many American schools. You never hear stories of *Halbstarke* (aggressive juvenile boys) attacking an instructor. However, I must introduce one modification, and I believe a decisive one. There exists a sharp split between the generations. The few older teachers I observed during my trip still revealed traces of the former paternalistic pattern. The younger instructors, those who had come to maturity after the collapse of the Third Reich, appeared to belong to another tribe. They reminded me of the young intellectuals everywhere in Europe and seemed to resemble their British colleagues in bearing and attitude. (This abyss between the two generations is noticeable throughout West Germany. Fathers and sons don't seem to live in the same world.) The older teachers are uneasy in this era of Volkswagen, prosperity, jazz, German-dubbed Westerns and Instant English. Some may feel guilty for the horrors of the Hitler epoch even if they themselves did not participate. Many of the young teachers have not only studied in other countries, they have become international-minded and, in addition, seem to be able to change

(*Continued on page* 62)

—*Photos from German Information Center.*



Old schools and new in Schleswig-Holstein and Hannover.

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German Textbooks and the Nazi Past

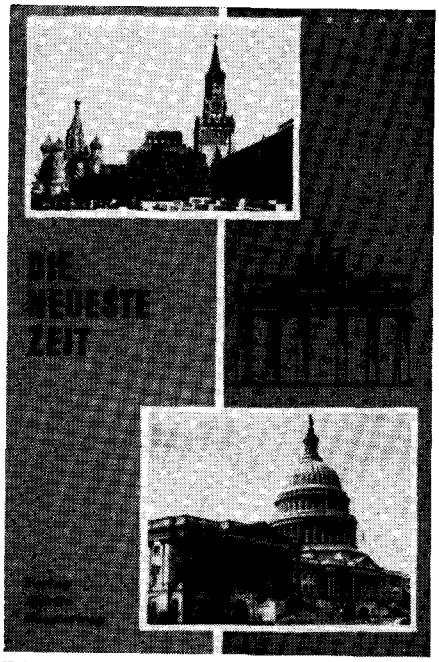
By GRACE RICHARDS CONANT

IS postwar Germany still Nazi at heart? What about the younger generation?

The flood of anti-Nazi books and films displayed in this country in the last few years, the horrors of the Eichmann trial, and the recent uproar over the mishandling of the *Spiegel* case have all tended to revive in the minds of many people the Nazi image as the image of Germany. Many recent articles, including Hannah Arendt's series and book on Eichmann, imply that the Germans are still "innocent" of any sincere condemnation of Nazism. Communist propaganda, particularly the vitriolic brand issuing from East Germany, continually repeats that the Federal Republic is a nest of unreconstructed Nazis, Nazi sympathizers, and militarists. It is charged that West German youth is being brought up to admire Nazi ideals. Voices echoing this charge are to be heard also in the United States.

A recent article by Professor Mark M. Krug of the University of Chicago reviewing some school history textbooks used in East and West Germany, emphasizes the writer's "doubts about Germany's repentance." After quoting passages from four books used in the Federal Republic he observes, "One would have preferred to be able to state that the West German textbooks treat the shameful record of Nazi brutality and murder in a reasonably objective manner." Whoever will take the trouble to read the four West German school books reviewed by Professor Krug will discover passages which for some strange reason this professor of education was unable to find. The curious reader seeking "objectivity" may be interested in one of them:

> "The Second World War brought death and destruction, misery and privation to humanity to an unimaginable extent. It was brought on by Germany. Germans wreaked violence and murder on millions of defenseless human beings. The madness of their will to power sacrificed or senselessly destroyed immeasurable values. It will be infinitely difficult to purge ourselves of this guilt in the face of humanity. It will only be possible if each individual recognizes his personal responsibility and contributes of his own accord to the building up of a better world." (*Deutsche Geschichte im europäischen Zusammenhang*, Müller-Schantz, 1959.)



Die Neueste Zeit, recommended by seven of the West German state governments.

What has been done by the Germans themselves to tell young people the truth about their country's past?

Immediately after the war the task of recovery from economic prostration and total defeat took precedence over everything else. The needed revision of school texts, proposed as early as 1947 by the German Teachers' organization, proceeded slowly at first. Publishers continued to unload their stocks; access to information and recent research was difficult for German teachers and scholars. The defensive inhibitions of parents and the public made their task harder. Some felt that innocent children should be spared the knowledge of brutal facts. The painful shock of the epidemic of swastika-smearing in 1959 awakened many parents and educators to the urgent need that the young generation must be informed in merciless detail about Nazi crimes. Since then a remarkable improvement has taken place. In February 1960, the Conference of Education Ministers of the West German states made the study of recent history (*Zeitgeschichte*) mandatory in all types of schools. For a European country this is a revolutionary step. The general practice in Europe has been to concentrate on the distant past and to build a thorough scholarly foundation up to the end of the nineteenth century.

In the last few years the revision of German school books, promoted by UNESCO, has made great strides, thanks to intensive work by the International Schoolbook Institute at Braunschweig sponsored by the Federal German Government. Hundreds of books have been analyzed. Unsatisfactory books have been progressively revised, and others withdrawn from school use. Through the offices of the Institute the counsel and criticism of many foreign scholars—British, French, Scandinavian and American—has been frequently sought and generously given. Anyone who questions the reality of a new European spirit should ponder on this phenomenon. German publishers now usually send manuscripts and proofs of forthcoming books to the Institute for criticism before publication.

In Germany itself errors and omissions in earlier school books have been much discussed. Two exhaustive comparative studies, covering in all more than seventy school history texts, were published in 1961. Their authors call attention with scrupulous care to gaps and ambiguous statements in one book after another. It seems clear that only recently have some painful subjects been adequately treated. Those of us who know Germany today and recognize its problems must hope that continued revision will bring continued improvement.

One serious source of confusion is the failure of some critics in this country to distinguish between East Germany and the Federal Republic. In East Germany school books are written in accordance with the Soviet propaganda line to serve the interests of the Communist state. All historical references in this context become political weapons and cannot be taken at face value. In the article that I have already mentioned, Professor Krug repeatedly drops quotations from East German sources into paragraphs purporting to treat of West German books. The misunderstandings to which this careless documentation may lead can be easily imagined.

Disturbed by the impact of such mis-

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understandings, I have made a careful study of ten recently published history textbooks that are widely used in the West German schools. I approached them with a vivid memory of Germany between the wars, when public opinion was distorted by resentment, and even well-educated people were badly misinformed. There are few such distortions in these books. Most of them carry through 1945 and, contrary to what I was led to expect, contain a full description of the Nazi period. Its brutal features are described and explicitly condemned. Detailed accounts of the persecution of the Jews are documented from various sources, including a heartbreaking photograph taken in the Warsaw Ghetto, a description of Auschwitz, a map showing the location and frequency of concentration camps, and a section of the terrible Gersten Report describing mass gassing. The account of the agony of the German home front is not balanced by descriptions of the bombings of Rotterdam and London, or of the sufferings of the six million condemned to forced labor in Germany. But one must recognize that these books contain drastic judgments on German national policy and give a vivid picture of Hitler's terrible police state. They condemn the Nazi ideology and emphasize the fact that Hitler's pretense of legality was merely a screen for criminal aims. One book (*Die Neueste Zeit*, 1961), which is recommended by seven of the West German state governments, after describing Hitler's "wild anti-Semitism," states that he "proclaimed himself free from all moral scruples."

In addition to general texts, many supplementary works and source books are used in the schools, some prepared for the elementary grades and some, like Walther Hofer's paperback collection of Nazi documents, scholarly in scope. The individual teacher can choose the books he wishes to use in class, but he must choose from an approved list. The lists of recommended books are prepared by the State Ministries of Education. (There is no Federal Ministry of Education in West Germany.) The Education Minister of the State of Hesse recently prescribed for the final classes of all *Volkschulen* in his state a book of 250 pages on the rise and the crimes of the Third Reich (*Schuld oder Verhängnis?* by Hannah Vogt, 1961.) The great majority of young Germans go to the *Volksschulen* and leave school at the age of fourteen or fifteen; the problems of teaching complicated historical material at this age are not easy. This book presents a vast canvas in simple language. In her foreword, the author asks, "How could it be that millions of Germans hailed a man who was capable of ordering the cold-blooded murder of millions of innocent Jews?"—and she adds, "Our technical and industrial ability will win us no friends as long as other nations must fear that all this efficiency could once again be misused by a criminal." The great success this book has had among educators in the eighteen months since its publication is an encouraging sign.

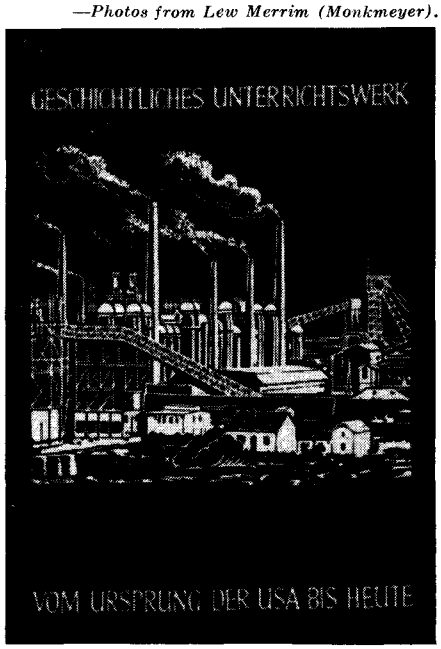
In addition to the efforts being made in the schools, the German press, TV, and radio have greatly contributed in recent years to the information of the general public. Two important television serials on the Nazi period, *The Best Years of Our Lives*, made by Radio Free Berlin, and the Swedish documentary *Mein Kampf*, were viewed by millions and made a deep impression. The Eichmann trial was fully reported. Hundreds of Nazi criminals have been convicted in German courts since the Federal Republic became sovereign in 1955, and reports of the continuing trials appear in the newspapers day after day. The painful educational process has been deepened to an incalculable extent by the influence of one book, *The Diary of Anne Frank*, which is read in many school classes. By October, 1962, it had sold over a million copies, outstripping all other paperbacks in Germany. Thousands of school children have joined in pilgrimages to her grave.

THE climate of opinion in which young Germans are growing up today includes the breath of the new European spirit. Old concepts of nationality and "honor" are no longer taken for granted. Some German teachers are asking for a new approach to history—a world perspective superseding the "provincialism" of German tradition. Many feel that the only way to win the respect of the young is by the conscientious integrity of their presentation of the history of "this guilt-laden, unhappy nation . . . the land of our fathers."

Whatever their hopes for the future, German school children must face and judge their country's past. An earnest effort is being made to help them understand their terrible inheritance. To quote from one more school history textbook: "The terror and the crimes of the National Socialist regime are without parallel in modern history. . . . No German can escape responsibility for the crimes committed in the name of the nation."

"In the last few years the revision of German school books, promoted by UNESCO, has made great strides."

—Photos from Lew Merrim (Monkmeyer).



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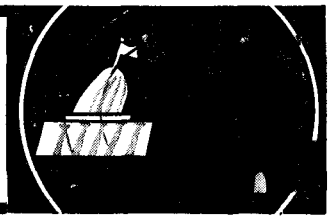
While School Keeps



FOREIGN STUDENTS on U.S. campuses often lead lonely, frustrating, financially precarious lives. They meet inevitable barriers of language and culture, but these are expected and can be surmounted. It is the feeling of apartness, the sense of alienation from the main stream of campus life, that sends many back to their native shores with greater academic learning, but with no additional knowledge and understanding of American life and the American people. And sometimes they return with a profound cynicism for U.S. expressions of international friendship and good will.

The problems of foreign students are plain: most of them have less money than the majority of American students and this often makes it difficult for them to find adequate housing or to participate in campus activities; sometimes they meet active discrimination in housing and restaurants in the college community; they find it difficult to locate the part-time jobs they need during the school year, or the full-time summer jobs that are necessary if they are to complete their studies; when American students gleefully abandon the campus at vacation time, foreign students are often left with no place to go and nothing to do except wonder how they are going to survive another year. But most important of all, foreign students need a sympathetic helping hand in adapting to the strange environment of the American college campus. Most American students are unlikely to be aware of the problems their foreign colleagues face—unless the problems are called to their attention.

The University People-to-People Program is designed to do just that—call these problems to the attention not only of students, but of college communities as well. The program was conceived in the spring of 1961 by William Dawson, a senior journalism student at the University of Kansas in Lawrence, when he became aware of the plight of foreign students on the K.U. campus. Supported by the People-to-People program which was founded by President Eisenhower in 1956, the idea is fast spreading to other campuses under the direction of three national co-directors: Dawson, Rick Barnes, a K.U. law student, and Rafer Johnson, UCLA graduate and 1960 Olympic decathlon champion, who is also West Coast Director of People-to-People. The program is adapted to meet the requirements of individual campuses, but the basic pattern is that pioneered at K.U. What it does:

- Every foreign student is met, at the start of the fall term, by an upper classman who has corresponded with him during the summer and who acts as his guide and mentor during the school year.
- Housing is found for those who have not made arrangements in advance. The community of Lawrence cooperates in a wide variety of ways and a number of families invite students to stay with them as guests. Fraternities and sororities also provide free rooms or meals for some.
- Homes in the community are opened to foreign students for dinners, parties, weekends, so they can see American life first hand.
- Forums are scheduled with foreign and American students discussing world and national issues so that each group becomes more aware of the other's point of view.
- Jobs are found for those who need them—both part-time, during the school year, and full-time during the summer.
- An information campaign acquaints all K.U. students with the program and involves them in its operation. The campaign also extends to other colleges and universities where similar programs are being initiated.

Awareness of the problems of foreign students has been growing in recent years and a number of programs have been developed by organizations in the field. But adequate facilities for seeing that foreign students get the most out of their years in the U.S., and receive a true picture of the American economic and political system, as well as American life generally, have not yet been developed. One of the most effective means for introducing students to the national scene is to allow them to travel to different parts of the country to take summer jobs. A clearinghouse for information about job opportunities and students seeking them is maintained at the People-to-People International Headquarters, 2401 Grand Avenue, Kansas City 8, Missouri. M help is needed from those who open up new opportunities to our nation's academic visitors.

TESTS AND TESTING have come under running attack from many quarters in recent years. Both laymen and teachers are sometimes left to wonder whether all the time, energy and money devoted to testing in the classroom has any value at all. In an effort to provide at least a partial answer, Educational Testing Service of Princeton, New Jersey, makers of the College Board examinations, has just published, *Multiple-Choice Questions: A Close Look.* The little, forty-page pamphlet consists of twenty-two test questions from recent examinations, together with an explanation and analysis of each question. The pamphlet makes no attempt to answer all the criticisms made of tests, but it is most enlightening for the uninitiated because it does demonstrate exactly how objective examination questions test the student's knowledge and his ability to use that knowledge. Copies are available from ETS.

THE HUMANITIES are about to receiv some high level help from a new co mission announced last month by thr of the nation's leading scholarly organizations, the American Council of Learned Societies, the Council of Graduate Schools in America, and the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, national scholastic honorary society. The new Commission on the Humanities has been given the task of assessing the current state of the humanities and recommending means for "strengthening teaching, scholarship and creativity in humanistic subjects."

Under the chairmanship of Barnaby C. Keeney, president of Brown University, the eighteen-member commission counts among its members such illustrious figures in academic and public life as Kingman Brewster, Jr., acting president of Yale; Arthur H. Dean, chairman of the U.S. disarmament delegation at Geneva; Father Theodore H. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame; Clark Kerr, president of the University of California; Glenn T. Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, and Thomas J. Watson, Jr., chairman of the board of the International Business Machines Corporation.

Formation of the commission wa sparked, at least in part, by knowledg that in fiscal 1961 the federal government spent $969,000,000 on support of basic research; of this amount, 71 per cent went to the physical sciences, 26 per cent to the life sciences, 2 per cent to the psychological sciences, 1 per cent

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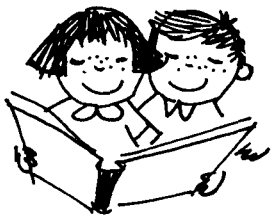
to the social sciences, and virtually nothing to the humanities.

For a number of years there has been much talk about the need for seeking support for the humanities comparable to that received by the natural sciences. Impatience with further talk and a desire for constructive action is displayed in the statement of Frederick Burkhardt, president of the American Council of Learned Societies, upon announcement of the Commission. "It is appropriate at this time," he said, "that those who are concerned for the future of the humanities in America should cease to speak in platitudes and should undertake to demonstrate the national relevance and importance of humanistic teaching and scholarship. Rather than simply bewailing the 'imbalance' between the sciences and the humanities, we must specify as precisely as possible the present and future needs of the humanities, and suggest concrete ways of meeting these needs."

Publication of the commission's findings and recommendations is expected next year.

CAMPUS CONSERVATIVES have received considerable attention in newspapers and magazines in the past two or three years. Their "rebellion" has been hailed as a reaction against the "conformity of liberalism" among their elders. In an effort to determine how accurate this picture is, two University of North Carolina professors, Russell Middleton and Snell Putney, questioned 1,440 students from sixteen colleges and universities across the country. They found that college students who rebel against their parents' political beliefs are five times as likely to move toward the left as toward the right; most student conservatives come from conservative families. Results of the survey, released in the current issue of "Social Forces," a sociological journal published at the university, led the authors to conclude that "the vigor which has been observed among conservative organizations is probably due to an awakening of latent political interest among students from conservative backgrounds, not to recruitment of students from liberal backgrounds."

THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION announced late last month the selection of two elementary school libraries at opposite ends of the country as the first two of eight library demonstration centers. Part of a five-year, $1,130,000 project supported by the Knapp Foundation, the objective is to upgrade school libraries throughout the country by providing school authorities with tangible evidence of how modern, well-



equipped libraries contribute directly to more effective learning. The schools selected as the first two demonstration centers are the Marcus Whitman Elementary School, Richland, Washington, and the Central Park Road Elementary School, Plainview, New York. Each school was selected for the excellence of its present library program, and will receive a grant to further improve facilities and service. They will then serve as centers where schoolmen and interested laymen in the area can see superior library programs in operation and assess the impact they have on instruction and learning in the school. Six other schools will be selected in the near future to serve similar purposes in other areas of the country. The hope is that these demonstration centers will not only stimulate other schools to improve their library programs, but will also dramatize the need for such programs among the more than two-thirds of all elementary schools which do not have any centralized libraries at all.

PARLONS FRANCAIS, phenomenally successful television course in conversational French, will be joined this fall by a companion course in Spanish, *Una Aventura Espanola*. Heath de Rochemont Corporation, publisher of "Parlons Francais" will distribute the new Spanish course. Developed by staff members of the Pasadena City Schools in 1959, *Una Aventura Espanola* was used in the schools of Southern California for four years and then was revised on the basis of classroom "feed-back." Just as *Parlons Francais* has its Mme. Anne Slack to give lessons appeal, *Una Aventura Espanola* has its Senorita Yvette del Prado.

SCHOOL SEGREGATION IN THE NORTH is now being challenged by educational authorities on a state-wide basis, rather than community-by-community, as in the past. The effect is bound to be far-reaching, but how fully the problems growing out of de facto segregation can be met in this manner remains to be seen.

In May, New Jersey State Education Commissioner Frederick M. Raubinger ruled that "a stigma is attached to attending a school whose enrollment is completely or almost exclusively Negro, and that this sense of stigma and resulting feeling of inferiority have an undesirable effect upon attitudes related to successful learning." In his decision, which concerned a school that is 99 per cent Negro, he also held that "such extreme racial imbalance . . . constitutes under New Jersey law a deprivation of educational opportunity for pupils compelled to attend the school." The commissioner gave the local school board until July 1 to submit to him a desegregation plan for the school, to be put into effect when school opens in the fall.

In neighboring New York State, Commissioner of Education James E. Allen, Jr. last month requested all local school administrators to submit to him by September 1 a report on the "problem of racial imbalance" in their schools, and a statement of board policy on the matter. School districts where racial imbalance exists were ordered to report also on progress made toward eliminating it, and on plans for future action. For *the purpose of these reports,* Commissioner Allen defined a racially imbalanced school "as one having 50 per cent or more Negro pupils." The commissioner's order to all schools in the state followed by a year a racial census of all elementary schools in the state, except those in New York City, and coincided with his directive to one Long Island school district to desegregate by next fall one of its schools which has an enrollment that is 70 per cent Negro.

The New Jersey and New York actions serve notice on local school districts within their borders that state authority will be used to eliminate segregation whenever it is possible. Their greatest effect will be felt in the rare districts that may have gerrymandered attendance areas to perpetuate segregation, and in the possibly larger number of districts where school authorities have failed to move with speed and enthusiasm to take corrective measures. They will be less effective in coping with the far more difficult problems of schools in major metropolitan areas with their large concentrations of Negro population.

These decisions by neighboring commissioners of education are of major importance for the immediate impact they will have; it is possible, however, that they will prove even more significant for another reason. Both men are knowledgeable schoolmen of long training and experience. Both have proved themselves over the years to be sincerely devoted to excellence in education. Yet both, apparently, have reached the conclusion that the overriding importance of a social issue—segregation—must take precedence over purely educational issues in determining school policy. —JAMES CASS.

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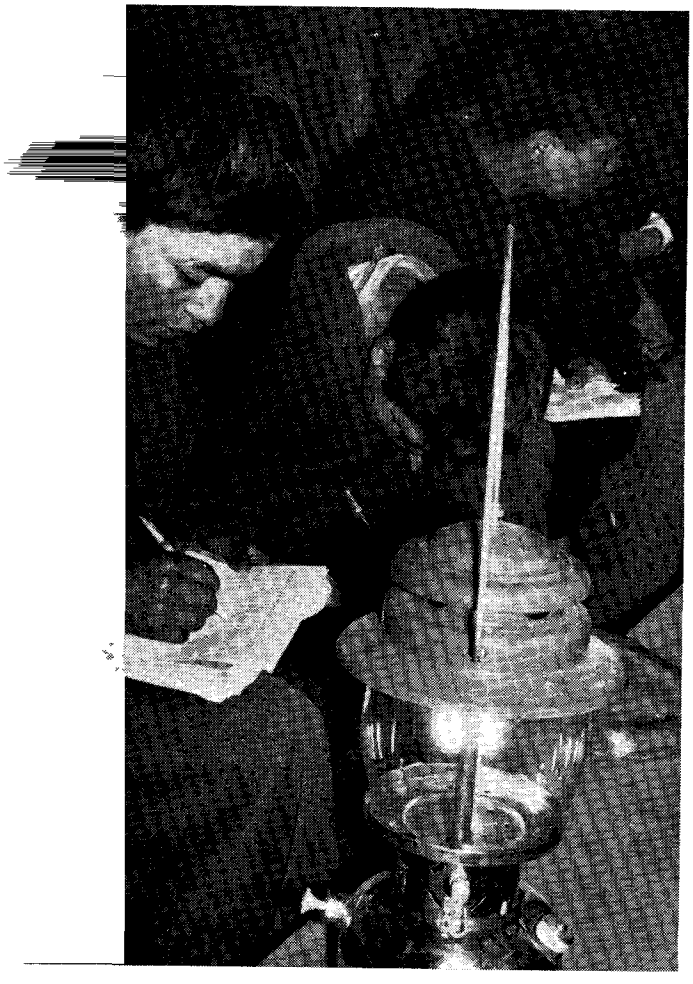
CARE Has a Program for Educational Survival, Too

THE CARE packages of food, clothing and tools that are shipped to needy peoples around the world are well-known and widely acclaimed. They are, in effect, survival kits designed to help destitute people past short-term crises in their lives, and provide them with the means for achieving long-term self-sufficiency.

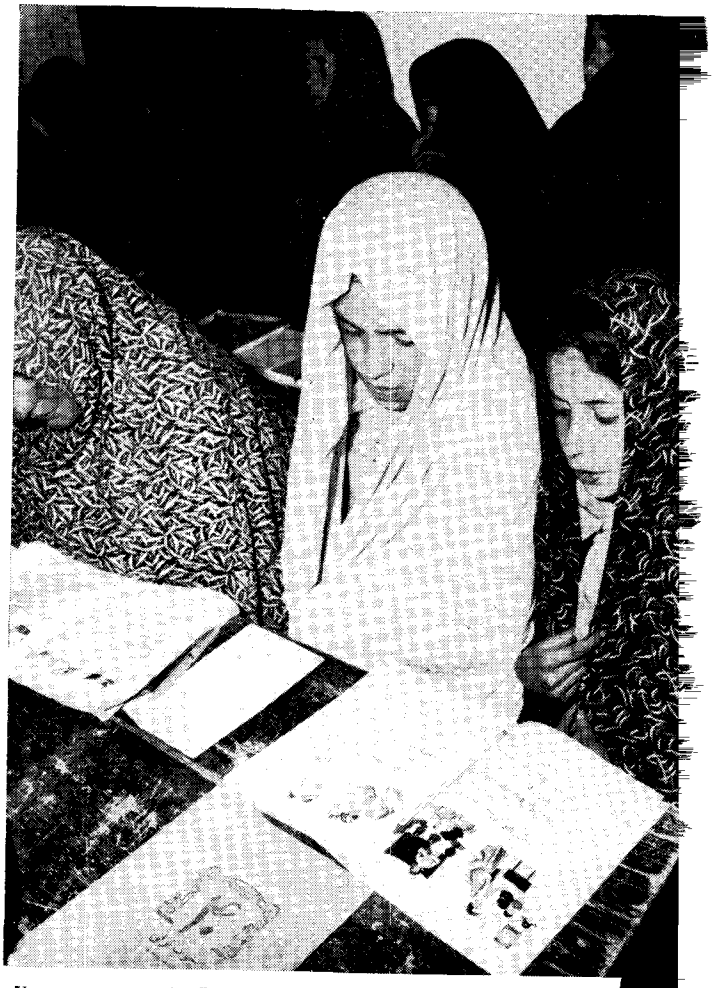
Less widely known is the fact that CARE, in cooperation with the General Federation of Women's Clubs, is now supplying literacy kits to thirty-one countries in Africa, Asia, Europe, and South America. In an effort to help national governments and local teachers wipe out the staggering illiteracy rates of their people, which sometimes run as high as 85 per cent, the program provides the basic tools of learning for countless children and adults who cannot afford even the simplest school supplies.

The literacy kits, which cost $1 or $2 per pupil, contain the common, basic school supplies for elementary learning: pencils, paper, erasers, dictionaries, maps, chalk, and similar items. A variety of different kits are made available so that the specific needs of individual countries can be met. For instance, in refugee-crowded Hong Kong brushes and ink are needed rather than pencils; in many rural areas kerosene reading lamps make it possible for adults to study early in the morning before going to work, and in the evening when work is done.

CARE's literacy kits might well be called educational survival kits. In the long run they may well prove to be the most important of all.



Indians in Ecuador huddle around a gasoline lamp as they listen to arithmetic lesson broadcast over closed circuit radio station in the town of San Juan. Classes are conducted between 5 and 6 in the morning and between 6:30 and 8:30 in the evening, when students are free of their work in the fields. CARE also contributes alarm clocks to alert students when to tune in for classes and to help them learn to tell time.



Young women in Lavasan, Iran, inspect materials from 3,0 literacy kits distributed by CARE. These women are using notebooks and pencils for the first time as they join 400,000 of their countrymen in 14,495 adult education evening classes throughout Iran. The literacy kits, specially prepared for Iranian villagers, include two pencils, an eraser, a pencil sharpener, maps of the world and of Iran in the Farsi language.

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The New Look of Mr. Chips

By BRYLLION FAGIN

TO the recent efflorescence of novels depicting academic life I owe a debt of gratitude. I had spent most of my life on or near a college campus but I never really saw it as it presumably should be seen. I was naïve and trusting, a myopic and gullible Mr. Chips, teaching my classes, greeting my colleagues—even liking some of them—publishing occasionally, and not knowing that I was perishing. But now, in the keen, merciless light that modern fiction has thrown upon it, I see the campus for what it really is: a place throbbing with hidden malice, quaking with terror, and drowning in sin. It was founded by Mephistopheles, Count de Sade, and Leopold von Sacher Masoch and is populated by their disciples and victims.

Yesterday evening I visited with my colleague, old Dr. Smith of the classics department. In my innocent days, before I began to devour the wise, witty, bold, sad, searching novels of the writer-teachers, I knew nothing and suspected nothing. I believed that old Dr. Smith loved only Greek literature and weak tea, and I never stopped to ask the 4-megaton question: Why? But I did last night. He still drank nothing stronger than tea, but he offered me wine, pretty good French Burgundy. So he knows something about wine, but why didn't he drink some himself? Was he afraid? Had he once been a toper or, worse, was he still? And his talk: it wasn't just Greek literature; he talked Aristophanes, all the ribald plays of that ancient reprobate; and he recited whole pages of Sappho's poems with a light in his eyes that glaringly contradicted his reputation for scholarly austerity. Oh, the old fellow betrayed himself all right; it needed but a vigilant eye to see that he's quite a bird.

This morning I got together with Dr. Brown, the geneticist, to discuss a resolution to be presented for adoption by our chapter of the AAUP, and began to wonder about him. He enjoys the reputation of a high-minded idealist, but this morning I saw him in a new light. He impressed me as a politician, a greedy manipulator of power, and a dangerous hater. He hates the administration, most of his colleagues and, very likely, me, too, although he smiled affably and pretended to be full of goodwill. But I no longer judge by outward appearances; I have grown up; I know the disguises of evil: the devil can quote Scripture and Machiavelli can play his hand with the innocence of a TV gambler in a Western.

For this evening I am invited to dinner at the Grays, or rather at Mrs. Gray's, for young Dr. Gray has gone to the West Coast to deliver a paper on Herman Melville. I have liked the Grays; he is a younger member of the English department, very promising, and she is pretty and intelligent; and both are amiable people. But I am not sure that I shall go to the dinner. What does she want with me? Is it just dinner and harmless talk? My eyes have been opened to the dangers of the college wife whose husband goes away to deliver learned papers. What do I know of her secret life, yearnings, techniques? I am no Prufrock but neither am I proof against the wiles—so vividly described by our *avant-garde* novelists—of a pretty college wife with too much empty time to fill.

Yes, it behooves me to be cautious, to trust neither my colleagues, nor the administration, nor the students, nor myself, for I, too, am part of the academic groves which are full of shady bypaths, dark swampy spots, and hidden snares. These imposing buildings I see around me are only white facades behind which anything can happen, and does. Dr. Black has just passed and shouted a cheerful "hello" to me; what he really meant to say was "Drop dead." Dr. White paid me the compliment last week of attending my lecture on Shakespeare; didn't he really come to spy on me, and by now has probably handed in a mean report to Dean Blue. Incidentally, Dr. White is a widower; his wife died suddenly last year. Why? I never did get a clear story about how she died. Did *he* have something to do with it? A student is waiting to see me in my office. He always talks to me ingratiatingly. Is he angling for grades or looking for a substitute father?

Yes, life has become interesting for me since I have been reading the deep, penetrating writers who know the truth about college life and do not flinch from delineating it with all its terrors and treacheries. I know now that nothing is as it seems; everything is something else; the veils of complacency and illusion that darkened my eyes have been torn away; I see everything and everybody in a new light. College life, for me, has become as interesting as an Alfred Hitchcock movie or as an Absurdist play.

"Say, isn't that poison ivy?"

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When Are Children "Ready" to Read?

By MARJORIE L. KELLEY, *Coordinator of Curriculum Development and In-Service Education, Livermore (Calif.) School District.*

FORTY years ago a friend of mine, then aged seven, announced to his mother that he wanted to learn to read. She agreed that it was probably time for him to do so, so she spent a little time with him each day puzzling out the weekly newspaper. And so he learned to read; and as time went by, he branched out into the only other publications in rural Indiana, the family Bible and the Montgomery Ward Catalogue.

Recently my friend's son, aged five, announced that he wanted to learn to read. His father, reluctant to suspect that his child was more precocious than he was, asked him why; to his surprise the boy was able to give a half dozen reasons beginning with the necessity for being able to read the "TV Guide." If this youngster wants to learn to read at the age of five, he will have to learn the same as his father did—his parents will have to teach him, because the schools today aren't set up to do this in the kindergarten.

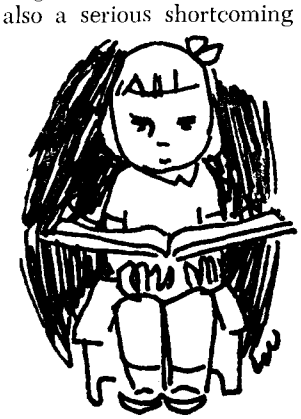
We educators have long avowed our dedication to serving the individual needs of children—social, emotional, physical, and intellectual. To meet this commitment we have tried varying school and curriculum patterns. We have grouped children socially, intellectually, by physical and emotional problems, and by age and sex, BUT beginning in grade one.

And while we've been doing all this fancy organizational footwork, what has happened to our lofty educational objectives as they apply to kindergarten education? Great effort is devoted to the social, emotional, and physical needs of children, but when it comes to providing for intellectual differences in kindergarten, we just haven't done it.

It's time to face the objectives of kindergarten education, and to compare the practices with the intent. If kindergarten is regarded as an extension of the home, as it is in Norway, then the school will be doing little that the home couldn't do. But kindergarten no longer needs to serve as a major socializing agency. The recent trend toward larger families, the increasing density of population, the mobility of the population, and the increasing number of nursery schools and Sunday schools all help produce a different five-year-old for today. Although the social, emotional, and physical aims will continue as goals of kindergarten education, they need not dominate the entire curriculum.

The child of today is subjected to a greater number of spatial, ideological, and verbal impacts, and his need for expression is greater; as a result, his motivation toward acquiring skills is also greater. Today's child knows much more about the world he lives in than either you or I knew at five. Television, movies, radio, travel, and the higher level of education of parents have affected the children. They are surrounded by a world of words, papers, pencils, crayons, blackboards, books, and educational toys. Some children have library cards before entering school. In my school district, puzzles that were suitable a few years ago are now too easy for the average kindergarten child. Children have had so many educational games at home, and such a wide variety of experiences that the typical readiness tests are really too easy to test a class that has a normal span of abilities. It would seem that the general aims of education are appropriate for kindergarten, too. However, to accomplish these aims some of the practices in kindergarten will have to change in the light of the relative sophistication of today's five-year-old.

Many practices in the kindergarten are excellent and should continue, but new emphases and activities are needed when children say in the kindergarten that they aren't learning anything, and that they're bored. This is a sad commentary on school, and a serious matter concerning the development of good attitudes toward learning. It is also a serious shortcoming when the school is guilty of not taking advantage of the built-in motivation that occurs when experiences are new. Kindergarten should help children establish attitudes that will make them lifelong learners. A good school beginning is most important if we are to achieve this end.



I would suggest that the following changes are needed in the kindergarten to meet the educational needs of our five-year-olds today. In current kindergarten philosophy a child is answered when he asks a question, but what the child really needs is a program of planned instruction in the skills. Let's organize the kindergarten so none are hurt, but none are bored. The child who is ready only to play should be given every consideration, just as should the child who is ready to read, write, and count. Children have been exposed to a world of words; every child knows the television-stati[illegible]ll letters by sight, and can co[illegible]d identify the highest channel [illegible]ber. Let's take advantage of this "built-in readiness" to teach more letters and numbers in the kindergarten. Most five-year-olds can read the names of their favorite programs. Let's extend this into the kindergarten class; let's organize to take advantage of it regularly.

I propose that reading be taught to "ready" children in the kindergarten, not just through the use of signs and labels, but in a period designed for reading instruction. I propose this because: (1) some children *are* ready to read; (2) favorable attitudes toward school as a place to learn will be enhanced; and (3) the useful skill of reading will be available earlier. Too long teachers have adhered to the magic "6 years 6 months" as a point where reading in books begins. Actually this research is rather old, and valid as it may have been, there is no need to cling to it today. Comparative education studies show that reading is successfully taught in other countries at an early age. There is some recent evidence which indicates that motivation is as important as mental age for success in reading. For those not r[illegible]o read, I suggest the developme[illegible]a readiness program that doesn't wait for children to be ready, but helps them to get ready. Kindergarten programs today are very like the ones reported in 1925. Can a program nearly thirty years old still be valid?

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Peace Corps

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can photograph a bridge they've designed, a road they've helped build or a toilet they constructed. But who can photograph the mind of a child?"

A factor that sometimes contributes to a volunteer's frustration is the simple task of starting to work in an unstructured situation. Arriving full of zeal, he may discover that, in the words of Dr. Samuel Proctor, "even though he was needed to accomplish a national purpose, finding the handle and the fulcrum is likely to be his first job." (Dr. Proctor is one of many educators who have assisted the Peace Corps. He took leave from the presidency of North Carolina A. & T. College to be administrator of the Peace Corps' largest African project, in Nigeria. William G. Saltonstall, principal of Phillips Exeter Academy, took Dr. Proctor's position in Nigeria in June.)

A LOCAL official may not be certain what to do with a newly arrived American volunteer; his superior may not even have told him the American was coming. The result may be that he does nothing with him. Corps Director Sargent Shriver, visiting in Central America recently, was surprised to find two Ph.D's at an agricultural college who weren't permitted to teach. The school director maintained their Spanish wasn't good enough—a statement the volunteers disputed. This waste was ended by the assignment of one volunteer to full-time research and the transfer of the other to another Central American country. He is now teaching at an agricultural college that appreciates his training and is satisfied with his Spanish. If there were no problems like these, there would be no Peace Corps. The absence of difficulties would mean the country had no need of outside help in its development.

Offsetting the frustrations are the dozens of expressions of thanks from the people with whom the volunteers work. In Nigeria, where the now famous postcard incident of 1961 got the Peace Corps off to a shaky start, praise has replaced demands that the volunteers be sent home. The student newspaper at the University of Nigeria declared as the first volunteers neared the end of their tour of service: "The students . . . were . . . suspicious of the Peace Corps men and women when they arrived here on November 28, 1961. But as time went on, most of our students learned that the Peace Corps volunteers on our campus were men and women who had come with a mind to help and not to subvert. Their devotion to duty, their simplicity, their grace and ease, their complete lack of those qualities that are the exclusive preserve of master spies . . . all of those combined effectively to erase ill feelings the students nursed against the Peace Corps volunteers on our campus. Now that these men and women have almost completed their tour and are preparing to leave, we feel that no amount of praise showered on them for their work is too much."

Two other factors indicate Peace Corps success. One is that every country to which volunteers have been sent —45 in all—has asked for more. The other is that Communist railings against the Peace Corps have been intensified. Volunteers have been called CIA agents by Radio Moscow. Director Shriver (whose first name is in truth sometimes assumed abroad to be a military rank) has been described as in league with the Pentagon. The Bolivian Communist Party newspaper was more original, charging that volunteers in that nation were armed with "small, light arrows activated by rockets" and cast-iron bombs camouflaged as cigarette lighters. Such charges have yet to cause a single nation to expel a volunteer.

Just as one cannot photograph the mind of a child, one cannot photograph the changes volunteers have caused in the attitudes of foreigners toward Americans—or the changes in the attitudes of Americans toward foreigners. But there are abundant indications that the changes are considerable. There is a feeling abroad that the volunteer is a new kind of American, not your free-spending, loud-talking, luxury-loving tourist type. "Now that they are here and are working in remote areas among the rural people, Malayans are beginning to admire them for their self-sacrifice," the Malaya *Times* reported. "They are setting an example to young Malayans." A Philippine newspaper scolded Filipino teachers for not being as willing as volunteers to work in remote *barrios*.

Africans have been surprised to see volunteers pitch in to help with community chores—such as repairing and whitewashing an Ethiopian building so classes could be held in it, and helping build a new water tank in a Nigerian town. (Presently, the volunteers engaged in the latter activity received a formal invitation beginning, "The Mgbaike-Inyi community present their compliments and cordially invite [you] to the opening ceremony of their water tank. . . .")

In a town in Honduras, a town where American employees of a private company live in a compound separated from the community by a chain link fence, a volunteer has shattered the American stereotype for all time by starting vocational instruction among the inmates of the local prison. A volunteer in Cyprus who shows farmers how to raise pigs by day has set some sort of mark in educational counterpoint by becoming an English teacher at night.

For the Americans, too, old stereotypes are being broken. A volunteer teacher in Ghana found the students "an inspiration which certainly makes teaching refreshing. When they are called upon to recite, they stand and the others remain quiet. They pay perfect attention; you could hear a pin drop. The students fight with each other over who is to be the lucky one to carry master's books and papers. . . ." A teacher in the Philippines found her children shy but "wonderful" and "eager to learn and to please." Establishing real relationships with them, said the volunteer, "is one of our most clearly defined challenges and the most fun."

BUT the surest index of change in the volunteer himself is the reshaping of his career plans. The Peace Corps believes it will disprove the charges that it is "raiding" the American teacher supply when the first 720 volunteers, sent out in 1961, complete their service this year. A poll of those volunteers indicates the Peace Corps will put into American education many more teachers than it took out. More than 25 per cent of the volunteer teachers indicated they found the job so much to their liking that they want to teach here upon their return. Only thirteen of these volunteers had previous teaching experience in the United States. Large numbers want to work in international programs, including the Peace Corps, which is hiring as many returning volunteers as it can get. Many will return to university campuses, taking advantage of 150 scholarships, fellowships and assistantships offered by thirty-five colleges and universities, and another fifty provided by a $400,000 Ford Foundation grant. The Peace Corps is also having its effect on American higher education, without whose help in training volunteers the whole operation would not be possible.

The pivotal role of language in all Peace Corps work has produced innovation in the use of laboratories, language informants, and drills. Professors in training programs have faced the exciting challenge of classes composed of both high school graduates and Ph.D.'s Area specialists have sensed immediacy and urgency in lecturing to volunteers who would put

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everything they said to the test of reality in a matter of weeks.

The Peace Corps' two Puerto Rican training camps and a training center operated by the University of New Mexico are developing appreciation for the British "Outward Bound" philosophy of building confidence and maturity by throwing the trainee into frustrating physical situations.

But the greatest effect of the Peace Corps on U.S. higher education has been the kindling of new international awareness. Among the sixty colleges and universities that have trained volunteers (on a contract basis) was Montana State College, located at Bozeman in the heart of the cattle country. To help train fifty volunteers bound for Ecuador, the college initiated a teacher exchange program with a university in Bogotá. The Colombian institution sent language instructors to Montana State, and Montana State sent several faculty members to Bogotá. New programs in American studies were introduced at Bozeman. Library facilities in the Latin American study area were expanded.

A permanent program in Latin American affairs has now been established. The College is in communication with the volunteers in Ecuador and the faculty hopes many will return to Bozeman for further study or teaching.

Altogether, the Peace Corp's impact, occuring in so many different ways and so many different places, has surprised not only the critics of the program, but many of its supporters. But everyone should have expected it, for the Peace Corps has had access to the best minds of the American people, the best facilities for training them, and the American predisposition to give what they have—in sum, the best of America.

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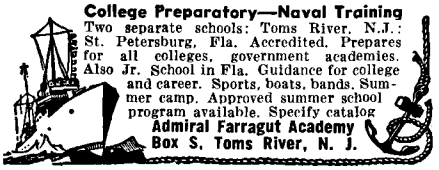

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New Books

AACTE HANDBOOK OF INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION PROGRAMS. *Edited by H. Kenneth Barker. The American Association of Colleges for Teacher Education (1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.). 72 pp. Paperback,* $1.50. A guide describing overseas study and professional opportunities for college students, professors, and administrators.

A CHANGING TIME. *National School Public Relations Association (1201 Sixteenth Street, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.). 40 pp. Paperback, 75 cents.* A handbook for parents of teenagers.

BARRON'S TEEN-AGE SUMMER GUIDE. 1963 Edition. *By Meyer Reinhold. Barron's Educational Series (Great Neck, N.Y.). 188 pp. Paperback,* $2.25. Information on travel, special interest camps, summer study, and summer jobs.

HOW TO BE ACCEPTED BY THE COLLEGE OF YOUR CHOICE. 1963-64 Edition. *By Benjamin Fine. Channel Press. 292 pp.* $4.95. Advice on meeting admission requirements, taking College Board tests, visiting colleges, and filling out applications.

IMAGINATION. *By Harold Rugg. Harper and Row. 361 pp.* $6.95. An inquiry into the sources and conditions that stimulate creativity, by an educational pioneer and author of many school textbooks.

FIFTY YEARS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS. 1910-1960: Trends, Backgrounds, Influences. *By Dora V. Smith. The National Council of Teachers of English (508 South Sixth Street, Champaign, Illinois). 149 pp. Paperback,* $2.95. Includes a comprehensive listing of the outstanding books for children during the past five decades.

ATTITUDES AND SOCIAL RELATIONS OF FOREIGN STUDENTS IN THE UNITED STATES. *By Claire Selltiz, June R. Christ, Joan Havel, and Stuart W. Cook. University of Minnesota Press. 434 pp.* $9.00. The patterns of experiences and reactions of foreign students in this country.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS FOR $1.25 OR LESS. *Association for Childhood Education International (3615 Wisconsin Avenue, N.W., Washington 16, D.C.). 32 pp. Paperback, 75 cents.* A listing by age group and subject matter.

PASSING EXAMINATIONS. *By Clifford Allen. St. Martin's Press. 146 pp.* $2.50. A British psychiatrist discusses the psychology of study and the technique of writing examinations.

TECHNOLOGY IN AMERICAN EDUCATION. 1650-1900. *By Charnel Anderson. Office of Education, U.S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. (Available from Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.) 53 pp. Paperback, 25 cents.* The development of instructional devices in the classroom.

EDUCATIONAL IMPERATIVE: THE NEGRO IN THE CHANGING SOU *Edited by Freda H. Goldman. Cen for the Study of Liberal Education for Adults (4819 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago 15, Illinois). 101 pp. Paperback,* $1.00. An analysis of the needs of the Southern Negro and the changing role of the Negro college in the South.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. *By Keith Franklin James. University of Southern California. 105 pp.* $3.95. Laws, court decisions, and practices in several states.

THE COMPREHENSIVE SCHOOL. *By Robin Pedley. Penguin Books. 222 pp. Paperback, 95 cents.* An English educator suggests an alternative to the present system of secondary education in his country.

NEGRO AND WHITE YOUTH. A Psychological Study in a Border-State Community. *By Albert and Bernice Lott. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 236 pp.* $5.00. A comparative study of the values and goals of Negro and white high school seniors in a Kentucky community.

THE RAND McNALLY HANDBOOK EDUCATION. *Edited by Arthur W Foshay. Rand McNally (Chicago, Illinois). 294 pp.* $5.00. Principal facts about education in the United States with a section on education in England, France, and Russia.

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Calitri

Continued from page 47

book confronts him with reality? Where can he see himself? And where are those pleasant sensations that have touched him in his own world and with which he can be seduced, if you will, into enjoying this other world of the school?

Fears of exposing young people to the kinds of truths their parents or pressure groups might find objectionable force our teachers to feed a bland diet to young adults whose taste buds have already been titillated by spices with strong flavor. The teaching profession is in competition with television and motion pictures, with newspapers and magazines and paperbacks, with crowds of friends on street corners and at beach parties and in cellar basements. Pupils come from homes where unhappiness is a reality and where there are unpleasant emotions because there is a conflict of the young and the old, the mature and the immature, the youth testing his emergent manhood against the too often rigid adulthood of his parents. But in most classrooms teachers dare not cater to the interests of their students, helping them to find a way clear of their conflicts, even though we know that these interests will sharpen perceptions, irritate creative nerve endings, and activate brains because the problems are real and not synthetic.

If it is so for children from our own, native homes, then how much worse it is when the child comes to the school from another language, or another segment of our society, or a traveling home, with another set of values and with a much stranger concept of the world. How much more difficult when his language patterns, even in English, are built upon conceptual differences, so that a cup sits on the table because in his experience there is no such use for a plate as saucer. How much more difficult if his schooling must follow the trailer camps and the crops, or if his color sets him into a corner apart from the clean white faces that belong to the clean white world of textbook illustrations. And what of family relationships, when in his world it is the grandmother who brings up the young, while the mother works in another city, and the father is a nonentity who abandoned the family before the child could fix his face in memory?

Most of those who have become teachers have spent from two to five years learning about children. Where fortunate, they have been taught by professors who themselves had some knowledge gained from classroom experiences and from facing the problems of the active teacher. But how many teachers have studied enough anthropology to be able to recognize the differences and accept the behavior patterns of people from another world? How many have been prepared by field experiences in sociology, to realize what the elements of a migratory population consist of? Are they prepared to accept without blanching, a set of values different from their own and then do no more than point out the difference without imposing moral judgment and condemnation?

A girl from Israel sat in a class of junior high school students, having recently arrived in America, and the book they had read was Dickens's *Great Expectations*. They were discussing the end of the novel and the Israeli child raised her hand: "I do not understand why Magwitch did not kill himself, rather than be caught again." There were two teachers in the room, each of them reacting with manifest shock. Fortunately they made no disapproving noises, gave no speeches against suicide, although one of them was Catholic and the other Protestant. But the child must have seen their faces move. It takes a fine actor to hide surprise. It would have taken total acceptance, and preparation for *everything* not to have felt surprise in the first place.

FOR these two teachers then there came the real recognition that not all people carry within them the same sense of life and death; that there might be just cause in the value system of someone whose experiences included a particular kind of suffering to choose death over life. And it is the failure to recognize the possibilities and the implications of just such cultural difference, that makes for failure with such young people.

Teachers need to know what Puerto Rican and other children are like, and what to expect from them before they come into the classroom. Teachers need to know them as cultural entities as well as individuals within their culture, so that their inordinate sense of dignity not be affronted, and their nationalistic yearnings not be mocked.

Indeed all of us need to know that there are Negro youths who have been so buffeted by their white neighbors that they have grown to hate the white world, and we must learn to listen to them, trying desperately to discover what they are saying when they behave in a way that seems peculiar to us. What is the source of their defiance, or their sullenness? How much do they resent the lip service some of us give to civil rights, and the blatant offenses of those who cannot admit an equality of human beings?

We need to know how to admit that there is color, not try to wipe it away as if it did not exist, with a pretense that all men are the same. All men are not the same, and children know that better than adults do. More, we have to understand our own unconscious prejudices, those glances and withdrawals that commmunicate what we feel regarding people of different origins even as our minds are telling us we feel nothing but friendliness and our mouths are telling others that we love them.

We have to understand the fact that to be culturally different is not to be devoid of culture, and that children of Negro families, Mexican families, uneducated families, bookless families, and houseless families are still unique selves with a sense of belonging to whatever group is theirs. They, too, have family relationships.

Some of them have parents and brothers and sisters toward whom they feel as we do toward ours. But there are some who do not share our forms of kinship. We have to recognize that some are witness to a never ending line of uncles who share beds with their mothers, and that there is no father, and that some will call each of ten children brothers and sisters where there is no blood relationship, only the fact of living in the same home with the same woman in the role of mother to all. We have to know that different cultures see many things differently, have different assumptions and concepts upon which they base their living. And finally we have to understand that many of the children who sit in our classrooms are possessed of shattered dignity, frightened selves, and hostility too deep to be seen in their eyes. They have learned long ago that one can hide things from a people that has not yet discovered how to look at other people and know what they are seeing.

These are the ones that we and our teachers must cultivate, must help to develop a trust in us that they justifiably do not have. Until we have recognized that the values by which they have lived are often in direct contrast to the values of our society, and that their languages reflect those differences and until we are able to accept behavior, however strange and perhaps anti-social from our point of view it may be, we can never hope to help. And helping means not changing, not making them shed what they already have, but adding to it the knowledge they will need to live their individual lives with others who are culturally different from them.

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Plant

Continued from page 51

their opinions if the facts make it necessary.

The enormous gap between the old and the younger generation is an important key to the understanding of the teaching being done in West Germany today. It presents particular problems for the teacher of history, and this leads us straight into those questions that have recently been argued with much acerbity and violence. How do teachers deal with the Nazi regime? What do they tell the children about Hitler? About the persecution of Jews, Poles, Ukranians and other groups? How do they explain concentration camps? Or the resistance movement against Hitler?

In order to provide a truly correct answer—if there is one—someone would have to travel through the entire country, listen in on hundreds of classes, if possible unannounced and unidentified. I have not done this; nobody has done it. It would also require the thorough reading of many textbooks, plus an unprejudiced interpretation. I have checked a crossection of recent textbooks on those features connected with the Third Reich, and would agree with what Grace Conant says about them in the article accompanying this one: great strides have been made in revealing the horrors of Nazi Germany to the younger generation. But this attempt to describe the past has created many problems for the teacher.

Unconsciously, children identify with their group, their town, their nation. "Our country, right or wrong" is an accepted motto in a number of our own books. The West German teacher must make it clear that those in authority between 1933 and 1945 were criminals, that some of the older generation collaborated, that many kept silent. This means that the teacher can't help undermining the authority of the parents and his own authority, since for younger children teachers substitute for parents. How would one go about—to use a fictitious simile—trying to explain the prohibition era to the children of major and minor gangsters? I would almost venture to say that quite a few teachers, if they could get away with it, would avoid the subject and elaborate instead on the good old days of 1910. Something similar has happened in Germany with those West German teachers who are afraid to touch the exposed nerve.

The interperter of recent history faces another problem, and this time there are no pedagogical handbooks to help him. A boy of seven cannot comprehend Auschwitz. American educators with whom I discussed the question have assured me that even a child of twelve or fourteen cannot fully grasp the horrors of a concentration camp, the organized mass killings, the paranoia of Hitler. The youngsters will absorb some of it but by then it has become fiction. Again and again, the children have been shown movies, TV shows, and exhibits which sketched in frightening detail the face of the Third Reich. The youngsters watched them as though they were grade B movies, sagas of Dracula and Frankenstein. Only later, after puberty, do they begin to perceive that these events really happened. This confronts the authors of textbooks on recent history with an enormous task, a task too fraught with complexities to be fulfilled with complete success.

FOR the sake of completeness, I must add that the gradual metamorphosis which I believe to be taking place in the schools of West Germany is tied to the basic changes that have overtaken the country as a whole. The military caste has lost its hold. The destruction of hundreds of cities, the long terror of the Third Reich, the fire, the chaos, have left their marks. The young people often feel closer to their contemporaries in France and England than to their fathers whom they tend to blame for the witches' Sabbath of Hitler. The split of the generations extends far beyond the schools. Furthermore, the so-called lower classes, who often thought of themselves as proud proletarians, draw higher wages and are slowly melting into the middle class—a process deplored by most German intellectuals. The socioeconomic architecture more and more resembles that of the United States. There is more mobility, in three respects: the young people born of noneducated parents move up into higher education; people living in one part of the country move to another, Volkswagen and all, if a job looks promising; and finally, the youngsters travel with a vengeance to Paris, Rome, London, Mallorca, the Azores, and the North Cap. (You'll find almost as many travel bureaus as bars in West Germany.) The influence of certain American folkways is inescapable, from jazz to jeans, from translated Faulkner to cocktail hours and comic strips (*Mickey Maus* and *Ubermensch*). I am even tempted to say that the West German schools, in some aspects, have been left behind in the frenzied rush toward modernization. But they certainly have undergone drastic surgery. Whether the operation will be successful, whether a new archetype of West Germany youngster will emerge—or has emerged—only the future can tell.

American Agenda

Continued from page 17

task is not to reshape the world in the American image but to lend such support as we can, moral and material, to peoples who face overwhelming problems of a character and intensity that we have never known.

The uniqueness of American experience and our pride in unexampled achievements has contributed to a strand of American thought and character that fosters the periodic rise of movements based on intolerance. That strand of thought lies deep in our past. It underlay the "alien and sedition" laws of the 1790s, the "know-nothing" movement of the 1850s, the McCarthyism of the 1950s, and the radical right-wing organizations of the last few years.

The genesis of the radical right movement of our own time, like that of its predecessors, is the psychic heritage of a nation that was "born free," a nation that, having experienced virtual unanimity as to basic forms and values, is inclined at times to regard unfamiliar opinions with intolerance and revulsion, confusing dissent with disloyalty.

We must learn that the methods a approaches that have worked so w for us will not necessarily work for peoples with radically different heritages and resources, who perforce must forge their own political institutions—institutions which we hope will be dedicated to freedom and democracy, but which must be rooted in the special characters and heritages of the peoples whom they serve.

We Americans will have learned the fundamental lessons of liberal education when we fully grasp that it is not possible to reshape the world in the American image. The modern West of which we are the leader represents one, but not the only, valid form of human civilization.

Each of the major issues of American life is of and by itself enormously complex and difficult to resolve. When one issue, such as education, is complicated by the introduction of other issues, such as race or religion, the resulting complexities and controversies are likely to lead to general paralysis and failure.

By making our public schools the arena for the highly emotional issue of race, we have generated unnecessary passions and animosities that ag gravate race relations and at the sam time add an enormous obstacle to ou efforts to improve public education. The tragedy of this situation is the self-defeating results of the merger of issues. Instead of generating progress in race relations through progress in edu-

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cation, we have inserted the passions of race into an inadequate system of education and thereby foreclosed, or at least reduced, progress in both.

Only through the processes of education can men of different races learn to live together in harmony and in full respect for each other's rights.

If the problem of race relations is ever to be resolved in America—and I believe it will—its resolution will come about by the slow conversion of the human heart through the healing processes of education and not by remedies of a more urgent nature.

America, having become powerful and wealthy beyond all previous societies in human history, now has the opportunity to use these assets for the creation of a higher civilization—one dedicated to the fulfilment of the individual and the pursuit of human excellence.

The beginning of this task must be an evaluation of our society as it is and a re-evaluation of the priorities of our national life.

The question which I cannot exclude from my mind is what the future will bring to a nation that puts a man on the moon but neglects the education of its youth.

As we look about our country, with its great cities and factories and highways, its magnificent mountains, forests, and rivers, our pride is unbounded. But as we read each day of widespread unemployment, of the rapidly rising crime rate, of increasing juvenile delinquency, we surely cannot help being ashamed of the degradation of so many of our people. The dismal slums in our great cities, the intolerable traffic jams, and the almost universal absence of beauty in our buildings surely must raise some doubt about the manner in which we put to use the enormous energies of our people and the vast wealth generated by our economy.

How can it be that a land so blessed by nature has allowed its streams to become polluted, its cities to become blighted and congested, and so many of its citizens to be unemployed and, in truth, to a great extent unemployable because of mental or physical deficiency?

In our search for an answer to these questions, we come back inevitably to education, and to the fact that in America it is not meeting its responsibilities. Education and its improvement are long-term endeavors, but there are more immediate steps to be taken as well. The first action which we as citizens may take is to seek a change in the order of priorities that are presented to the Congress.

Surely there is an excessive imbalance in a federal budget that allocates 62 per cent of the taxpayer's money to defense and space, 6 per cent to the agricultural economy, 6 per cent to benefits for war veterans, 10 per cent to interest on a national debt consisting largely of the costs of old wars, leaving only 16 per cent for everything else—for public welfare and for all the things that make America a better place in which to live, among which education is counted for an insignificant pittance.

This allocation of priorities, in my opinion, is a recipe for disaster, an unrecognized but powerful endorsement of the wrong side in the race between education and catastrophe.

We have reached a juncture in our history at which we must decide whether wealth and power are to be ends in themselves or instruments for the improvement of our lives and our civilization.

What are the avenues toward excellence and creativity for a democratic society? Surely they are not to be found in the vulgarities of television and mass advertising, in the trivial and mediocre occupations which engage so much of the leisure time of America. Nor are they to be found in some glorious adventure, in the mindless quest for power that destroyed the civilization of ancient Greece and brought ruin to modern Germany.

If America is to achieve excellence in life and greatness in history, these can only come from the decision of our people to find purpose and direction in their lives, to give shape and coherence to their civilization. With the leisure and the wealth we have attained, it is open to us to direct some part of our energies to literature and philosophy, to the liberal and the fine arts, to the cultivation of beauty and serenity in our lives.

To do these things is to seek meaning in freedom and to secure it as well, because, as August Heckscher has written, "The secret of freedom is courage. And the secret of courage may turn out, after all, to be happiness."

These I believe, are some of the critical issues on the American agenda. All of them, in one way or another, are the product of the most successful and impressive experiment in nation-building in the history of the world. Honestly approached by a vigorous and ingenious people, they are likely to be resolved, adding thereby to the strength of America and to the prospects of America for attaining a new plateau of civilization.

This article was adapted from a recent lecture by Senator Fulbright at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy at Tufts University.

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"SUMMER CAMPUS HOLIDAY OF LIVELY ARTS" offers you a New York City vacation week (August 11th-18th) at the Henry Hudson Hotel, PLUS 3 lecture tours of Museums, 4 sessions of the United Nations Forum (U.N. diplomats debating world affairs), 5 plays with after-theatre seminars. ONLY $75.00. For details, write: SCHOLA, 353 West 57th Street, New York 19, N.Y.

NATURE LOVERS, creative people. Find peace, quiet, beautiful scenery, charming old-world home, individualized cooking. "House on the Hill," Worcester, N.Y., near lovely Cooperstown.

REVELATION in rustic atmosphere, architecture, comfort. Elevation 2200', Green Mountain skyline. Listed every guide to good eating. Bring camera, binoculars, fly rod. Golf, tennis, riding nearby. Family cabin colony, modern rooms. Long Trail Lodge, Rutland, Vermont.

CAPE COD — casual vacation, de luxe trailer (private toilet), directly on waterfront, center of Cape. Sleeps up to 8. $51.00 weekly, with utilities. Box 458, Brewster, Massachusetts.

DISCOVER A MOUNTAIN RETREAT you'll want to come back to. Summit Lodge, Killington, Vermont.

WATERVILLE INN—For nearly a century a resort unchanged in its essential character. In the White Mountain National Forest. Comfortable Inn, golf course, swimming, tennis and miles of pleasant hiking trails along streams and cascades. Folder. Advance reservations requested. Waterville Valley, Campton P.O., New Hampshire.

VERMONT, LONDONDERRY, Route 11. Heart of Green Mountain National Forest. Flood Brook House—cool, 1,600 ft.—near theatres, concerts, antiquing, golf, hiking, fishing, swimming. $12 daily, $70 weekly. Capacity 24. Families welcome. Phone 802-824-5918.

(Continued on page 66)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 65)

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN, directly on beautiful tropical beach. Excellent International cuisine, best in Mexico. $16.80 double occupancy, A.P. Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

GREEN SHADOWS INN, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Excellent food, beautiful country. Rooms and cottages.

WEST DOVER INN. Quiet, picturesque village. West Dover, Vermont. Brochure.

UNIQUE HIDEAWAY RESORT in deep woods directly on a sparkling Berkshire lake. Ideal vacation spot for lovers of water and other sports, fine food, Hi-Fi music, true relaxation. Rustic Lodge, cottages and cabins near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow, Jazz Festival. Outdoor stereo concerts in our Music Grove a specialty. A "haven" for 50 busy business and professional people looking for a place that is really away from it all. Chanterwood, Box 51, Lee, Massachusetts. Brochure T.

HEAP BIG. If picking the right spot for your family vacation would put a feather in your cap, we'll make you look like an Indian chief. Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J. If within 400 miles of our hotel, call 609-344-5131 collect for reservations.

ISLAND ADVENTURE at a gracious new hostelry on the ocean. Sub-tropical barrier island offers year-round climate with championship golf, tennis, moss-hung bridle trails, fishing and 400 years of history to explore. Modified American Plan. The Adventure Inn, Box S, Hilton Head Island, South Carolina.

THE LITTLE BRICK HOUSE, Westmoreland, New Hampshire, for a restful vacation. Excellent food and beds. Careful attention to special diets.

FARMS AND HOTELS for adults and families, near New York. Call LOrraine 8-0700 NYC.

YOU CAN HAVE IT ALL—the beauty, the peace, the superb food, the friendly, informal atmosphere. Winhall Mountain Lodge, Manchester, Vermont.

KINAPIC LODGE, Lake Kezar, Lovell, Maine. American-Jewish Cuisine. Cottages, private bath. Golf, Tennis, Beach, Water Skiing. Couples, Families $90+ weekly. Long Island Phone 516-RO 4-7141.

MOUNTAIN BEACH VACATION, Hendersonville, North Carolina. Elevation 2300'. Laurel Park Lake Inn and Cottages. Sand beach, boating, riding, golf. American Plan, fabulous food. Literate, congenial, informal. Lower September rates. Folder.

ALOHA MANOR FAMILY BUNGALOWS, Farm House Inn Resort, "Sleep-Away" or Day Camp for children. Swimming, sailing, water skiing. Pony, tennis. Golf: 2 miles or 20 at Dartmouth and Summer theatre. Booklet: Harriet Gulick Pierce, Lake Morey, Fairlee, Vermont.

WINDY HILL, R.D. Box 160. Walden, New York. Informal, friendly. Music, books, sports, natural lake. Telephone Newburgh: 562-1232.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, seven miles from Middlebury College. Write for brochure. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

YOUR VACATION DREAMS come true. Completely equipped camps with breathtaking view across Rangeley Lake. Fish, swim, hike or just ride around enjoying the Maine countryside. Send for folder—Rangeley View Camps, Box 185, South Shore Drive, Rangeley, Maine.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

LA ORILLA, Islamorada, Florida Keys. Villas for lazy living. Quiet, tropical Paradise. Day-Week-Month.

THE MANOR in Asheville, North Carolina, welcomes creative people. Pleasing rates, beautiful surroundings.

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

PISGAH INN on Blue Ridge Parkway at Mt. Pisgah. High, cool, rustic comfort. Open fires, forest trails, marvelous views. Since 1920. R-2, Box 375ASR, Canton, N.C.

VACATIONS

THE FALES—500 wooded Berkshire acres. Pine-paneled cottages. Excellent food. Williamstown, Massachusetts.

MERRIEWOODE, Highland Lake, Stoddard, New Hampshire, HIlltop 6-3349, Suggests that if you must have intelligent companionship, great beauty of environment, good food and plentiful, and things to do, MERRIEWOODE has them all to give. Non-sectarian.

PICTURE-BOOK VILLAGE off beaten path. Relaxing historic Inn. Small-town events. Pool, 5 acres grounds, brook. Folder. The Tavern, Grafton, Vermont.

ROAD'S END—A rustic Adirondack Camp directly on lake. Fishing, boating and swimming. Modern housekeeping cottages and single rooms. All meals if desired. Road's End, Lake Pleasant 2, Hamilton County, New York.

SITTERS AND SUNNERS, hikers, readers and writers: luxuriate in the tranquillity of our breezy, hilltop terrace, our shaded lanes, the simple beauty and serenity of Southern Vermont's finest country inn. Marlboro Music, lakes, tennis, golf nearby. Spacious rooms and lounges, imaginative cuisine. From $55 weekly, American. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont.

FISHING VILLAGE: 18th century house, restaurant, private beach, 6 guest rooms. Like Brittany, but nearer. Gaspe Peninsula. Accessible by train, car, private plane. Until September 20th. L'Auberge Au Pirate, Perce, Province de Quebec.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida. New, year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

HERITAGE HILL—Holland (RFD Southbridge), Massachusetts. Lake breezes, shaded lawns, spacious rooms, food aplenty. Brochure.

GASCON, famed old guest and cattle ranch high in Pecos Wilderness, with 4,000 acres of spruce, aspen, high meadows, invites you to enjoy its peace, quiet and scenery June through October. James Bartley, Gascon Ranch, Rociada, New Mexico.

OGUNQUIT. Famous vacation center. Late August is especially good because of warmer water, more sunshine, greater choice of accommodations. For information write Information Bureau, Ogunquit 15, Maine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming pool—horses, golf, lake nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. Lewis & Mary Fisher, Bantam, Connecticut.

THE IMPROBABLE INN for artists (and compatible personnel) 21-40 years. Lodging, studios, one-world cuisine. $50 weekly. Bay Street Studio, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Brochure!

STEPHANIE AND PHILIP BARBER invite you to vacation luxuriously, calmly, actively, lazily, musically, flexibly at WHEATLEIGH in Lenox, Massachusetts, where a countess once dwelled. Do write—we'll send the Wheatleigh, the jazz, the folk, the Tanglewood folders, yes.

THE CLIFF HOUSE AND MOTELS, Bald Head Cliff, Ogunquit 5, Maine. Swimming pool. Quiet, informal. Cocktail lounge. Social and sports activities. Reasonable with or without meals. Open to October 15th. Brochure. Maurice Weare, Manager.

TRAVEL

WASTING YOUR HOLIDAY? . . . Over one thousand Americans last year enjoyed hobbyist, professional classes in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, history at famed Instituto Allende. Sunshine, field trips, fiestas, Mexico's most beautiful town. Prospectus? Stirling Dickinson, Director, Box 6, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

PHILADELPHIA (Penn Campus, "University City"). Culture continues through Summer: Lumadrama, theatres, museums. $5 single, $7 double, none higher, all private baths, most television and air-conditioned. NEW MARLYN HOTEL, Walnut at 40th. 215-EVergreen 6-7100.

TRAVEL

THE TRAPPINGS ARE NEW but the rates [redacted] tional at the Tudor Hotel in New York [redacted] fortable accommodations, all with priva[redacted]th. Weekly and monthly rates on request. Convenient to all transportation, restaurants, churches, shops, art, theatres, etc. Located in fashionable Tudor City, adjacent to United Nations. Write Mr. Earl R. Powers, Manager, Tudor Hotel, 304 East 42nd Street or phone 212-YU 6-8800.

WINDJAMMER CRUISES — Here's adventure right out of the pages of Joseph Conrad! Sign aboard world's largest staysail schooner, Polynesia, and leisurely explore remote Caribbean Islands in complete barefoot relaxation and informality. For casual, thinking people who are tired of being pampered at plush, pretentious resorts, there's Sailing, Fishing, Skindiving, and a daily ration of Grog, with small, friendly, coed group. 10 Days Before the Mast — $175. Write for illustrated booklet: Capt. Mike Burke, Dept. 23, P.O. Box 1051, Miami Beach 39, Florida. JEfferson 2-3407.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, just east of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers quiet and privacy in the midst of town. Spacious air-conditioned accommodations with private bath, television and pantry. Superb restaurant and cocktail lounge. Family Plan and monthly rates available. Write Dept. SR for brochure.

FREIGHTER TRAVEL. Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook gives complete information on hundreds of lower cost trips you can take on passenger carrying freighters from U.S. and Canadian seaports to all parts of the world. New 21st edition shows where they go, how long they take, what they cost, gives addresses of Steamship Lines, everything needed for planning vacation travel. 112 pages fully illustrated, price $2.75 postpaid. (No C.O.D.'s). Ford's Freighter Travel Guidebook, Dept. 19, 2031 Glendon Avenue, Los Angeles 25, California.

HENRY HUDSON HOTEL, 353 West 57th Str[redacted]. Single studio rooms, private bath, $26 [redacted]. Swimming pool, sun decks, steam room, r[redacted], coffee shop. Air-conditioning and TV availab[redacted]. Convenient to Coliseum, Times Square, Radio City. Bus, subway at corner. COlumbus 5-6100.

VAGABOND VOYAGES UNDER SAIL—Longing for Tahiti? There's a South Seas Paradise within reach of your vacation schedule—and checkbook! Beachcomb tropic islands of Bahamas with me aboard magnificent 150-foot schooner, "TROPIC ROVER." Informal 10-day cruises, from $175. Capt. Sid Hartshorne, Dept. 10F, 2010 S.W. 16th Court, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida.

GREENWICH VILLAGE, U.S.A. Stay at the Hotel Albert, East 10th Street and University Place, NYC. Kitchenettes available. Moderate rates. Call ORegon 7-0100.

ALAN WATTS Japan Tour 6 weeks Autumn 1963. Write Society for Comparative Philosophy, Room 601, 323 Geary Street, San Francisco, California.

PLANNING A VISIT to New York . . . on a budget? Then Beekman Tower Hotel is for you—because it offers everything you'll want and more! In the heart of midtown Manhattan's East Side—bright and cheerful guest rooms and suites overlooking the East River and near everything of interest. Two excellent but moderate priced restaurants plus famous Top O' The Tower Cocktail Lounge with its spectacular views of the city's fascinating skyline. Best of all are the attractive rates—especially for groups and families. Inclusive 2 or 3 day weekend package combinations. And if you are driving to New York write for helpful city driving map. Color folder on request. Dept. SR-5, Beekman Tower Hotel, 49th Street, at First Avenue, New York 17. Tel. 212-EI 5-7300.

IT'S SMART TO GO FIELDING! Whether you [redacted] by sea or air or just by armchair, the best [redacted] Fielding's Travel Guide to Europe. $6.9[redacted] bookstores.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York. New York is inexpensive if you don't insist on running with the herd. Stay at the Hotel Paris and use our folder: "New York for Free." All rooms with bath: free swimming pool: family rates. Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 25.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1528

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A world leader whose given names are Gamal Abdel.	42 179 68 76 9 85
B. Curt.	125 100 18 94 80 58
C. Occurring apart from other things of the same kind.	23 116 16 86 122 37 169 180
D. Wildly emotional person.	117 22 77 13 137 175 89 93
E. By merest chance; perhaps; maybe	173 102 135 145 163 30 161 49
F. Appropriateness; readiness in learning.	57 5 159 87 95 17 47 32
G. General condition of activity when goods and money are plentiful.	66 138 166 21 48 27 143 160 83 174
H. Richard Steele added an *-al* to this word when he described the "pernicious disease", the love or flattery.	20 171 150 140 70 52 154 62
I. Diminutive; boorish, mean.	34 176 98 168 142
J. Mowgli's name for the black panther.	178 97 44 1 35 110 129 153
K. Congenital deficiency of pigment in hair, skin, and eyes.	99 114 146 120 33 12 96 151
L. Characterizing the skill of a low order of intelligence in overreaching or circumventing.	119 167 134 106 78 123 158
M. Nobility in character and conduct.	181 6 81 128 149 41 107 51 132 91 38 25
N. Amer. Mormon leader, one of the first to enter the valley of the Great Salt Lake (1807-98).	11 72 2 54 111 144 126 88
O. Ailing, but still ambulatory (2 wds.).	108 147 56 127 67 131 141 8
P. Being at leisure.	112 19 53 45 7 105 26 61
Q. Nature of the novel Dickens left unfinished at his death, 1870.	79 115 165 124 31 50 43
R. Haphazard; in whatever manner.	133 170 82 63 46 152
S. A sweetheart in Elizabethan poems (sp. of *Reader's Encyc.*).	130 65 71 55 172 104 139 28 162
T. Lured.	59 39 24 75 15 4 10
U. Sheep two years old.	3 136 118 73 155 92 103
V. Town near the current 'summer White House".	14 29 36 69 157 109 101
W. Criterion of similarity named by Leontes (*Winter's Tale*).	84 113 40 177
X. Choosing from many opinions.	64 121 60 74 90 164 156 148

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative lengths of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 J	2 N	3 U	4 T	5 F		6 M	7 P	8 O	9 A	10 T		11 N	12 K	13 D
14 V		15 T	16 C	17 F	18 B	19 P	20 H	21 G	22 D		23 C	24 T	25 M	26 P	27 G	28 S
29 V		30 E	31 Q	32 F	33 K		34 I	35 J	36 V	37 C	38 M	39 T	40 W		41 M	42 A
43 Q		44 J	45 P	46 R	47 F		48 G	49 E	50 Q	51 M	52 H	53 P	54 N	55 S		56 O
57 F	58 B	59 T	60 X	61 P		62 H	63 R	64 X	65 S	66 G	67 O	68 A		69 V	70 H	71 S
	72 N	73 U	74 X		75 T	76 A		77 D	78 L	79 Q	80 B	81 M	82 R		83 G	84 W
85 A	86 C	87 F	88 N	89 D	90 X		91 M	92 U		93 D	94 B	95 F	96 K		97 J	98 I
	99 K	100 B	101 V	102 E	103 U	104 S	105 P	106 L	107 M		108 O	109 V	110 J	111 N	112 P	113 W
114 K	115 Q	116 C	117 D	118 U	119 L		120 K		121 X	122 C	123 L	124 Q		125 B	126 N	127 O
128 M	129 J	130 S		131 O	132 M		133 R	134 L	135 E	136 U	137 D	138 G	139 S	140 H		141 O
142 I	143 G	144 N	145 E		146 K	147 O	148 X	149 M		150 H	151 K		152 R	153 J	154 H	155 U
156 X	157 V	158 L		159 F	160 G	161 E	162 S		163 E	164 X	165 Q		166 G	167 L	168 I	
169 C	170 R		171 H	172 S	173 E	174 G	175 D	176 I	177 W		178 J	179 A	180 C	181 M		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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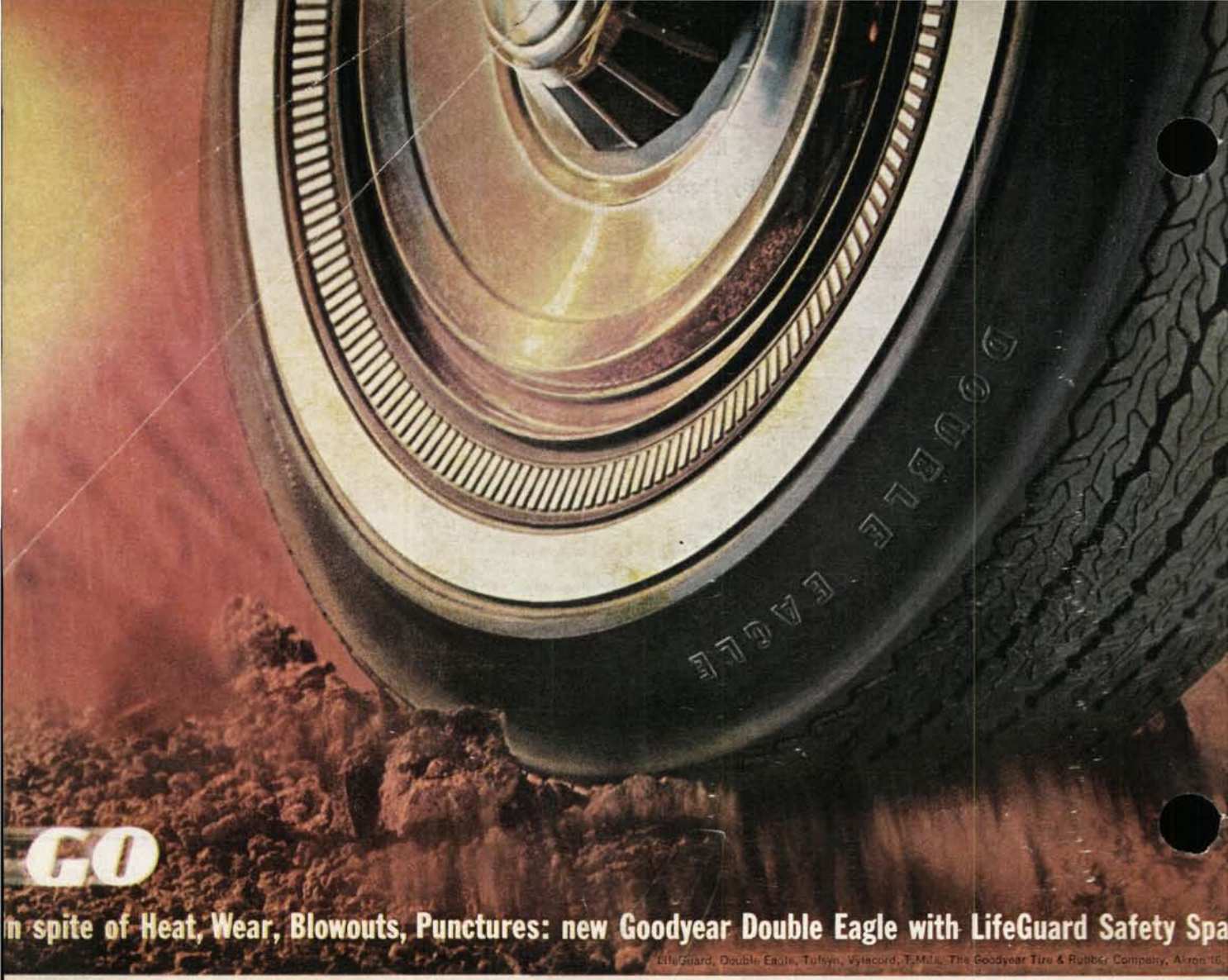
GO
n spite of Heat, Wear, Blowouts, Punctures: new Goodyear Double Eagle with LifeGuard Safety Spa
LifeGuard, Double Eagle, Tufsyn, Vytacord, T.M.'s, The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron 16,

New Vytacord, only in new Double Eagle, gives added protection against heat, a tire's worst enemy. At today's high, hot turnpike speeds, tires made with Vytacord run cooler, are stronger than tires made with nylon or rayon.

New LifeGuard Safety Spare is a complete inner tire. Not just a shield or tube, but a fully-inflated tire with tread, cord and bead. Spare inner tire keeps going even if outer tire is damaged. 965 round safety cells ride over puncturing objects.

New—Widest tread mad
With Tufsyn rubber. Wra
around design. Outwea
any other auto tire mad
New radial whitewall patte
adds high styling to your ca

Place your order now—new Double Eagle still in short supply.

GO GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND
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